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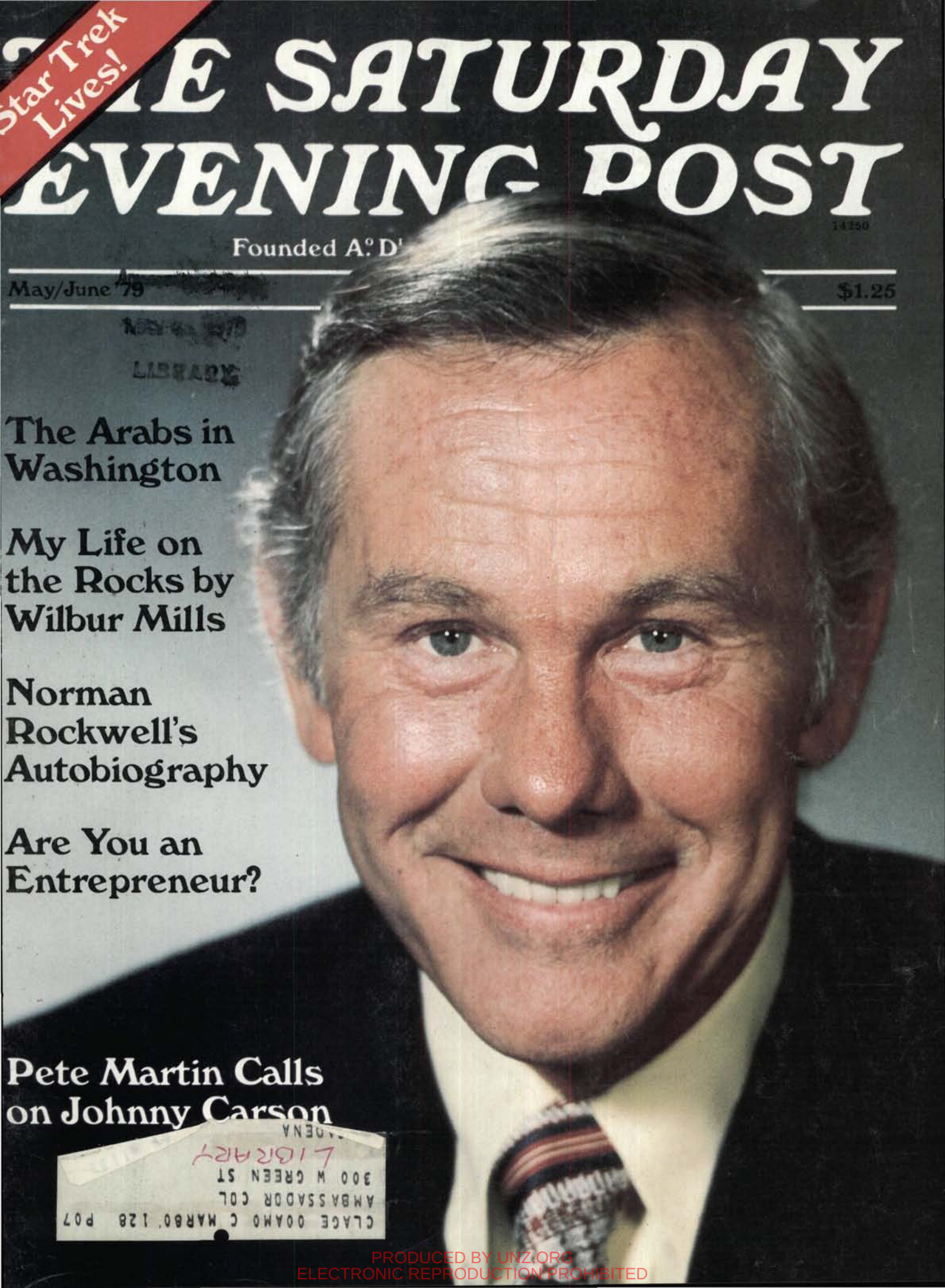

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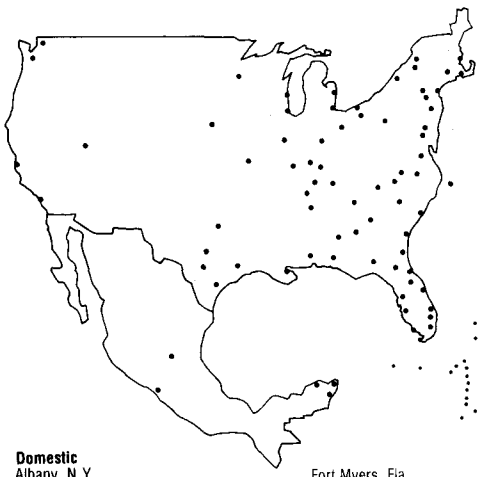

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TABLE OF CONTENTS MAY/JUNE 1979

Vol. 251, No. 4

FICTION

The Voice in the Earphones ..... WILBUR SCHRAMM 60
A Wedding Celebration ..... NANCY L. WILSON 80

ARTICLES

The Arabs in Washington ..... NICK THIMMESCH 6
My Life on the Rocks ..... WILBUR MILLS 28
When There's a Wheel There's a Way ..... JOHN ALEXANDER 40
How to Eat Like a Child ..... DELIA EPHRON 42
Aunt Tilly's Way ..... JON LAND 46
Envy the Entrepreneur ..... JOSEPH R. MANCUSO 58
When I Busted out of the Navy ..... NORMAN ROCKWELL, AS TOLD TO THOMAS ROCKWELL 64
Janet Guthrie: Full Speed Ahead ..... HOLLY MILLER 66
The New Voyage of Starship Enterprise ..... DAVID L. SMITH 68
I Call on Johnny Carson ..... PETE MARTIN 74
The Winners of the Sixth Annual Cover Contest 140

DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editor 4
Religion: Reformed Church in America ..... DONNA NASON 22
Cartoons: Trip Ups 34
Speaking Out: U.S. Ambassadorships ..... NICK THIMMESCH 36
Adventures of the Mind:
Voluntarism and the Public Good ..... LANDRUM R. BOLLING 50
Travel: Rocky Mountain Highs ..... C. J. BURKHART 62
Post Scripts 84
Book Reviews 86
Editorials 88
Food: Peanuts, Y'all ..... CHARLOTTE TURGEON 106
Medical Mailbox ..... CORY SERVAAS, M.D. 130

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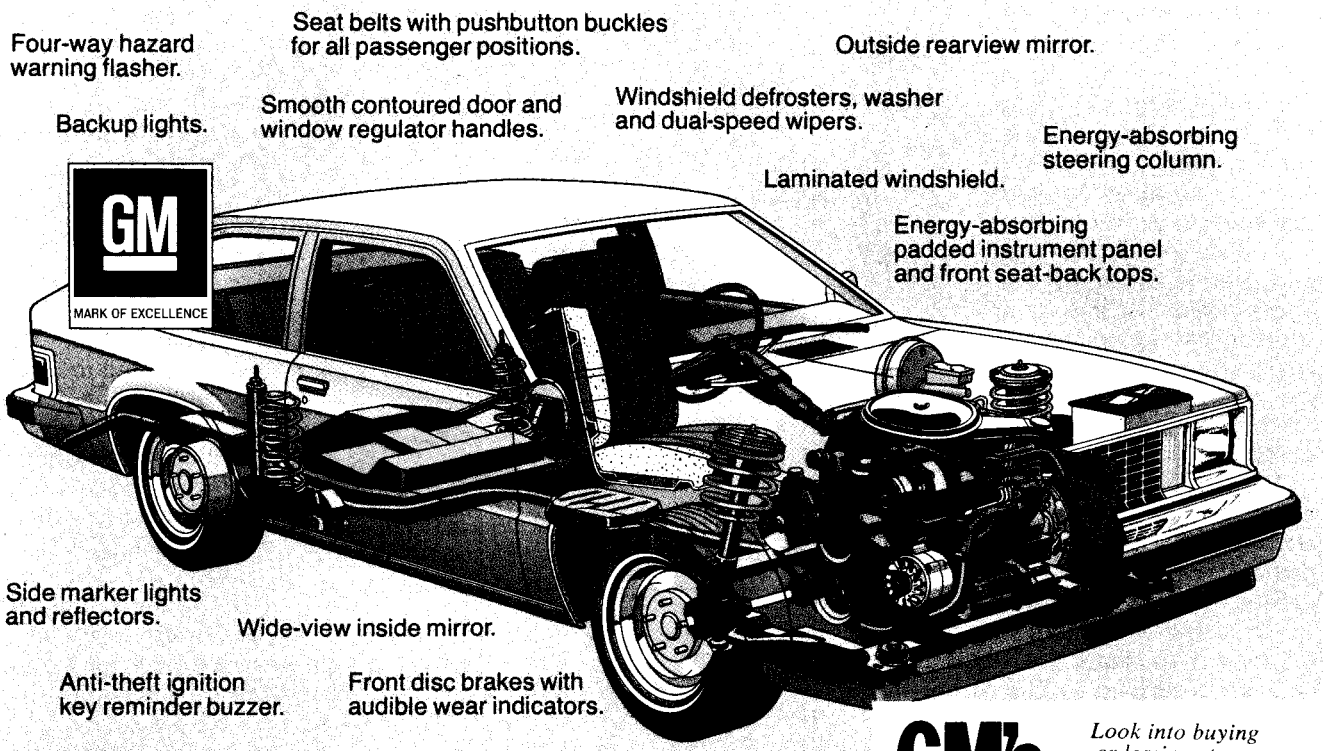
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Letters to the Editor

Psychiatric Panels

I suppose that everyone my age has his favorite *Saturday Evening Post* cover picture. Mine is the one which was published March 20, 1954. It is composed of four "everyday-life" panels by Sargent.

Minor everyday complications may merit a remark or even a rebuke; but when accompanied by fierce looks; loud, angry tones; and a waving, pointed finger, the response seems to be excessive. But what can all four suggest—taken together or as a gestalt?

Criticism and rebukes frequently produce hostility and frustration, particularly when one feels he cannot talk back to the authority. Everyone knows such frustration engenders and accumulates anxiety and hostility which are frequently unloaded or projected on the next "innocent?" incident or person. In psychiatry, we sometimes label such dynamic processes to alleviate anxiety as suppression, repression (usually not too satisfying), and then isolation (of the engendered feeling from the source), displacement to another object or person, and finally projection of this feeling on another person.

I have never found a medical student, a psychiatric resident, any other professional, or even a parent or child who failed to grasp these dynamics when this regimen of pictures was presented or even described to him or her. It has been a very effective and useful teaching device for me, for over 25 years, in both teaching and therapy.

Furthermore, if one starts from the end instead of the beginning (#4, 3, 2, 1), no one from child to resident physician is unable to grasp that an excessive or unnecessarily severe or prolonged reaction is very likely to draw its intensity, venom, fire, from some previous episode.

With such understanding, there can frequently be an understanding "damping" of the usual "flare" response. This can frequently help to bring relationships back to a much more peaceful equilibrium.

Donald F. Moore, M.D.
Professor of Psychiatry
Indiana University
School of Medicine
Indianapolis, Indiana

For 25 years a professor of psychiatry has used this painting to teach students about frustration and projected hostility.

Political Trust

I enjoyed the articles "Richard Nixon Speaks His Mind" and "Tip O'Neill: Warts and All" by Nick Thimmesch in your March issue. I would trust Mr. Nixon with my money or my life, but I would be afraid to trust either Congress or the liberal news media. Why didn't the former president tell all he knew about the illegal activities of Congress when he was forced out of the Presidency?

David R. Mullinix
Mt. Airy, Maryland

Born Again

I feel constrained to write and thank you for the refreshing format of the "new," "born-again" *Saturday Evening Post*. I have enjoyed the C.S. Lewis articles and was especially thrilled at the most recent issue (April '79) with all of the great Christian testimonies of changed, fulfilled, and abundant lives which it contained.

I had originally subscribed to the *Post* because of the nostalgia that its "resurrection" brought to my heart; I had enjoyed it in my youth and have missed it over the years. But when articles of a spiritual nature began to appear issue after issue I had the feeling that God had his hand on the editorial staff.

When I read your medical mailbox column this month and Dr. Reed's preop prayer, I was sure that God had broken through into the world of the secular periodical.

Charles H. McGowen, M.D.
Poland, Ohio

English Instructor

Thank you for your fair-minded articles about South Africa and Rhodesia. We are trying to build a country in which all peoples can live together in peace and in which everyone will have the opportunity to make a decent living and be happy.

The Saturday Evening Post is still an excellent magazine; even your book reviews make excellent reading. I have read the *Post* since I knew enough English to understand the stories and articles. As an Afrikaans-speaking schoolgirl I learned quite a lot of English from reading the *Post*.

Thank you—both for a number of years of reading pleasure and for some thought-provoking articles as well.

Ansee Hattingh
Silverton, Republic of South Africa

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Reach out. Reach out and touch someone.

Wherever you are, you're never too far to spend a few moments with someone special, someone who's waiting to hear from you. You can make your day by sharing it with faraway family and friends. Call to express your care, even if it's just to say hi. It means so much to keep in touch. So reach out. Reach out to those who make you feel good. You'll both feel good. With a phone call.

Bell System

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THE ARABS IN WASHINGTON

Forget the sheik mystique. Arabs no longer stand on the periphery of the Washington scene, but are welcome in board rooms and at banquet tables, where they prove themselves to be adroit businessmen and lavish hosts.

by Nick Thimmesch

Photography by Rajan Devadas

The Arabs are rising in Washington, not as in London where they flaunt wealth like *nouveaux riches*, but in more meaningful terms by influencing our foreign policy and gaining wider acceptance in a capital where Arab nations have historically kept a low profile.

The Arab oil embargo of 1973 started it. Then there was the sudden thrust of billions in petrodollars. Then the Sadat trip to Jerusalem, the euphoria of Camp David, the letdown, the cataclysmic collapse of the shah's dynasty in Iran, and now a gnawing worry about the Arab oil states in the Persian Gulf.

Since the United States imports 47 percent of its petroleum, most of it from Arab nations, Israel is no longer America's major concern in the Mideast. We are so addicted to the wonders wrought by oil—our cars, heated homes, and fueled factories producing consumer goodies—that Arabs are constantly on our mind. Moreover, the story is getting through that Arab nations are spending big bucks in America.

Saudi Arabia, sparsely populated and scarcely out of the 17th century, announces it will spend $80 billion to build two cities from the ground up. Even in Washington, where the federal budget for 1980 is slated for $532 billion, that Saudi figure makes people whistle and inquire for the name of the current Saudi Arabian ambassador, which happens to be His Excellency, Shaykh Ali A. Alireza.

Thus, the Arab nations and, to a lesser extent, Arab Americans, have achieved a tenuous grip on the giant power lever in the capital of the world's most powerful nation, and at a time when the American President, Mr. Jimmy Carter, seems inclined to be more friendly than his predecessors to the Arab world.

The "Jewish lobby," as described in Stephen Isaacs' book *Jews and American Politics*, is concerned, not happy, with this relentless turn of events. Until the 1974 Arab oil embargo, the lobby and its friends could regard any Arab threat as something *real* in the Middle East, but *minuscule* in the United States. The lobby, a network of 300 Jewish groups, always alert and readily summoned, still overshadows the Arab presence, particularly on Capitol Hill.

A smile crosses the face of Clovis Maksoud, Washington editor of *Al Nahar* (Beirut) and Visiting Fellow for the Institute for Policy Studies at Georgetown University, as he observes: "The Israeli lobby has not adjusted to a nonmonopolistic status. It bothers them that the Arab presence is less weak."

Maksoud sees how Arab strength increases. Our petroleum bill with the Arabs is upwards of $8 billion a year, and Arabs spend about the same amount with U.S. firms. That means a lot of back-and-forth travel. American businessmen fret at Arab embassies over scarce seat space on planes for the Middle East and precious hotel rooms. Freshly assigned Arab diplomats arrive in Washington, along with swelling numbers of Arab students, academics, and

His Excellency, Shaykh Ali A. Alireza greets popular Pakistani Ambassador Yaqub-Khan who now represents his country as ambassador to the Soviet Union.

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communicators. Senators, congressmen, U.S. officials, and newsmen—newly curious about the Arab world—fly off to places like Riyadh, Amman, and Abu Dhabi.

The old power alignment in Congress (Israel, 98; Arabs, 2), to which American Jews were long accustomed, will never be the same. "We're at least *nine* now," cracks South Dakota's James Abourezk, who retired as the only Arab American in the Senate.

Some signs of the Arab movement in Washington are rather striking. Items:

• The American Israel Public Affairs Committee suffered its very first defeat on Capitol Hill last year when it lost to a diverse collection of groups supporting President Carter's jet-sales program to the Saudis and Egyptians. The National Association of Arab Americans had an unlikely ally in Senator Abraham Ribicoff in earning its most impressive win on the Hill.

• Senator Jacob Javits, longtime advocate for Israel, has made many trips to Arab nations in recent years, including a visit to Saudi Arabia, where he was feted by Prince Saud at a grand dinner. Javits says he was "greatly impressed" with the Saudis, who he believes have decided peace with Israel is a must for the region's economic development. Two other Jewish senators—Abraham Ribicoff and "Dick" Stone—have joined Javits in urging other senators to visit Arab nations, as they have, for "give-and-take" talks.

• Senator George McGovern, who denounced Israel for air raids on Palestinian camps, was the keynote speaker at a recent national convention of the American Ramallah Community, the organization of Palestinian Americans.

• At least six senators have had a face-to-face meeting with Yasir Arafat in Beirut, arranged by Clovis Maksoud. Another dozen lunched in the Senate dining room with the PLO's spokesman at the United Nations, Shafi al-Hout.

• Georgetown University gratefully accepted $750,000 from Libya to endow a chair at the university's Center for Contemporary Arab Studies. The Center's endowment now approaches $1.5 million.

• The Saudis now hold an estimated $50 billion in short-term Treasury securities, an amount which could cause dislocation in the money market if it were withdrawn (an unlikely prospect).

It is not the relentless sweep of history which increased Arab stature in the capital; it is the simple relentless force of economics. For example, when Gerald L. Parsky was a top hand at Treasury, he became convinced that Arab economic development was good for the U.S. and the Middle East, including Israel.

"I even debated Bella Abzug in a Queens synagogue," Parsky said. "I argued that it is not a choice between Israel *or* the Arab countries. I stated that Saudi Arabia is the key to Israel's survival because the Saudis are a strong force for moderation. Well, Bella got the most applause, but afterwards, a number of people came up to me and said they had never heard the situation explained that way before. I have said the same thing on television in Riyadh [Saudi Arabia] and in Tel Aviv."

Underlying this argument, which is repeated out of closets in Jimmy Carter's White House, is the realization that the U.S. is locked into the Arab world, particularly Saudi Arabia, because of energy and tough competition from Europeans and Japanese for the billions Arab nations are spending to build from the ground up.

"We are all Semites, aren't we?"

"We've been portrayed as cutthroats and vagabonds long enough," says Edmond Howar, a soft-spoken second-generation Palestinian, whose former wife, Barbara, uses his family name in her career as author and CBS-TV personality. "I didn't get involved in this movement until 1972. Like other Arab Americans, I'm only now getting involved in the political process.

"My father landed at Ellis Island from Jerusalem in 1903. In broken English, he asked the immigration officer where the king lived, and was told the President lived in Washington. So he came here.

"He was a peddler who worked the streets with Jewish peddlers and felt the same discrimination they did. He was their friend. He did well in America, and eventually helped build the Islamic Center [mosque] here, the one the Hanafi Muslims took over.

"We were brought up as Americans and weren't taught Arabic. I never thought much about being Arab-American until the 1967 war, and I never got inspired until the 1973 war.

"I have had Jewish friends for many years. My interest in the Arab cause has not hurt me financially or socially. My friends don't always agree, but they don't object either.

"I am not against the existence of the entity called Israel, or its security. We are all Semites, aren't we? But I will work to stop the stereotyping of Arab Americans and for a more balanced approach in the Middle East."

Howar, in mid-life, found a cause—his own roots. He is well respected in Washington, although some friends wonder why he's off on this Arab kick. He has held several offices in the National Association of Arab Americans, and last spring he and three other NAAA officers visited Arafat in Beirut. His notes on that meeting describe the PLO leader as "amazingly without bitterness," charging that the CIA conspired with Israel to cause the Lebanese civil war, and claiming that the PLO would be willing to establish a homeland in Palestine, "even if it is one square meter." ☆

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Alireza rarely bypasses an opportunity to acquaint U.S. leaders with his country. Here he introduces Prince Saud al-Faisal to several members of Congress.

While the Jewish lobby can prompt valiant pro-Israel rhetoric from more congressmen and senators than it usually needs, when something like the anti-boycott legislation gets down to the nitty-gritty, quieter voices of businessmen carry considerable weight.

"It would be very short-sighted of the United States to turn its back on the Arabs," says Peter C. T. Nelsen, president of the Agricultural Trade Council, representing more than 100 exporters. "If we don't export to the Arab countries, they'll simply try elsewhere."

In Washington, many a businessman and bureaucrat tries to acquire a quick knowledge of the Arab world because of the lure of powerful economic and national interests. Though the Egyptians, because of the startling Sadat initiative and Camp David, get the limelight, over the long haul it is the Saudis who are the sure attraction. The swift capitulation of the shah's regime in Iran to revolutionary Islamic forces, and with it the cutoff of Iranian oil, has made Saudi Arabia even more important to the United States. Once a flaccid presence in the capital, the Saudis are now a formidable diplomatic force, and their ambassador, His Excellency, Ali Abdallah Alireza, 58 (in May 1979), has a reputation for being effective, energetic, and savvy.

With a few exceptions, Arab diplomats have not had much impact on Washington over the years. Most were content to keep in contact only with proven friends, give occasional huge parties where a lavish spread of stuffed grape leaves, *baba gannouj*, and succulent lamb impressed the guests but taught them nothing of Arab aspirations.

The late Ibrahim al-Sowayal, the Saudi ambassador who came to Washington in 1967, fit this mold. He was a gracious, if unobtrusive man who made a half-hearted pass at Capitol Hill and soon gave up. He was a decent, bedouin kind of man who felt the U.S. really didn't care about Arabs. Al-Sowayal longed for home.

This benign presence might have been enough were it not for the energy crisis, the Arab oil embargo, and then the traumatic assassination of Saudi King Faisal in the spring of 1975. Faisal had an affection for al-Sowayal, and was hesitant to respond to the urgings of younger Saudi princes to replace him with the worldly fellow Alireza. But shortly before he was killed, Faisal decided to summon Alireza (of the House of Alireza, an enormously wealthy merchant family sometimes known as the Rockefellers of Saudi Arabia) to become ambassador to the United States.

With oil billions pouring into this anachronistic kingdom, and with an embassy in Washington overwhelmed by the rush of American businessmen eager for visas and a Saudi connection, it was clear that the Saudis needed a change. Faisal had been dead only two months when Prince Saud, the foreign minister, decided that it was time for his old friend, Alireza, to take over.

The word spread through Washington that the new ambassador was rich, sophisticated, multilingual, and was once married to an American whom he divorced Islamic style. (She subsequently wrote *At the Drop of a Veil*, a lively, moving account of her life as the subservient wife of an Arab.) Alireza was also known as the precocious interpreter for King Ibn Saud and the Saudi delegation to the United Nations in San Francisco in 1945. Though Washington was to be his first ambassadorship, Alireza was heralded as a mover and shaker. (Al-Sowayal returned to his beloved homeland and died in 1977.)

Soon after presenting his credentials in November 1975, Alireza moved as though he were trying to live up to his advance notices. He roamed through the rambling, arabesque embassy, concluded it was a diplomatic slum requiring $500,000 in repairs, and shopped for an elegant, yet tasteful house in the fashionable embassy-row neighborhood on Massachusetts Avenue. He eventually found one and paid a whopping $1 million to its Jewish owners, a fact that raised a few Arab eyebrows in town, but not Alireza's. (After all, he had hosted Linda Blandford, a British Jew, in his huge family compound back in Saudi Arabia, when she was researching her spicy book on prominent Arabs.)

Alireza knew he needed a solid channel to Capitol Hill, where the Israeli lobby had all but cancelled the Arabs, so he hired Fred Dutton, a liberal Democrat who served in the JFK White House and later became advisor to Robert F. Kennedy and George McGovern in their runs for the presidency. Dutton serves as counsel and lobbyist for the embassy

Continued on following page

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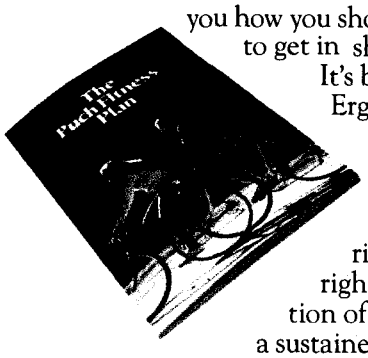
Where's it written you gotta suffer to get in shape?

We've just never bought the idea that exercise should give you a big pain. In fact, we figured that getting in shape should be a lot of fun. And our line of Puch bicycles proves our point.

Introducing the Puch Fitness Machines. We call them the Fitness Machines because we specifically designed Puch bicycles to not only firm up your muscles but to also increase the efficiency of your lungs, your heart and your blood circulation. In other words, to get your body to its maximum fitness while you're pedalling through the park, to the store or just cruising around the neighborhood.

To get you started, we'll give you a free copy of "The Puch Fitness Plan." Written by fitness experts, it tells you how you should use your Fitness Machine to get in shape at your own pace.



It's based on the principle of Ergonomics. Think of your body as the engine and the Puch as the machine. When the engine is moving the machine, the body is using the right muscles (the thighs) in the right motion (a smooth rotary action of the feet) at the right speed for a sustained period of time.

That's the whole idea behind the design of the Puch frames. The frame geometry is designed to place your body in the best riding position. The seat and head tubes are angled to distribute your weight perfectly over the front and rear wheels for the most efficient use of your energy.

To give you the best possible handling, the front fork has a slight forward curvature (that's called the "rake") so that it absorbs road shock and smooths out your ride.

So you see, the Puch frames are more than just something to hang the wheels on. They are the perfect attunement between your engine (your body) and your machine (your Puch).

Your Puch dealer is trained to fit your body to the right machine. In fact, he has a Puch Fitness Machine to fit you and your budget. So put your body on the path to fitness. Because it doesn't have to hurt to have fun getting fit anymore.

To get your free copy of "The Puch Fitness Plan" and the name of your nearest Puch dealer, send your name and address to Steyr Daimler Puch of America Corp., Box 7777, Dept. L, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

THE WORLD IS TURNING TO US.

PUCH

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and also arranges contacts with influential Washingtonians. It wasn't long before U.S. senators were accepting invitations to visit Saudi Arabia to enrich their understanding of the Middle East. Among the prize catches were senators Jacob Javits, Abraham Ribicoff, and Richard (Dick) Stone, the first Jew elected to the Senate in Florida history.

An ambassador only goes public with a complaint when the alleged offense to his country is onerous. Even then, Arab ambassadors rarely speak up, but Alireza does. When he felt the Saudis were being maligned on the question of oil prices, he declared that the price hikes on American products equaled or were greater than those for oil, and that the cost of a barrel of oil was less than what Saudis paid for a barrel of Pepsi-Cola syrup. To get the word out, Alireza opened a Saudi Arabian Information Office in Washington to service the press.

His predecessor had turned down speech invitations, but not Alireza. He likes to speak to foreign trade or bankers' groups,but it was before the American Bar Association in May 1976 that Alireza first pressed the theme that Saudi Arabia would spend $144 billion in the next five years to build itself up and wanted American businesses to lead in this enormous development.

"You and your clients should clearly understand," he said, using the carrot and the stick, "that there is competition from all over the world. The Middle East—Saudi Arabia in particular—is the greatest new market to come into the world economy in at least the last third of a century, and should be among the best for the third of a century ahead and much longer."

The House of Alireza, 138 years old, actually holds the plate bearing License #1 to do business in Saudi Arabia. Alireza is at his best talking to businessmen. When he spoke to the Foreign Trade Council at the Waldorf in November 1976, he charged that obstruction to Arab investments in the U.S. was "but another of the many false alarms raised to harass mutually beneficial Arab-U.S. trade," and said Saudi Arabia's capital ac-

Continued on following page

Helen Thomas, an Arab American

At the conclusion of each White House press conference, a member of the media says, "Thank you, Mr. President." This honor is bestowed upon a respected journalist, and presently it is Helen Thomas, of UPI. Her father, Georges Antonius, migrated to the U.S. in 1902 from Tripoli (at that time Syrian), and was an Arab pushcart peddler in Kentucky and Detroit. Helen and her eight brothers and sisters were reared in a home where the language, food, and culture were Arabic.

"I am proud of my ancestry," she says, "but it gives me pause when I have to lead off the press conference with a question on the Middle East. I am obsessed with being objective, and worry that my judgment will be questioned if I lead off with such a question.

"I permit myself to hold opinions but I turn down any invitations to speak to Arab-American groups because I don't want to be identified with any cause.

"There must be peace in the Middle East and justice for the Arabs. Atmospherically, matters have greatly improved. There is greater acceptance of Israel by the Arabs, and a greater inclination by Israel to compromise."

When she was a girl in eastside Detroit, her father and Lebanese mother couldn't read and write English—or speak much either—but her older brothers and sisters could.

"I loved the culture in our home," Helen says. "I felt the warmth and wisdom of the ages. Still, our parents drove us to excel in American society.

"My father worked hard all his life. He finally got a grocery store, and during the Depression we never went hungry. We fed the neighborhood. My father had Jewish friends when he was a peddler and when he had the store. There was never a sense of conflict with Jews.

"But during the '20s, there was an Arab awakening, and the British played the Arabs and Jews off against each other. It always hurts me to feel war. Lebanon hurts me that way, horror on horror."

Her husband, Douglas Cornell, a retired AP correspondent, kids Helen about her strong views. "I was a women's libber from the beginning," Helen says, reflecting on her years as a copy girl and radio newswriter. Her break came in 1961 when she joined the late Merriman Smith's UPI team at the White House.

She became a wire-service star. Her string of "firsts" makes feminists beam: first woman to say, "Thank you, Mr. President," first woman officer of the National Press Club (a male haven for 90 years), first woman officer of White House Correspondents Association and its first woman president, first woman member of the Gridiron Club. Helen Thomas, now 57, is on the list of the 25 most influential women in America.

Helen won't publicly identify with the Arab cause, but says that Arab Americans should have an organization like the National Association of Arab Americans because "they need a voice." She adds: "Arabs were not clannish in America. They spread all over and tried so hard to be Americanized. Since most of them, like our family, were Christians, they were not sympathetic to the Muslim faith because the Ottoman Turks were so repressive to Christians. It is only in recent years that Christian Arabs here feel all right about Muslims.

"If I ever retire, I would probably become a little active in the Arab cause. But in the meantime, I must be objective in my work, and I am. I don't want to be identified with any cause."

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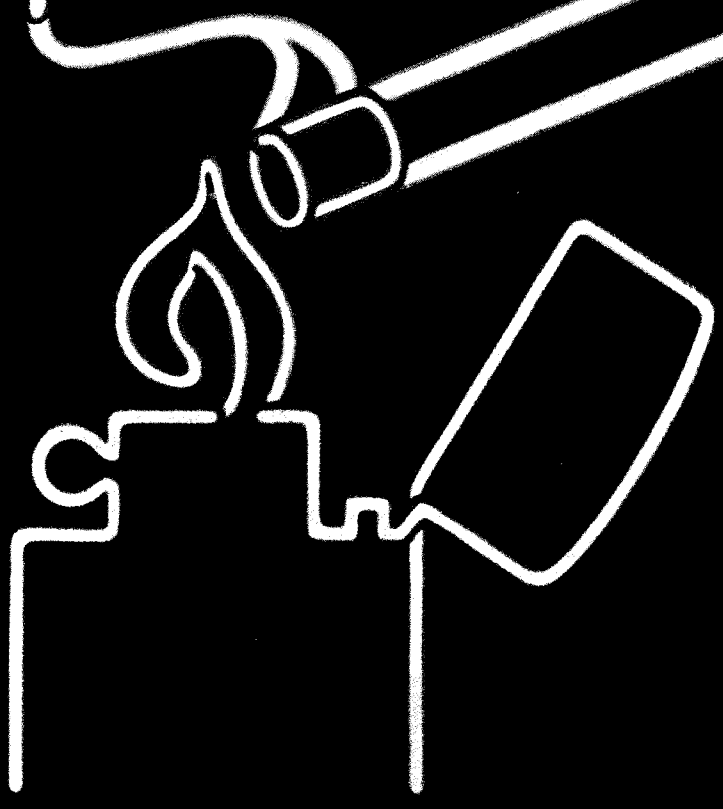
The Preferred Taste



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Salem Lights.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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cumulations ("our seed corn") "are less than what America spends each year on liquor and cosmetics."

There has been apprehension over reports that the Saudis now have invested $60 billion in the U.S., most of it in U.S. Treasury notes, and thus could affect interest rates and the strength of the dollar. Moreover, the U.S. now relies on Saudi Arabia for one-fourth of all our oil, and the percentage is rising. U.S. sales to Saudi Arabia are at $6 billion a year—thus offsetting our oil bill—and will soon be near $10 billion. The point is that the U.S. and Saudi Arabia are getting more deeply involved with each other.

Alireza likes to explain all this to businessmen, government officials, and journalists at small dinners in his home. (He has avoided the jumbo parties where guests swarm in, consume food and drink, and file out.)

"At those dinners," says one American businessman who has been to several, "Alireza tries to project the image of a moneyed country which has quality." A State Department official says: "Alireza has as many businessmen into his home as he has bureaucrats. He talks to them as though he is one of them."

Alireza quickly sniffed where the action was. His friendship with bankers led to his being invited to Pocantico Hills as David Rockefeller's guest for a weekend. Katharine Graham invited him to breakfast at the *Washington Post*. And, at a diplomatic dinner party here in 1976, Alireza sat near President Ford and explained Muslim devotion to the holy shrine Abraham built in Mecca. "Why would Muslims worship at the shrine of the great Jewish prophet?" Alireza was asked. "We are not anti-Jew or anti-Judaism," Alireza said, making sure that the President heard him; "we are anti-Zionism. Muslims consider Abraham to be the first of the three great prophets who brought the three religions of God: Judaism, Christianity, and Islam." Ford reacted as though he had learned something.

Alireza seized another moment in early 1977 when President Jimmy Carter, a bit of a greenhorn in foreign policy, declared that he supported Israel's concept of "defensible borders." No president had ever gone that far. Alireza and three other Arab ambassadors promptly called Secretary of State Cyrus Vance to ask whether the President's remark meant a new policy.

Two days later, in a press conference, Carter took it all back. He said his reference was "just semantics" and explained that he favored a return to the 1967 borders with some adjustments. Israelis were ready to take hemlock after that one. Alireza believes the Arabs won a point.

When Senator Abraham Ribicoff declared that, while he was Jewish, he was also an American and a Democrat, and would support Carter's Middle East policy, though it was being severely criticized, Alireza made an appointment to see him. In that meeting Alireza commended Ribicoff for his "global vision" and also invited him to dinner. Ribicoff accepted. "Alireza likes to flirt with people who nominally would oppose him," a friend observes.

Similarly, Alireza is the very first Saudi ever to set foot in the Soviets' Washington embassy. He did that last fall when the Soviets

Continued on following page

The thoroughly informed Alireza, according to no less an observer than Henry Kissinger, "is very able, skillful, and knows how Washington works."

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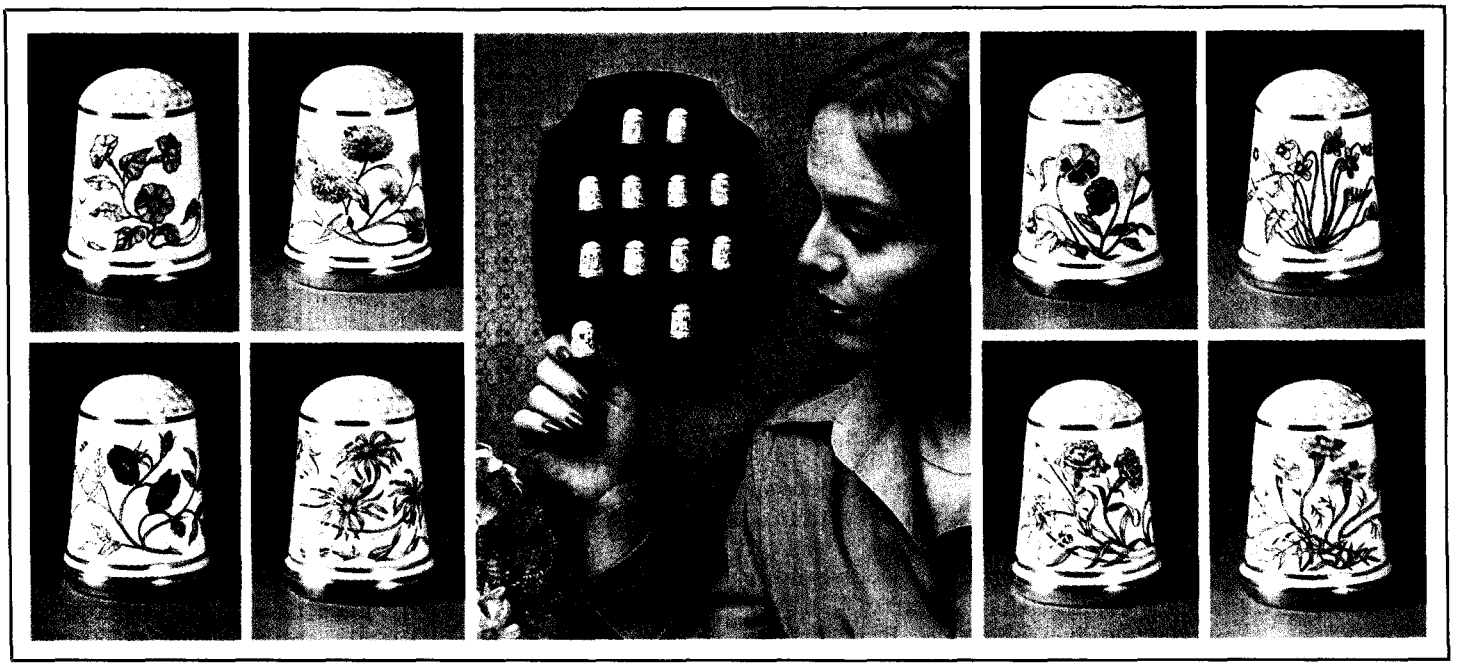
The American Horticultural Society announces its first-ever collection of porcelain thimbles



The American Garden Flowers Thimble Collection

Twelve fine porcelain collector's thimbles portraying the best-loved flowers of the traditional American garden. Each thimble hand-decorated in 24 karat gold —and priced at just $9.75

Available only by direct subscription, with an advance subscription deadline of May 10, 1979, and a further limit of one collection per person.

The flowers that bloom in America's gardens are among the most beautiful in all the world. Their grace, their delicacy, their profusion of glorious colors bring pleasure to all at every time of year. And, since the earliest days of our country's history, their incredible beauty has inspired the creation of many outstanding works of floral art.

It is in this delightful tradition that we of The American Horticultural Society will now issue *The American Garden Flowers Thimble Collection*—a series of twelve exquisite thimbles, each designed especially for this occasion by the gifted American artist Maureen Jensen, and carefully crafted in fine porcelain by some of the nation's most skilled artisans.

Exquisite floral art in fine porcelain

These extraordinary thimbles will provide a veritable gallery of fine flower art *in miniature*—enhanced by the delicate translucency of porcelain. Indeed, though each thimble is small enough to cradle in the palm of your hand, even the tiniest, most delicate features of the flowers are captured perfectly—in the living colors of nature. The pure pink blossoms of the carnation. The bright, vibrant oranges and reds of the chrysanthemum. The elegance of the aster. The delicacy of the violet. The lush richness of the rose. Twelve magnificent garden flowers in all, each one portrayed with the unmistakable touch of a superb artist and with meticulous accuracy.

To complete the presentation, the name of the flower will be integrated—in elegant script—into the design of each thimble. And the superb finishing touch will be a delicate, hand-applied border of pure 24 karat gold.

A lovely wall-display will be provided

As a subscriber to *The American Garden Flowers Thimble Collection*, you will be able to set out the thimbles one by one or in small groups, on an occasional table, in a china cabinet—or in the special wall-display provided—where you may enjoy their charm to the full. For merely to touch one of these graceful thimbles is to sense with subtle pleasure the rich smoothness of the finely-glazed porcelain. And to examine one with a careful eye is to see the familiar thimble transformed into an object of true beauty.

Available only for a limited time

In the tradition of classic porcelain collectibles, *The American Garden Flowers Thimble Collection* will be available for a single year only. It will be offered solely during 1979 and will be permanently withdrawn at the end of the year. Since there is a further limitation of one collection per subscriber, the total edition will be forever limited to the exact number of valid subscriptions entered during the calendar year.

A Certificate of Authenticity, attesting to these limitations will be provided to each subscriber. Each thimble will also be accompanied by an interesting folder about the flower depicted. The price for each fine porcelain thimble is just $9.75 and the collection will be issued to collectors at the rate of one thimble per month.

Since it will take time to craft these beautiful porcelain thimbles, it is important that the Advance Reservation Application below be mailed no later than May 10, 1979.

ADVANCE RESERVATION APPLICATION

Limit: One collection per person.

Valid if postmarked by May 10, 1979.

THE AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY
Mount Vernon, Virginia 22121

Please accept my application for *The American Garden Flowers Thimble Collection*, consisting of twelve porcelain thimbles, each hand-embellished in 24 karat gold. My thimbles will be sent to me at the rate of one per month, at the issue price of $9.75* per thimble. A special wall display will be sent to me without additional charge.

I need send no money now. Bill me prior to shipment, for my first thimble. I will be billed for each thimble in advance of shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax and 75¢ per thimble for shipping and handling.*

Signature _____
ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

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held their biggest reception, celebrating the 60th anniversary of their revolution. Alireza reasoned he was only reciprocating for what Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin had done for him, namely, attending the grand dinner given for Crown Prince Fahd, an affair where salmon was specially flown in from Scotland, lobster from Maine, and beef for *filet de boeuf Rossini* from Iowa.

"Alireza going to the Russian embassy means Saudi Arabia is no longer living in a backwater," a State Department official explains. "The Saudis have really moved into the world, even though there are only 4 or 5 million of them." Since then, there have been disturbing reports that the Soviet Union and Saudi Arabia have informed each other they are interested in dialogue.

"The Saudis," says Henry Kissinger, "are infinitely more significant in this town than they were even five years ago. Alireza is very able, skillful, and knows how Washington works."

Senator Charles Percy's daughters were in the same Swiss boarding school as Alireza's daughter, Hamida, so he feels a connection. "We've worked together on several matters since he came here," says Percy. "He knows I am strong for Israel's security and voted against selling missiles to Saudi Arabia. We're friends, and he's accessible. He never uses the hard sell. Once when I was out of town, he filled in as host in my home for a dinner party."

But Alireza's admirers also mention that he seems aloof at a first meeting. "You have to be with him about six times before you understand that he's not stuffy," one businessman says. "You have to get by that formality." Prominent Arabs in Washington claim Alireza prefers the company of Americans to Arabs and that he uses money as a diplomatic tool. One Arab calls him "damned pompous."

Alireza arrives by chauffeured limousine at his office every morning about 9:15 a.m., reads the *Washington Post*, *New York Times*, and *Wall Street Journal*, and begins a ten-hour day, interrupted several times when he prostrates himself on the floor for prayers. Great portraits of Saudi kings beam down on him from office walls, and haunting, beautiful photos of the barren desert help remind him where he came from.

Still, he has a UPI machine spitting out news, a transoceanic radio he can use anytime, and a pile of American magazines and newsletters to read. He is an impeccably dressed (London tailors), large man, six feet and over 200 pounds. He is seen in the Senate dining rooms these days as often as Israeli Ambassador Simcha Dinitz, and senators hail him as "Ali."

"People are more receptive to us," Alireza told me in his office one day, "senators, congressmen, bureaucrats, and the press. Before I arrived, I was warned of the viciousness of the press. But I haven't had any such bad experience. Most articles are very fair.

"My purpose here is to sell Saudi Arabia, to explain its goals and aims. I was a businessman most of my life, and you use the same mind in business or politics. Let's be realistic; it wasn't until the late '60s that anyone saw the enormous economic impact Saudi Arabia would make. We are really pioneers. We must explain to Americans that we have to build thousands of miles of roads, hundreds of schools, ports, hospitals, electric plants. We are a free enterprise country, and love the United States. So what is wrong?

"I have not been asked hostile questions in the U.S., but sharp ones. I am asked, would I ever visit Israel, and I answer, no, because we do not recognize Israel. I am

Continued on page 133

Alireza and wife Huguette in full regalia are a smiling reminder that his relatively small but oil-rich country has already invested $60 billion in the U.S.

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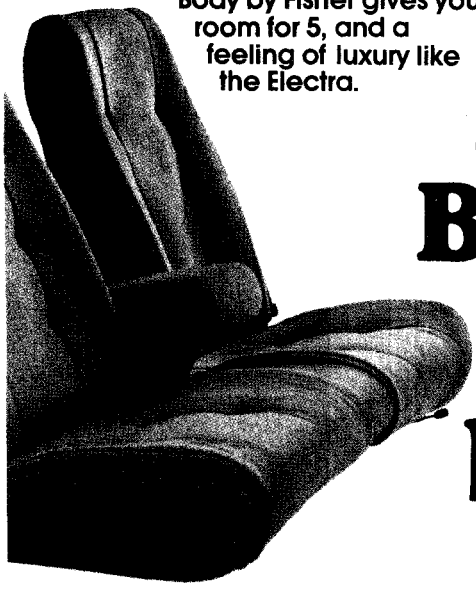
Do you drive a lot where it rains or snows? Well, then, the 1980 Skylark's front-wheel-drive traction could come in very handy.

Does the thought of good economy make you happy? Then so will Skylark. It offers an EPA estimated mileage of 24 miles per gallon, estimated 38 for highway.

Remember: Compare this estimate to the "estimated MPG" of other cars. You may get different mileage depending on your speed, trip length and weather. Your actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. Estimates lower in California. The Skylark is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. Your dealer has details.

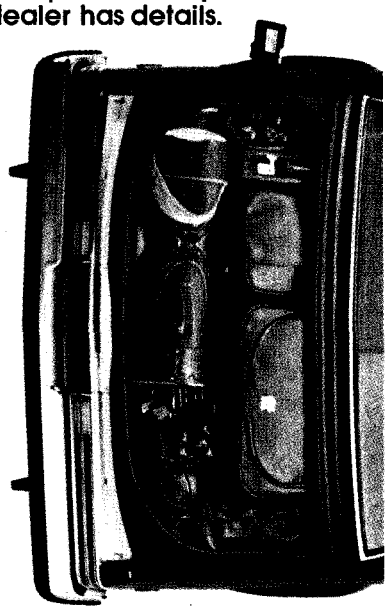
Do you like the comforts of life? We thought so. That's why Skylark was designed to handle irregular road surfaces with an aplomb you might expect from larger, heavier machines.

Do you like nice, quiet, roomy, luxurious places? The Skylark Limited's Body by Fisher gives you room for 5, and a feeling of luxury like the Electra.



You and the new Buick Skylark.

It just might be the perfect car for you.



Do you like the idea of owning a Buick? Then you'll love this one. Like the Riviera, it has front-wheel drive. The interior of the Skylark Limited offers luxury like the Electra, as well as good looks like the Regal, and the common sense Skylarks have always had. With all of that going for you, it just might be...well, perfect.

Do you hate holding the luggage on your lap? Rejoice. The 1980 Skylark Sedan gives you even more usable trunk space than last year's model.

BUICK
After all, life is to enjoy.

Do you think a car this nice costs a bundle? Then you've got another think coming. In fact, Skylark's price could make the notion of buying or leasing one positively irresistible.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

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The *Post* editors are putting together a special issue as a tribute to a great American, John Wayne, and its going to be around a very long time as a one-of-a-kind collectors item. Only the *Post* could capture the extraordinary character we affectionately call "Duke"—a man who played Western roles to such perfection that he personalized what the West means to this country, and then who somehow blended that pride and

stature into his own personal life so as to become a legend of the American hero. This issue is a combination of Wayne photographs, articles, and stories assembled from *The Saturday Evening Post*. Did you know that "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon" was a *Post* story, first? Ditto "Red River Valley." "The Quiet Man." "True Grit." Now you can read the originals and follow big Duke right into the motion pictures themselves. Much, much more: famous Pete Martin interviewing Wayne man-to-man as only Pete can. Joan Didion pens

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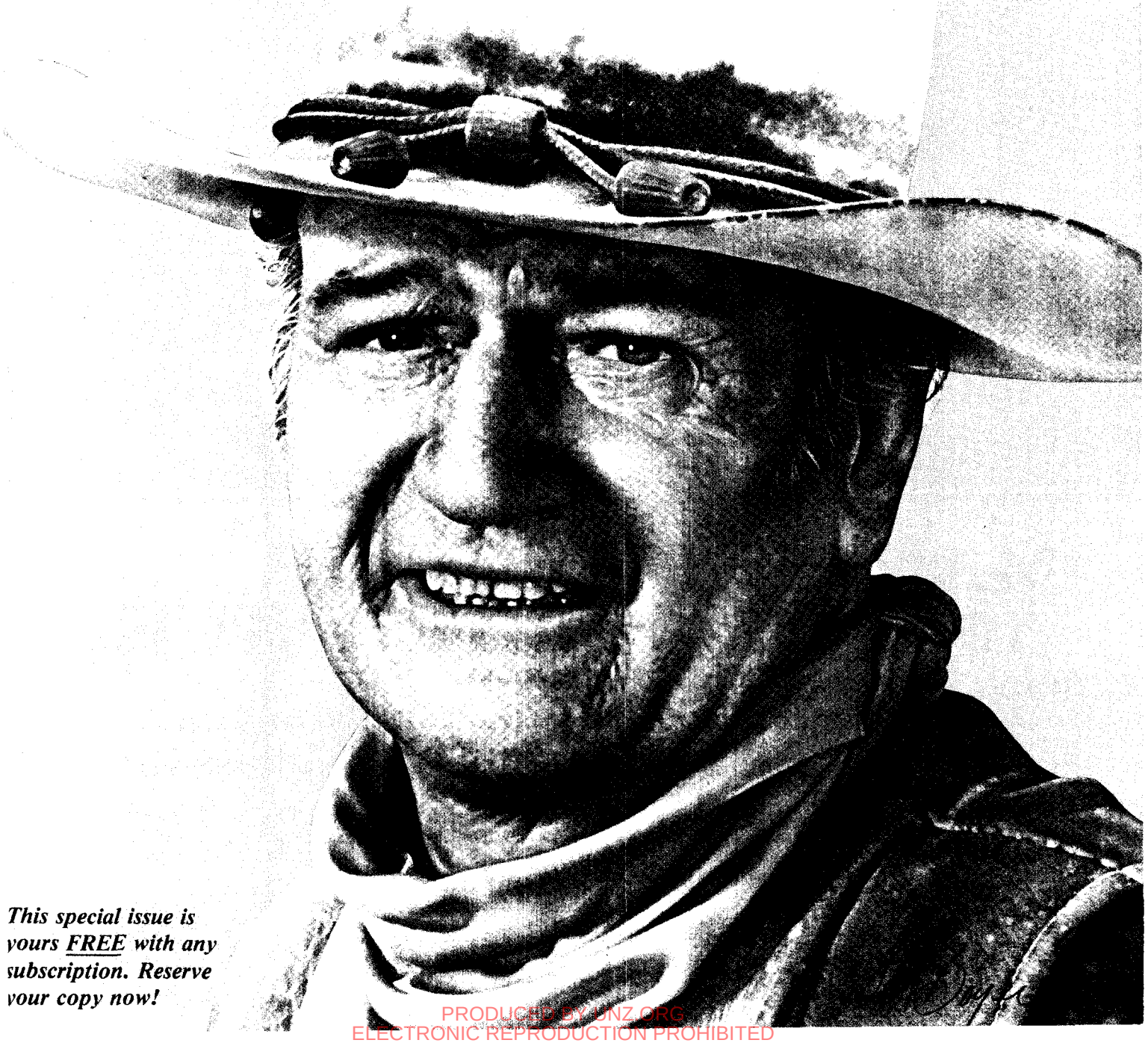
a love song to Duke. You'll see faces of people reappearing as from an old family album, the people we feel we all know through the magic of he movies and memory. And through it all strides and rides John Wayne himself, living the character of the West in his own person for 50 years. Only the *Post* could get it alltogether as magnificently as this. So make sure you get yours *now*. It is by no means wishful thinking on our part: the copies of this limited edition are just going to fly out there into everybody's hands, and you'll want to act promptly to make sure of capturing this memento of Big John for sure.



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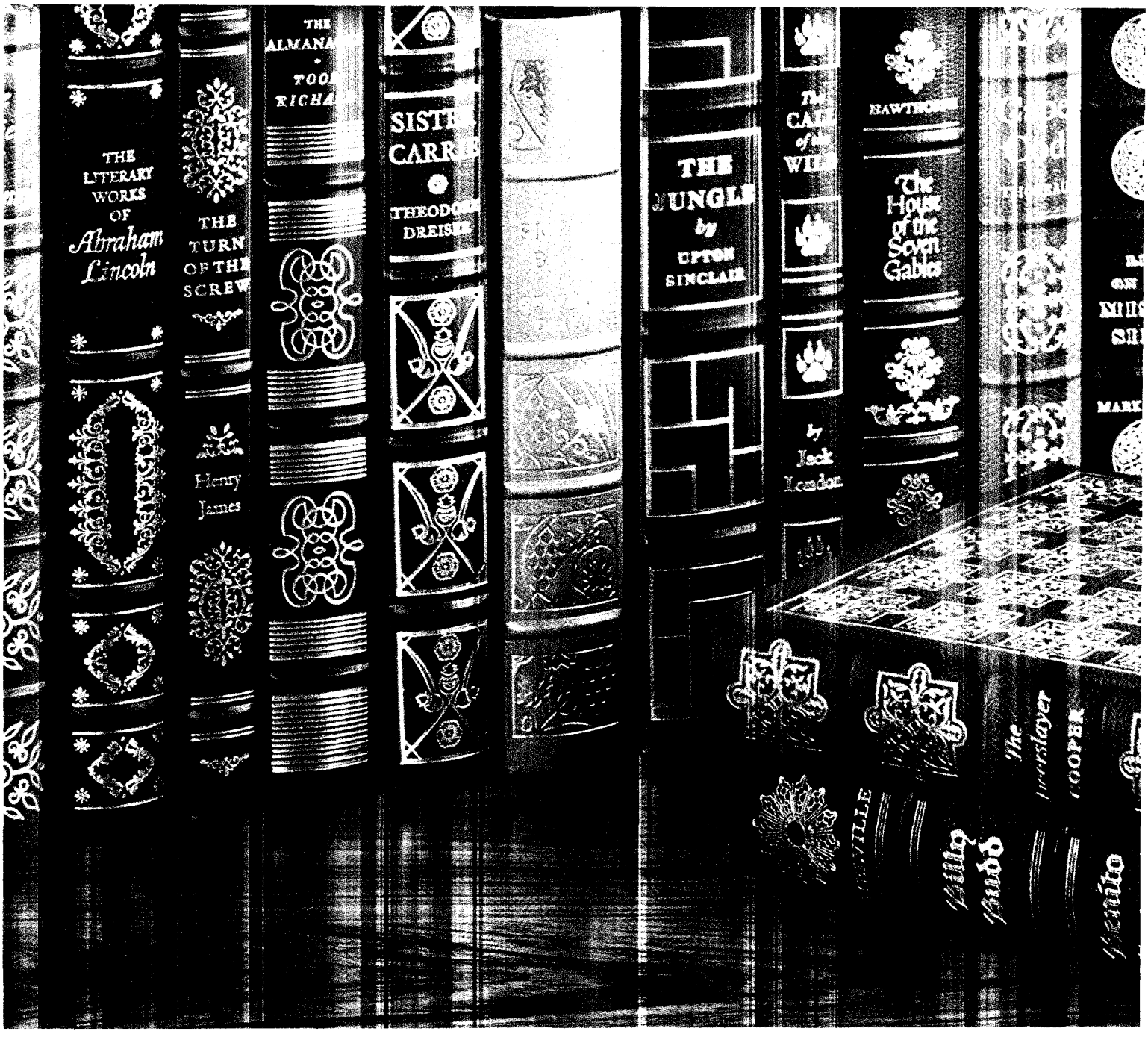

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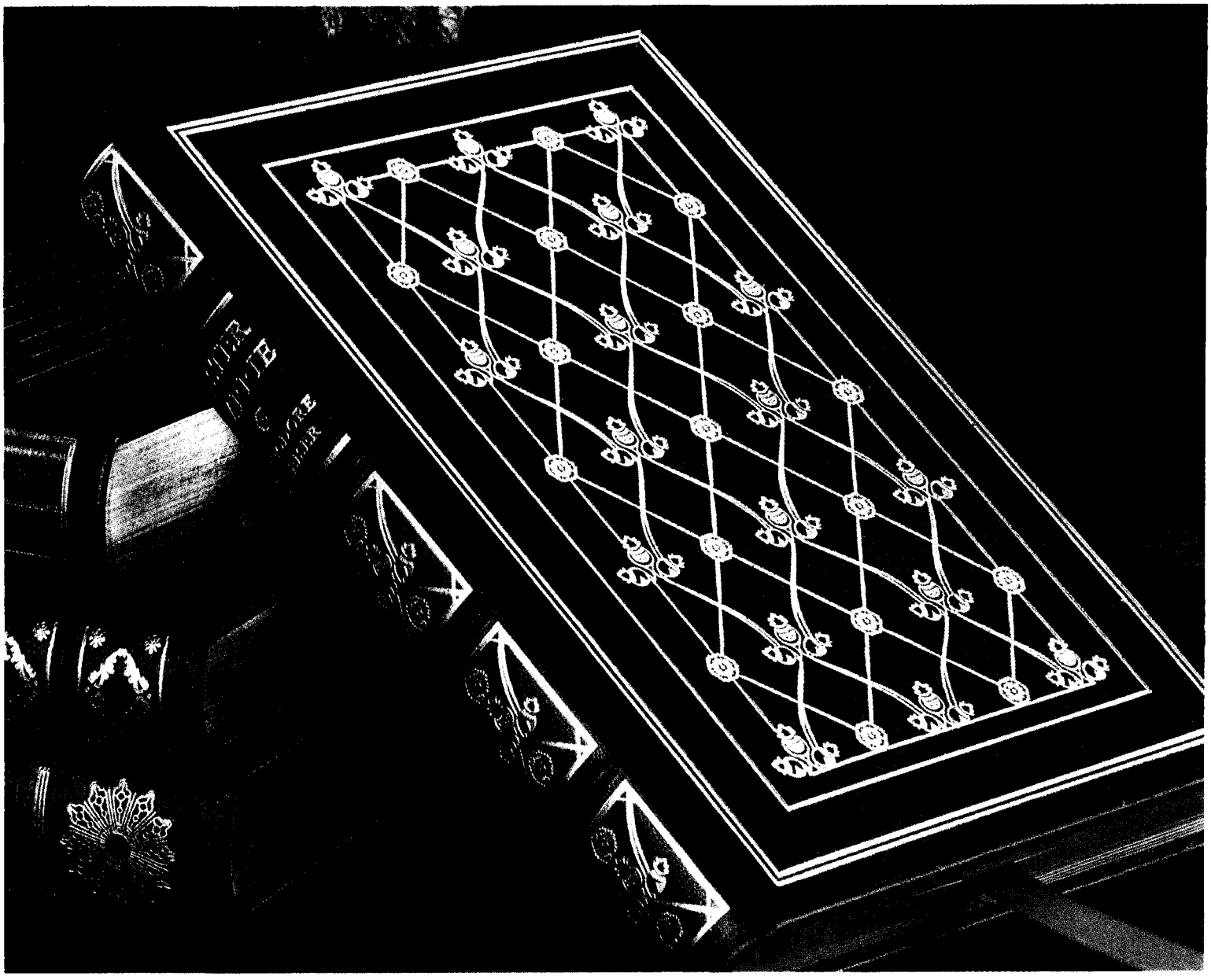

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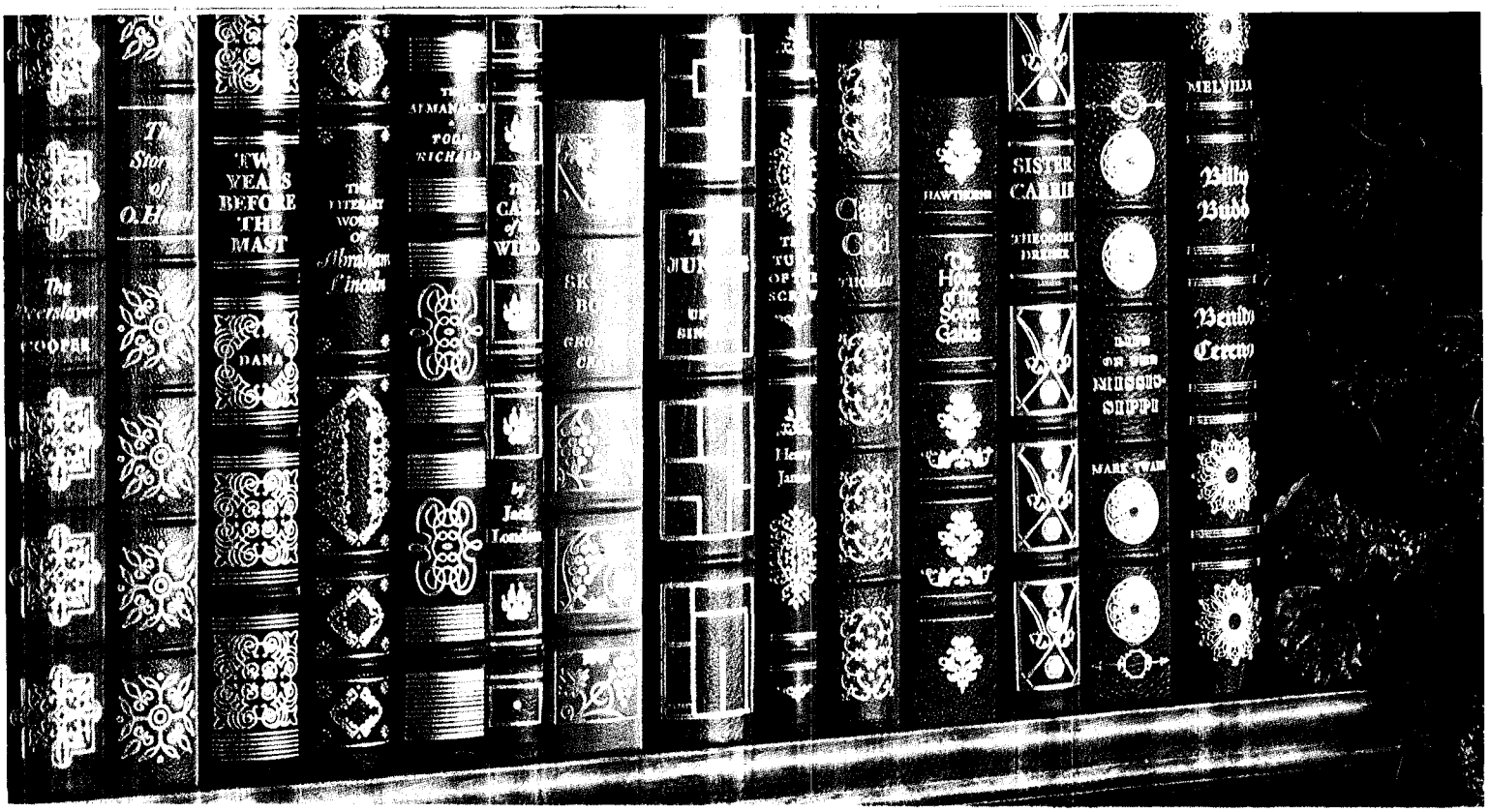

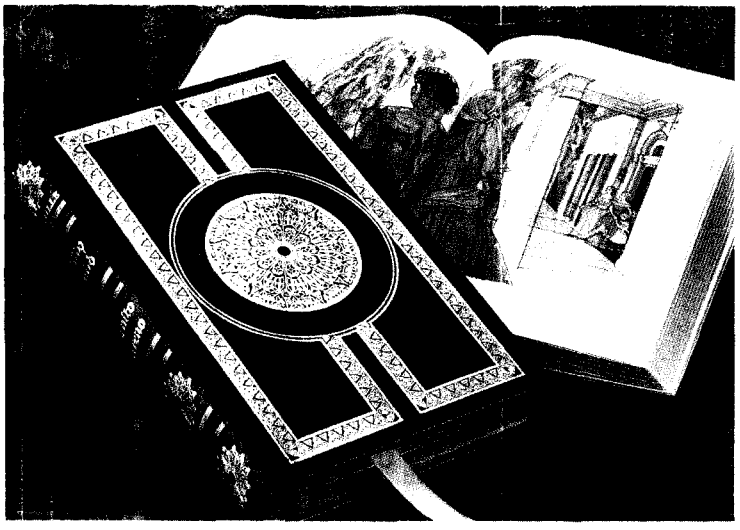

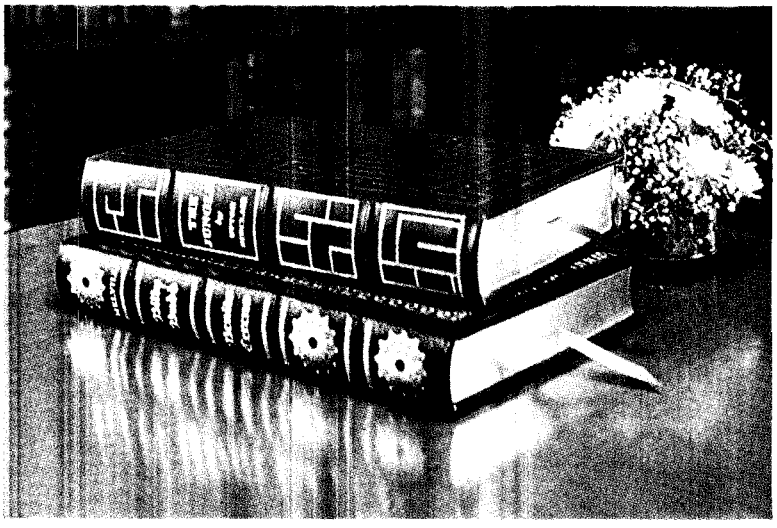

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REFORMED CHURCH IN AMERICA: OLDER THAN THE NATION ITSELF

A celebration of the 350th anniversary of the oldest Protestant denomination with an unbroken ministry on the North American continent.

by Donna Nason

It was winter. The young Dutch minister gathered his wife and two small children about him as they gazed at the tidy farms, the straight, flat terrain of The Netherlands. The communities of Hem and Venhuizen spread out before them, drowsy in the early morning frost. Towering above the landscape rose the brick steeple of a Gothic cathedral, its cock-topped weathervane reaching toward heaven. Calmly Jonas Michaelius studied the graceful, pointed arch windows, memorizing every line of the cross-shaped structure, visualizing the sermons he had delivered there, the weddings and baptisms celebrated within its massive walls. His church, his home.

The church at Venhuizen (below) sent the first pastor to America in 1628. Shortly afterward, Rembrandt began attending services at Amsterdam's Westerkerk (right) where he was buried in 1669.

Abruptly his mind forced him back to the present. He pictured the sturdy Dutch ship waiting in the nearby harbor of Enkhuizen, its bare masts stark against the slate sky. The time had come. The journey had barely begun. The year was 1628. His destination: New Amsterdam. His mission: to establish the first Reformed Protestant Dutch congregation in the New World; or, as he phrased it, "We must all have no other object than the glory of God in the build-

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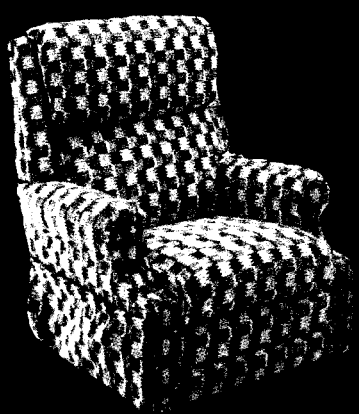

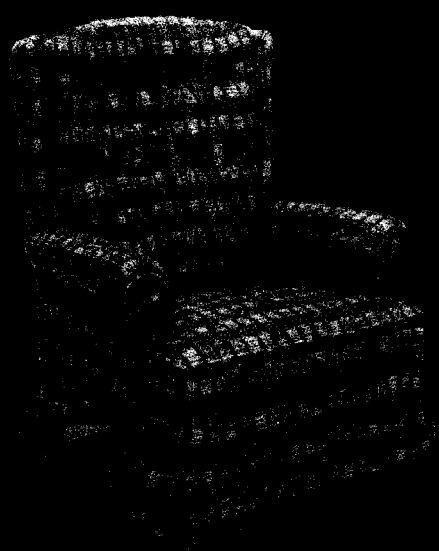

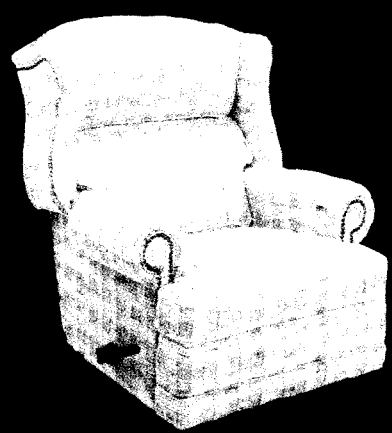

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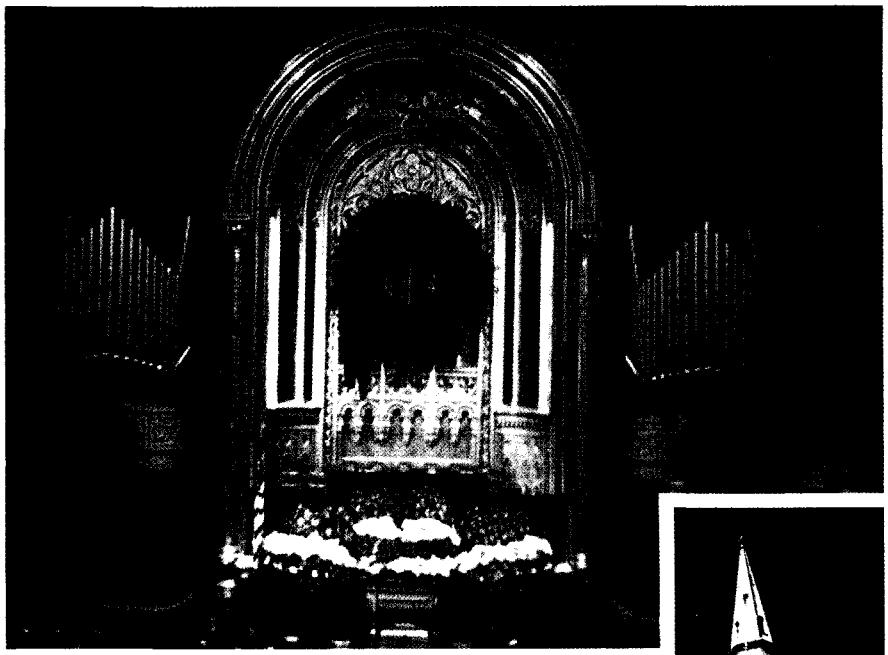
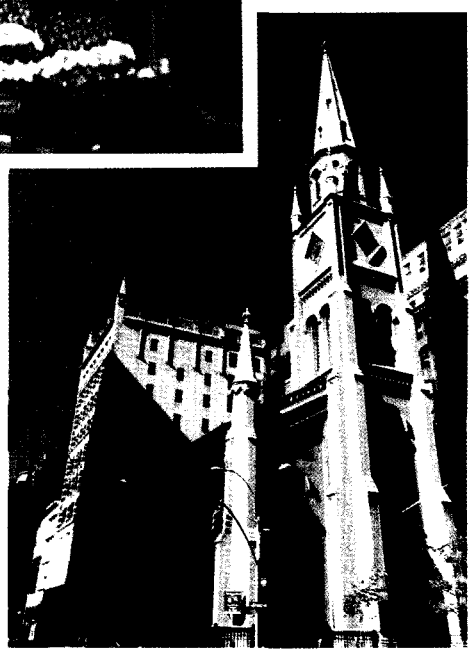
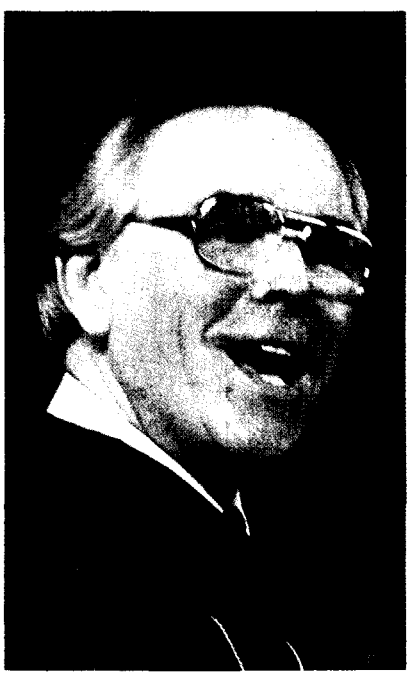
ing up of this kingdom and the salvation of many souls."

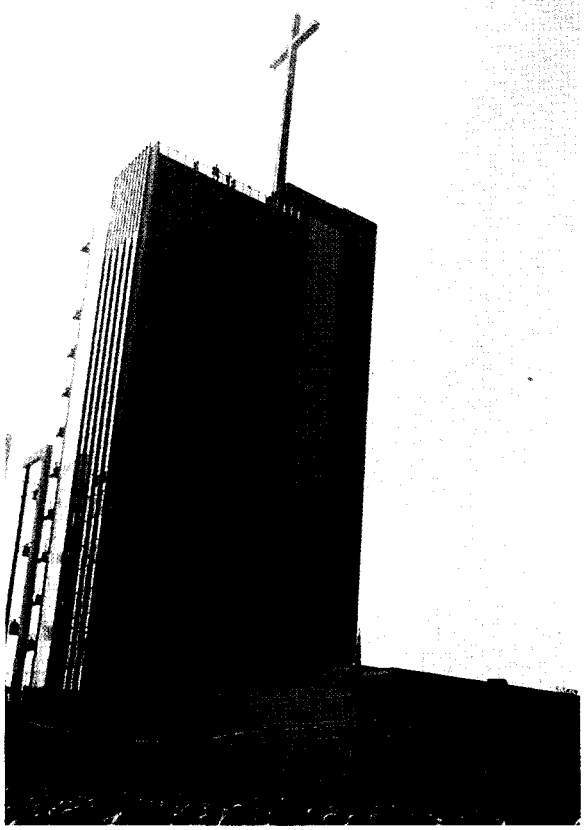
The vast forest of North America was just beginning to put out its first pale green leaves of spring, the dogwoods not quite ready to display their riot of color, when Domine (the Reverend) Michaelius and his family stepped ashore on what is now the Island of Manhattan.

The tiny outpost, with its score of wooden houses and buildings, was like a small island in an enormous sea of trees that seemed to stretch out forever. Its residents, mostly Dutch, had been established there under the auspices of the West India Company, differing from their neighbors in New England who had fled to the New World to escape religious persecution. Therefore, the Domine's task was to make the services of the established church available to the colonists, the traditions he brought providing a much desired link to the homeland.









Membership in Dr. Peale's Marble Collegiate Church (right) swelled to over 1,500, but the largest parish is Dr. Schuller's Garden Grove Community Church (below) with over 9,000 members.

A small group of 50 settlers in the wilderness gathered together in the upper room of a grist mill. There, in the midst of sacks of grain, they shared the communion cup and heard anew the solemn, familiar liturgy of their faith. It was April 10, 1628, the organization of the first congregation of the Dutch Reformed in the new land.

Today, on a site not far from the original grist mill, stands its successor, Marble Collegiate Church, its steeple dwarfed and literally overshadowed by tons of concrete and steel and glass—the skyscrapers of New York City. Three hundred and fifty years have passed. The denominational name has been changed to the Reformed Church in America. It no

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longer ministers only to the Dutch. But not one day has passed from that time to this that a minister of the R.C.A. has not been proclaiming God's word to North America.

The denomination is not imposing in size, boasting only 350,000 members, yet it contains two of the most internationally influential preachers of modern time. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, the originator of the Positive Thinking concept that swept America upon the publication of his first book in 1952, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, is the senior pastor of Marble Collegiate Church in New York City. A continent away, on the Pacific Coast of California, the Possibility Thinking Dr. Robert Schuller leads his 9,000-member congregation at Garden Grove Community Church and broadcasts his nationally syndicated television program, "The Hour of Power."

Scattered across the country, some 950 congregations of the Reformed Church in America are serving their communities in 19 states. The church originally sprang up wherever the Dutch settled in North America, with a large concentration in New York and New Jersey and other clusters centered around Chicago (Michigan and Iowa settlements are the largest). Another large group is found in Canada, where generous immigration policies attracted a substantial number of Dutch immigrants fleeing from the ravages of the Second World War. For many years the R.C.A. considered its purpose to be a ministry to the Dutch, even occasionally closing churches when there were no longer any Dutch in the community.

This theory being long outmoded, the R.C.A.—often called the biggest little church in the United States—is now forging ahead in all directions. It sees the minorities of our country as a fertile mission field and seeks to establish new congregations to serve these communities. Attempting to penetrate the Deep South, an area where its sphere of influence has always been extremely weak, it is forming a new church in Cary, North Carolina.

It is experimenting with new

Continued on following page

In Search of Roots

The Reformed Church in America celebrated its 350-year anniversary in 1978. The year's festivities began with moving ceremonies held at Marble Collegiate Church in New York City, the site of the first Dutch Reformed sermon preached in the New World. It was then New Amsterdam, a tiny settlement in the forest, named for the picturesque city of cobblestone streets, tree-shaded canals, and a thousand bridges.

The Dutch church that sent the first pastor, Jonas Michaelius, was the small congregation of the agricultural towns of Hem and Venhuizen to the north of Amsterdam. This medieval church is still in existence today and is led by a dynamic young minister, Domine J. J. Ferdinand Van Melle. Reverend Van Melle and his wife, Evelien, were flown to New York last April 10 to give a message and assist in the services of Marble Church, thereby speaking on the same day and in the same spot where Michaelius had delivered his historic sermon.

The anniversary inspired some 630 pastors and laypeople of the church in America to make pilgrimages to The Netherlands during the year to see the faith of their fathers, the country of their heritage. It was my privilege to accompany such a group of pilgrims, led by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Dr. Howard Hageman, and Rev. Ferdinand Van Melle.

A group of 120 persons, ten of whom were pastors, made the voyage. Many were Dutch, actually seeking the roots of their own families; many were not. All came to experience Holland personally and to see the historic churches there that contain the roots of their denomination.

Opening ceremonies in Amsterdam included remarks by one of Holland's leading churchmen, Dr. Van Den Heuvel, Secretary General of the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church. "You have come seeking your roots," he said. "I hope you are somewhat disappointed with our church, for we are not as we should be. In our entire country we have only one million active members. But we are alive, we are growing, we are changing."

Many of the questions confronting American churches today have already been settled in Holland. Traditionally a very tolerant country, The Netherlands has always been a pacesetter in religious and personal freedom. The Dutch Reformed Church, generally thought of as one of the more lenient denominations in the country, has been ordaining women and homosexuals as ministers for several years. They feel it is important to speak out on issues.

In apparent contrast, they are a very strict church, placing a strong emphasis on the authority of the Bible as a criterion for ethical and political life. Unlike her American sister, the Dutch church does not see herself as evangelical. "The Evangelicals are more interested in individual salvation," Reverend Van Melle earnestly explains, "while we are more interested in social issues." But the fact remains that her beautiful old cathedrals are empty. Huge Gothic structures that could easily seat 2,000 attract only a hundred or so worshipers on Sunday mornings.

The Dutch government is constantly refurbishing and maintaining these magnificent edifices, the oldest of which dates back to the year 600. Mostly Gothic in design, they abound with arches and intricate woodwork and are resplendent in their stained and leaded glass windows.

By far the highlight of our visit to The Netherlands was the Sunday morning worship service we attended within the hallowed walls of Van Melle's church in Venhuizen. Tall and straight it stands today, its carillon proclaiming God's love across the low farmlands of North Holland just as it had 350 years earlier when Jonas Michaelius set out for a new world. ☒

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concepts of church organization, a prime example of which are the three new congregations soon to be established in Dallas, Texas. There three pastors will form a group ministry, each caring for all three congregations and each one concentrating in his own area of specialization. The three fields will be experimental evangelism, education, and liturgy and worship. They expect two congregations to be housed in separate facilities and the third congregation to be a church without a building.

Vice President of the denomination, Rev. Edwin Mulder, claims to be first of all a parish pastor, second a church administrator. He cares deeply about the entire denomination but explains there must first be a concern and love for the immediate church family before you can love the world. "I'm excited about church growth," says Mulder. "As a pastor, how do you reach out and communicate the Gospel in the modern world?"

He enthusiastically indicates that the R.C.A. is interested in numerical growth in two areas, both the establishment of new churches and the bringing of more people into the fold. He is looking for growth in terms of the quality of faith in each believer. He wants to see personal growth in Christ, Christian maturity resulting in a changed lifestyle. Also important is holistic growth, an increase in meeting human need. "There is great need in every community," Reverend Mulder explains. "People are hurting, and as Christians we must be concerned and ready to help."

Reverend Mulder's own congregation, the Second Reformed Church of Hackensack, New Jersey, finds itself part of a community in transition. It contains many ethnic groups, many people

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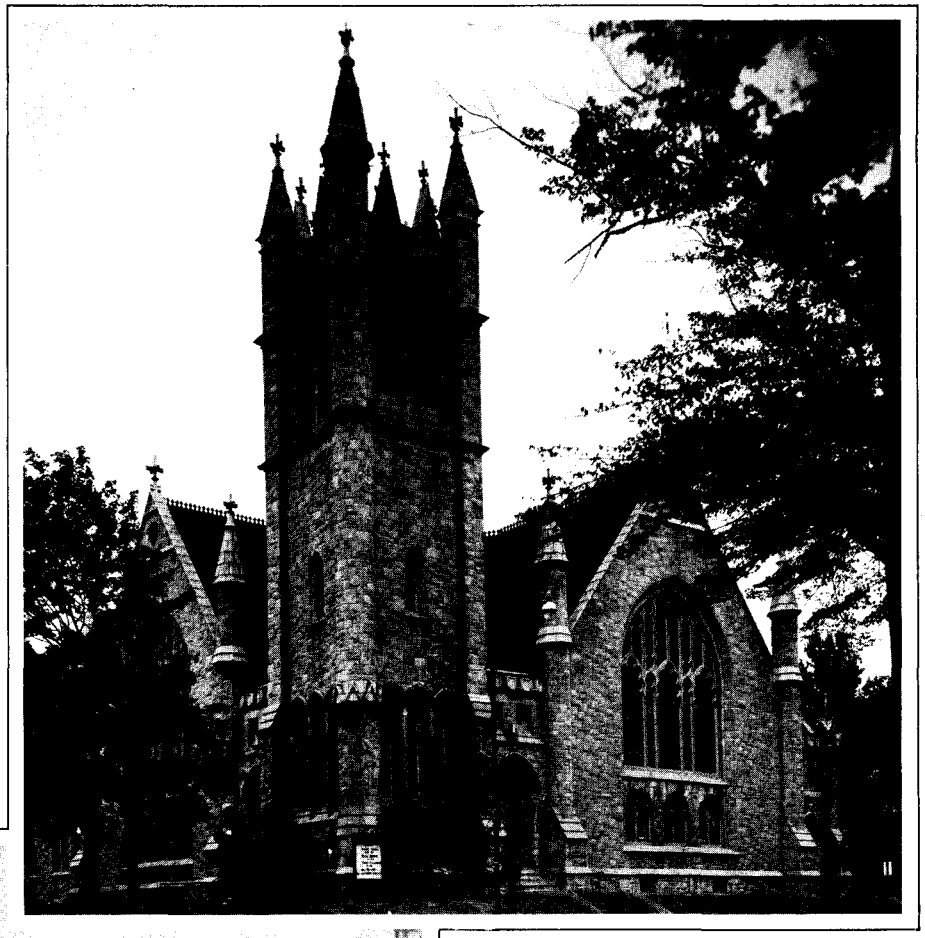
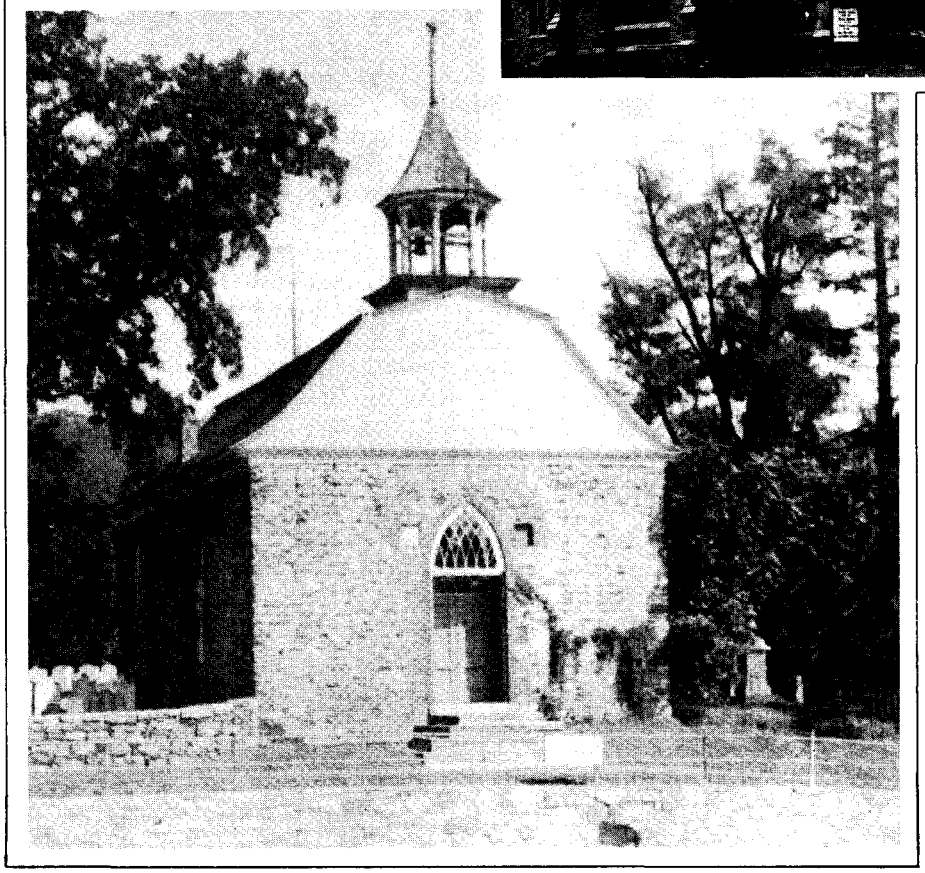


Churches sprang up in New Jersey as the Dutch colonists moved west and erected their architectural tributes to God. The congregation of the Readington Church (right) dates back over 250 years.



In the shadows of this tiny place of worship—The Old Dutch Church, built in 1697, North Tarrytown, N.Y.—lingers one of the most charming and beloved tales in American literature, Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." For it was at this precise point that Ichabod Crane, the local schoolmaster, mounted his bony horse one midnight and set out on Sleepy Hollow Road for his immortal encounter on the bridge with the Headless Horseman. A rewarding pilgrimage can include Irving's nearby mansion, "Sunnyside," overlooking the Hudson River, and this memorable Dutch Reformed landmark.

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HOW TO OVERCOME

Tired, Irritable & Depressed Feelings

Dr. Thomas A. Owen

WHAT PRICE 'THE GOOD LIFE'?

If you are like most of us you have spent years abusing your body. Think of all the junk food and alcoholic beverages you've consumed. Remember the nights of too little sleep and the exercise programs you were going to start 'tomorrow'? Were these good times at the expense of your health?

Ask yourself these questions: Do you have periods of depression without apparent cause? Do you wake up in the morning without energy to face the day? Do you become irritable at little things; and find it more and more difficult to concentrate and make decisions?

If your answer to any of these questions is 'yes' then I can help you with my new book, **HOW TO OVERCOME TIRED, IRRITABLE & DEPRESSED FEELINGS.**

My name is Tom Owen and I know what you are going through because I've **'been there'.** I was so busy building my practice, winning awards; yes, and making money too, that I ignored my health. Instead I enjoyed the rewards of my success. I had accumulated great wealth and earned recognition from my associates in the profession. I was living high.

Then suddenly, at the height of my success when I was 42 years old, personal tragedy struck. I lost everything. My wealth, my health and almost my sanity. Yes, I admit I've **'been there'!** But I found a way out, and I have no intention of going back.

During the past seven years I have regained my health and surpassed my previous fortune. I've learned how to recognize and deal with warning symptoms...signals from the brain saying that something is 'wrong' with the body. Now I no longer have to pay the price in loss of health for success; nor will you. This is a promise!

Once you learn to recognize these dangerous symptoms, before they turn into major health problems, you will be better able to cope with them.

Listed below are 24 such symptoms as described in my book. Check the ones that apply to you.

_____ Depression
_____ Tiredness
_____ Irritability
_____ Craving for sweets and ice water
_____ Reduced sex drive
_____ Insomnia
_____ Apprehensive
_____ Night sweats
_____ Cold, clammy hands
_____ Blurred vision
_____ Alcoholism
_____ Fainting spells
_____ Anxiety
_____ Weakness
_____ Headaches
_____ Indigestion
_____ Allergies
_____ Indecisiveness
_____ Crying spells
_____ Nightmares
_____ Forgetfulness
_____ Hyperactivity
_____ Psychoneurosis
_____ Stress

How many signs did you mark? If you are experiencing three to five of the above symptoms then this book was written FOR YOU. From it you will learn the **cause;** how to **improve or eliminate the condition;** and what steps to take to **prevent recurrences.**

Here is just a sampling of what you will find in this informative, 160 page book.

- **The Mechanics of Stress;** what it does to the body; the price you pay by not eliminating it; and how to overcome it.
- **Migraine Headaches;** do you know the difference between the tension headache and the hangover?
- **Non-Strenuous Exercise Methods;** learn what exercises you can do to get the most out of the time and energy you put into them.
- **The MONSTER in our diet;** what it is; how it works and what you can do about it.
- **Dieting;** do you know you can now have your cake and eat it and still lose weight safely and permanently?
- **Poisoning;** do you know that there is a specific type of poisoning which in the past was permanent? The symptoms are: tired, total lack of energy; inability to think, concentrate and remember... regardless of your mental attitude!
- Learn the **alternatives to drugs,** medication, and possibly surgery.
- Tips on how to **help the hyperactive child.**
- **Nine steps leading to hypoglycemia;** explained in detail.
- **Discover** how **fabulous FRUCTOSE** works to furnish you with surplus energy.

In addition you will find illustrations, charts, diagrams, a glossary and much, much more.

All in all, **HOW TO OVERCOME TIRED, IRRITABLE & DEPRESSED FEELINGS,** is a guide that will benefit the entire family. Its contents are based on a combination of clinical research, case histories, and from my 20 years experience in the health field. The book is written in an easy-to-understand manner and offers you a sound, workable program to **protect your most valuable assets . . .** your physical, mental and emotional health.

If your price for success has left you with some of these symptoms don't assume it is too late to repair the damage. Let me show you how you **CAN** overcome your present condition, just like my countless patients and I have done.

Here are a few comments:

I have more energy, feel calm and relaxed and am not irritable. In fact, I don't believe I just put in a 12 hour day!
R.C., Florida

I'm no longer depressed. I have more energy than I know what to do with.
E.P., Georgia

The change is remarkable. I am never tired anymore and I no longer crave sweets. My whole outlook is different.
H.H., Tennessee

For peace of mind that money can't buy let me urge you again, if you suffer from several of these warning signs, **take action now** to eliminate them and improve your health. Order your copy of my book today.

The cost of **HOW TO OVERCOME TIRED, IRRITABLE & DEPRESSED FEELINGS** is only $8.95 and we pay the postage. **YOU CAN'T LOSE...**the book is guaranteed. I'm so certain that this book will help you overcome one or more of your health problems that I offer you a full 30 days to read and digest its contents. If, at the end of this period you are not completely satisfied, for any reason, simply return the book in salable condition and your money will be refunded by return mail. Fair enough?

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MY LIFE ON THE ROCKS

The tragic fall from grace of Wilbur Mills, once a candidate for the Presidency, and how he fought back to respectability is told to his friend and professional colleague Roger Zion.

by Wilbur Mills

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

This remarkable story is by Wilbur Mills, the former powerful congressman, about his alcoholism.

Now no one likes to admit a mistake, especially a politician. A politician is a leader, a positive thinker, confident and forthright. So when a politician goes public with his past indiscretions, he truly merits the accolades "courageous," "unselfish," and "gutsy."

Wilbur Mills has earned those accolades. No one I have ever known fell so far and recovered so completely and with such dignity as did Wilbur Mills. He eventually rebounded from his fall, but, instead of fading into the background as most of us would do, he chose to bare his soul in hopes of helping his fellowmen and fellow women.

We are lucky to have Wilbur Mills among us. He is an inspiration to us all.

Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr.
Speaker, U.S. House of Representatives

I have a disease. It is a very unusual disease in that it has many characteristics and attributes that other diseases do not have. They say that alcohol is a very powerful and insidious thing. But it is also a very patient thing. For an alcoholic such as I am, it is well to recognize just how patient alcohol can be, because it waits around the corner. It waits for me when I become a little bit careless; when I think that I have the problem licked; when I think that I am cured. It waits for me to slip and take a drink.

I talk about myself and my addiction primarily because I must constantly remind myself of it. I thought for a long time that alcohol did not constitute a problem for me. I did not know what alcohol would do. I did not know anything about alcoholism. As I drank, I could not compare my situation to anything that I knew. I was not even aware of the fact that I had finally gotten to the point where I was not making the determination as to when to take a drink; the alcohol was doing that. I was not aware of the fact that I was drinking actually to live. And only in the last several months of my drinking did I get to the point that I had to have a drink when I worked. I never used to take a drink in the morning—not because I heard that alcoholics do that, but because I knew I had something to do. I would drink heavily when I had nothing to do. For years and years, if I was not occupied, or if I had a day off, I could beat the rooster in the morning taking a drink. The rooster would crow about the time I had taken my third drink. And not once did I think that this constituted a problem. I did it because I wanted to.

I took my first drink in Arkansas many years ago when I was about 11 years of age. It did not have the stamp of government approval on it. It was homemade stuff, called Arkansas moonshine, and it tasted terrible. I used to go rabbit hunting

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Mills' 42-year congressional career was devastated after his involvement with stripper Fanne Foxe made headlines.

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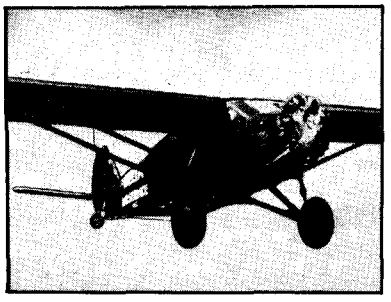
If you think Delta's first 50 years were incredible, just watch our next 50.

This year marks Delta's golden anniversary for passenger service.

Boy, have times changed.



This is the Travel Air that carried Delta's first passengers.

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Delta had all of three five-passenger Travel Airs. And they flew only between Dallas, Shreveport, Monroe and Jackson at top speeds of 90 miles per hour.

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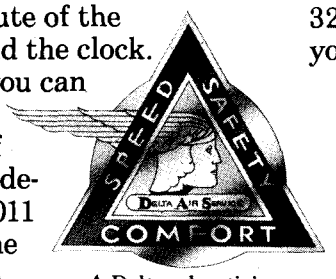

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DELTA
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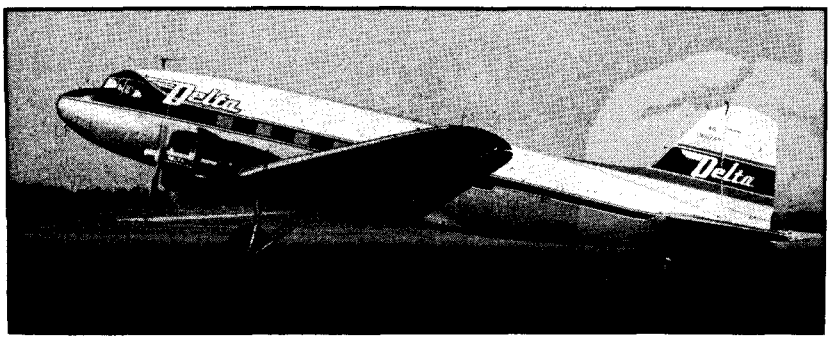
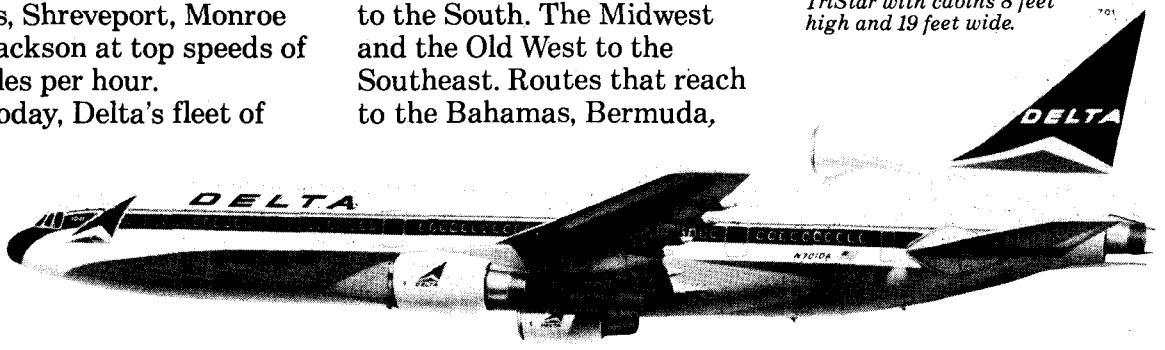


The famous DC-3 workhorse was part of the Delta fleet from 1940 to 1960.

This is Delta's Wide-Ride L-1011 TriStar with cabins 8 feet high and 19 feet wide.



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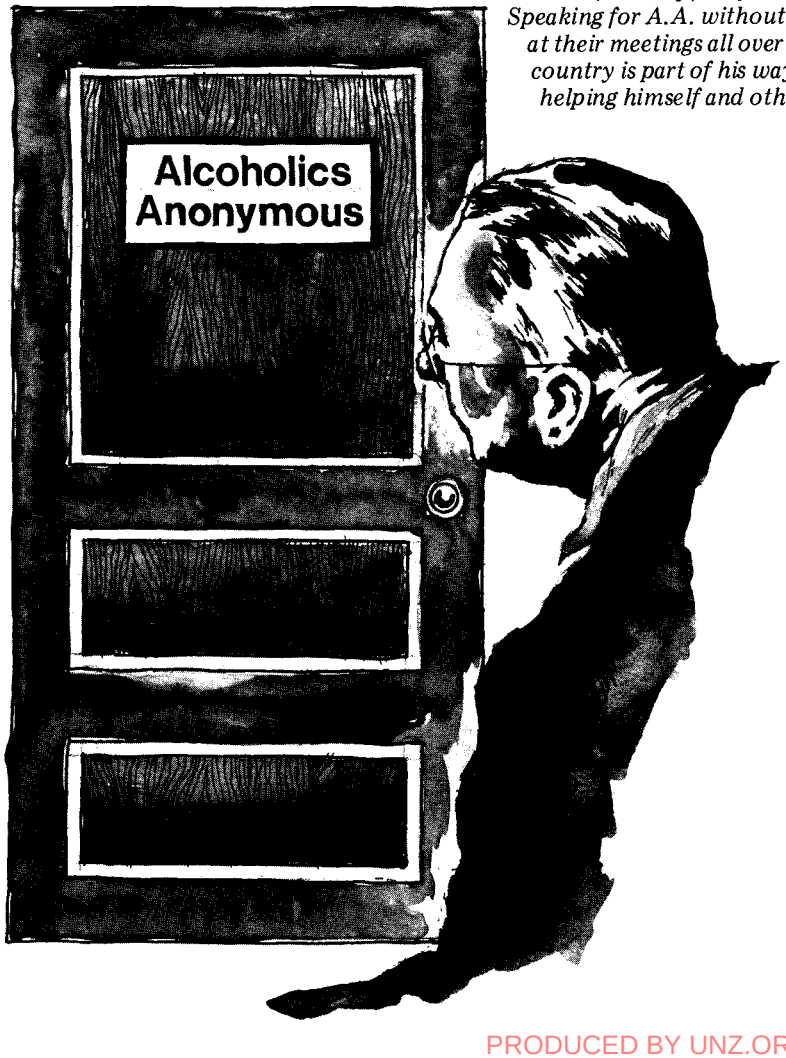
or squirrel hunting and would occasionally run across a backwoods still. The man who operated the still would always be somewhere behind a tree with a rifle under his arm. As I would come upon that still, he would recognize me, because he probably bought the sugar from my father's store. I'd probably helped him load it on his wagon. He would tell me to push back the scum on the top of this liquor that was about to be bottled and reach down with a cup in my hand (up to about my elbow) and take a drink. Then he would ask me if I liked it. What would you say to a man with a rifle on his arm who was proud of his product? The truth was that I did not like it. And then the fellow would say, "You can't fly on one wing, so take another." By afternoon, most of the rabbits and squirrels were hunted and shot, and I was out under a tree someplace knocked out.

It's tragic that a practice that I found so nauseating as a child would eventually cause me to retire from Congress in disgrace. One desire in my whole lifetime was to go to Congress, to serve on the Ways and Means Committee, and later to become chairman of that committee. I was first elected in 1938, went on the committee in 1942, and finally became chairman in 1958.

I was drinking heavily in those days. It's a strange thing, however, in that I was not a social drinker. I didn't like to go to cocktail parties in Washington. My wife Polly and I did not participate. I didn't go to embassy parties because I said that their sole purpose in having me there was to get me loaded and try to find out what I knew about our government. The truth of the matter is (as I look back on it) that I didn't like to go to cocktail parties because very few people at cocktail parties know how to drink. You see a woman holding a glass of booze in her hand long enough for a waiter to come by 12 times and put ice in it. I know now that I couldn't find my kind of drinker at cocktail parties, so I made one like me at home. My wife didn't really like the taste of booze, but I finally succeeded in helping her acquire an addiction to it.

When I got home at seven or eight o'clock, she would usually have dinner ready and ask, "Shall I serve dinner now?", and I would say, "No, let's have a drink first." As time went by, we would have four or five drinks, and dinner would have to wait a little while. I never drank when I went home to Arkansas though, because I knew that you did not drink publicly down there, and you were frowned on if anybody smelled it on your breath.

I grew up in that environment. We had an occasional drunk in the town, however. (We didn't have alcoholics, because nobody ever heard that expression.) You felt sorry for him. The kids picked at him and made jokes about him, as they passed him on the street. Drunks were considered about as low down in our community as you could conceive. Nobody had any sympathy for them. They had done it themselves. They had no willpower. They had no morals. If they had, they would not have drunk that way. Well, this was the way I grew up.



"The elevator just goes one way for the alcoholic who doesn't find help," says Mills. Speaking for A.A. without fee at their meetings all over the country is part of his way of helping himself and others.

Toward the end of my drinking, I got to the point where I did not want ice cubes in my glass, so I kept my booze in the icebox. I had a problem about drinking alcohol with ice cubes in the glass. What would happen if I swallowed one of those ice cubes? I might strangle. So I was drinking it straight. When I got home, I would run back to the kitchen and pick up a bottle from the icebox and take two fast drinks. I had a jelly glass and always filled it to the rim. In fact, I would get mad at myself occasionally, because I would spill some of it, trying to get it so full. That was my way of drinking. I really had no problems with it. I could drink when I wanted to. I could quit drinking for months at a time, and I did. It never dawned on me that I was growing into alcoholism. I knew nothing about it.

I had an operation for a slipped disk the last day of August 1973. I had been taking some medication that relaxed the muscles in my back. It was habit forming, so, after I had my disk removed and it was

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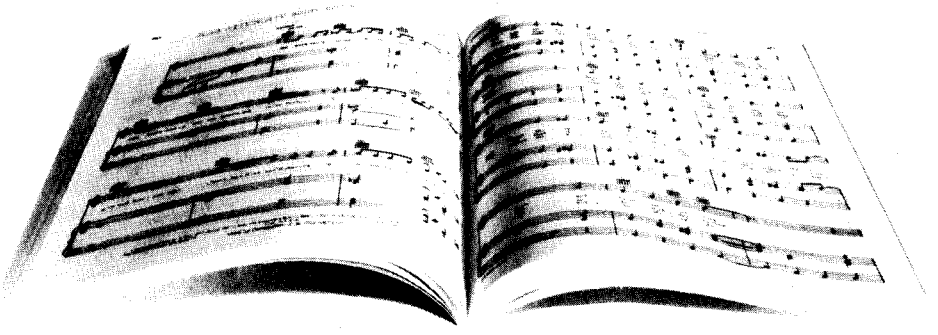

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no longer necessary for me to take that medicine, the doctor started the process of taking me off it. As I dropped from eight pills a day down to six, down to four, down to two, and to one, a strange thing happened, however. My consumption of alcohol went up. Where before I was able to take four good-sized drinks at night and go to sleep, now it was necessary for me to drink a bottle or more. I was not aware of the multiplying effect that habit-forming drugs have on alcohol.

During some 54 years from when I took my first drink to when I took my last, I was not aware of any progression of my drinking at all. The last two years of my drinking, as I look back on them, were living hell. Not because I took my swinging people with me everywhere I went, not because I got the name of the Tidal Basin changed, not because they named the theater in Boston The Mills House of Sin—not because these things happened, but for other reasons. I was drinking very heavily. In 1974, I was finally finding it necessary to take a drink in the morning before I could shave. Do you know that it is possible to cut your face with an electric razor? I learned how to do it. I became an expert at it. I never looked in the mirror. I did not know what I would see. I heard others say that they looked into the mirror at their own eyes and saw nothing. I am sure that would have been the case if I had looked. But I had become an alcoholic and didn't know it.

I never looked in the mirror. I did not know what I would see. . . . I had become an alcoholic and didn't know it.

About this time, President Ford vetoed a bill in which I had an interest. I thought he was misadvised, so on Tuesday (after I had been to Boston on that infamous weekend), I moved to override the President's veto. The House did not do it. After the vote, some of my colleagues came to me for counsel. This is a time that I can't remember at all. Charlie Bennett of Florida was the first to come, and I understand that a half dozen or more joined him. They were embarrassed by my getting up before them and asking them to join me, a drunk, in overriding the veto of a man who was sober in the White House. They were embarrassed about it. I was not, not a bit. I did not know what I had done. I did not remember going to Boston. I did not even remember being in Boston. This was a Tuesday morning, and I didn't remember what I did on Monday. But at any rate I was there. They came to me and said, "Wilbur, you look like you're sick." All of this they have told me since then. I said, "I'm not just sick; I'm dying." (I knew I was dying, and I had known it for some time. I had made up my mind that I had a very short time to live. Maybe that caused me to drink more, knowing that I was not going to live. Maybe I was enjoying what I was doing. They tell me that if you think you are enjoying it, you probably are. I don't know if I fought it or not, but I knew one thing, and that was that I was dying.) When I said I was dying, they kept telling me that other members of the committee could handle it, that there was no need for me to get overexcited. I knew good and well that, even if I trained the members of that committee, they could still not do the work as well as I could.

One of the great things about alcoholics is that we are great con artists. This is especially true of us who become alcoholic while we are in politics. It is necessary that we always cover up from those we ask to be our supporters. I would never let anybody know of the egotism that existed within myself. I knew that none of the other members of the committee could handle legislation as well as I could. Why? Because God himself, so many times, had asked me to take His place on the throne. And during the time that He allowed me to remain there the world was free of wars. Not when He was running it, but when I was running it. We had our working relationship; yes, we did. I occupied a position in that partnership superior to His, I thought. But here in the rear of the House Chamber they told me that I needed a doctor. Finally, they called Dr. Carey from the dispensary, who rushed right over. "You have a high pulse rate, and you've got to go to the hospital," he said. Now, as I look back on it, I know that I was blacked out or he would never have gotten me to the hospital. My wife Polly had taken me to the hospital many times; I would come to at two or three o'clock in the morning, however, and have them take me home.

Dr. Lukash, who was in the White House (President Ford's doctor and also President Carter's doctor), had examined me on several occasions. I don't know if they acknowledged what was really wrong with me, but you do not have hepatitis and peritonitis at the same time except in alcoholism, and they treated me for two weeks in the hospital in February 1974 for hepatitis and peritonitis. They told me not to take a drink for 90 days. That I did. I had no trouble not taking a drink because I could look toward that 91st day, when I would spend on alcohol all the money that I had saved during the 90 days. On the 91st day, I threw a big one.

This time I was not aware of being in the hospital for some time. I don't know how long. The doctor took blood. He knew what was wrong with me. It was very easy to tell. Librium and alcohol had taken the place of my blood.

He came into my room one day and asked, "Do you know what is wrong with you?" I responded: "Sure, I know what's wrong with me. Any doctor who's worth his salt knows that tumors of the brain cause blackouts, and I've been suffering from blackouts. Any doctor who's worth his salt knows that when you lose as much weight as I've lost, the tumor must be malignant. I have a malignant tumor of the brain. If you want to find it, okay. I haven't long to live." He looked at me and said: "That's not your problem. Your problem is that you are an alcoholic." Now, can you imagine a lieutenant commander in the Navy, expecting to be a captain some day, telling an important member of Congress that he was an alcoholic—a presidential candidate who didn't want to be an alcoholic, who had no intention of being an alco-

Continued on page 114

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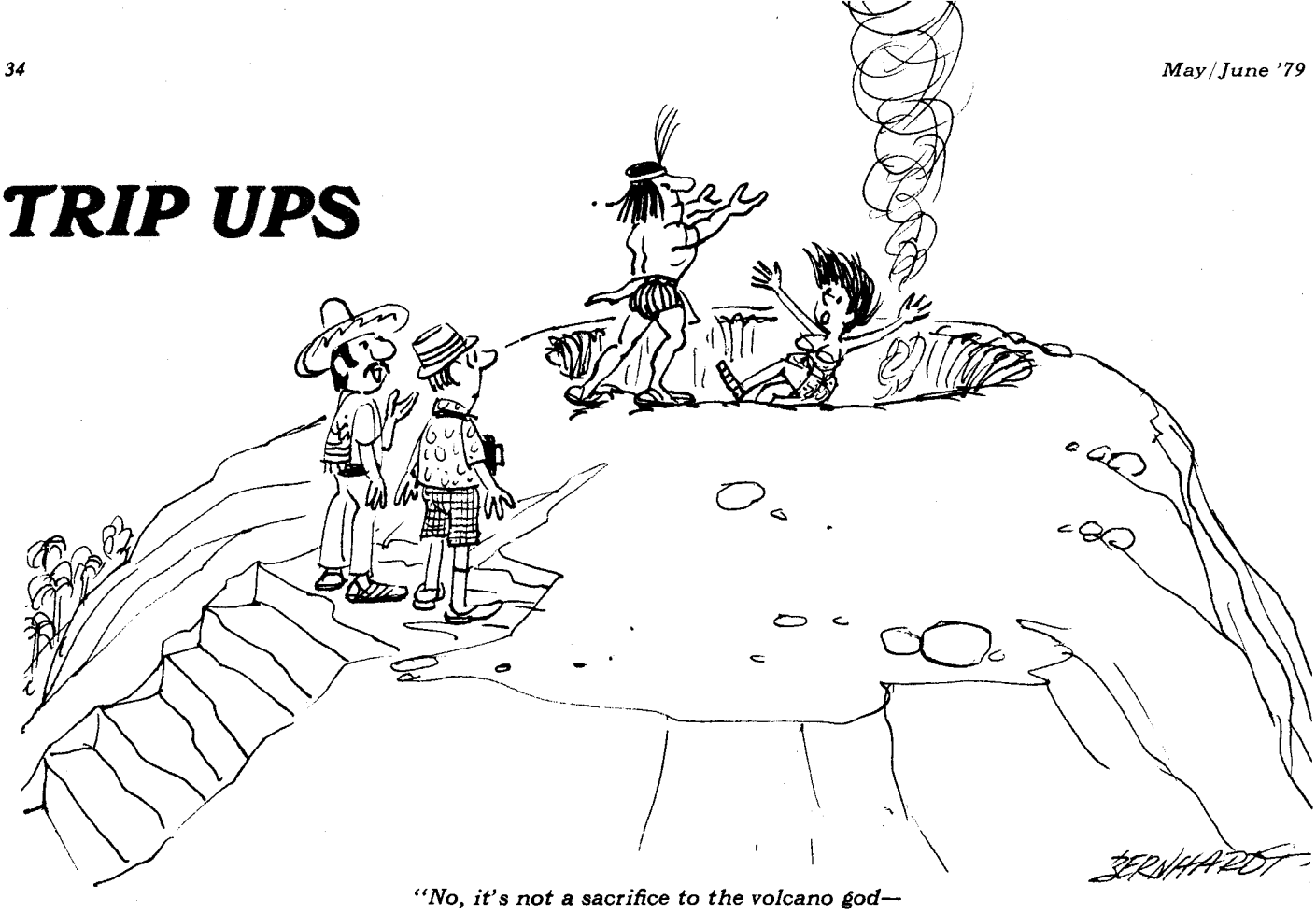
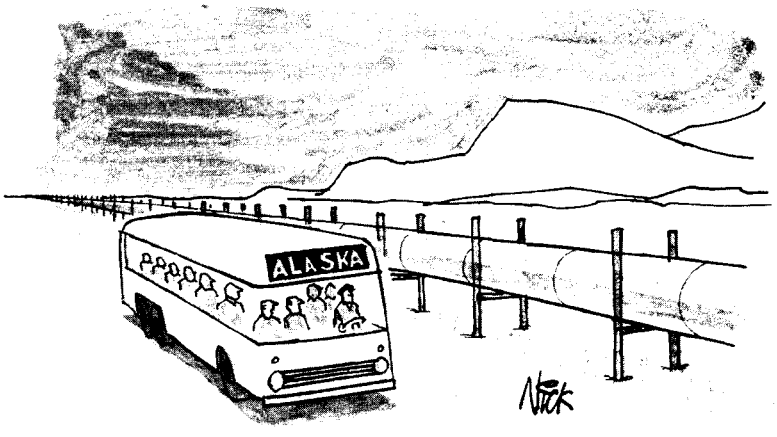
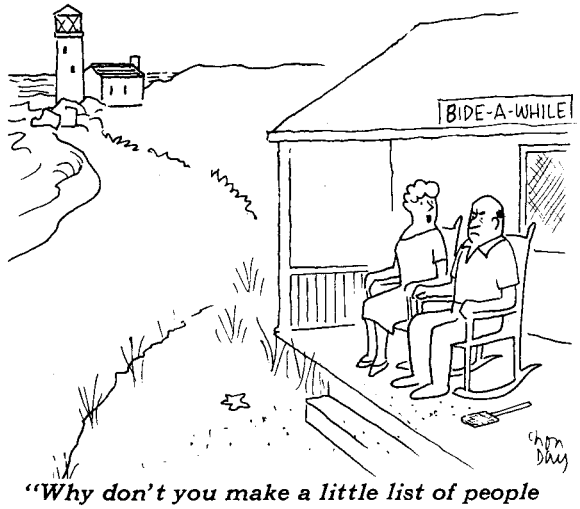


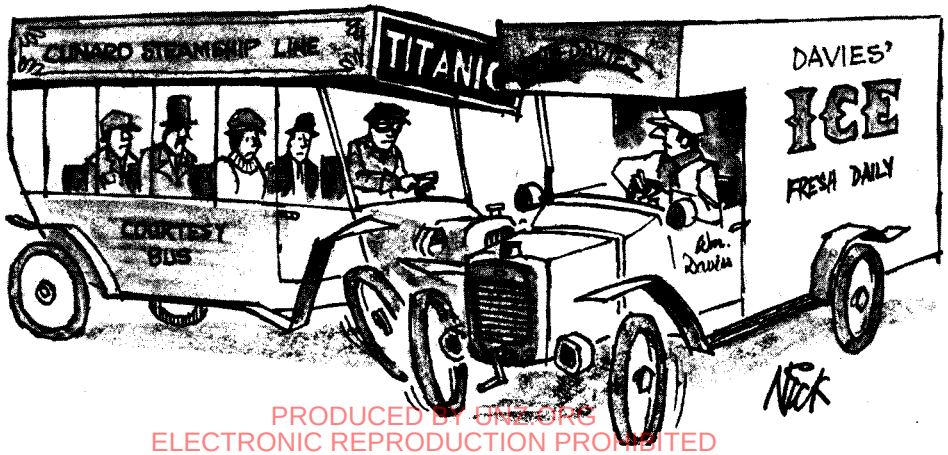
*"No, it's not a sacrifice to the volcano god—
it's only a family squabble."*



"If he says 'Ladies and gentlemen, if you will glance to your left' just once *more . . ."*



"Why don't you make a little list of people you can fire when you get back to the office?"



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By Charlotte Turgeon

Contents

Canning and Freezing Vegetables
Canning and Freezing Fruits
Jelly and Jam Specialties
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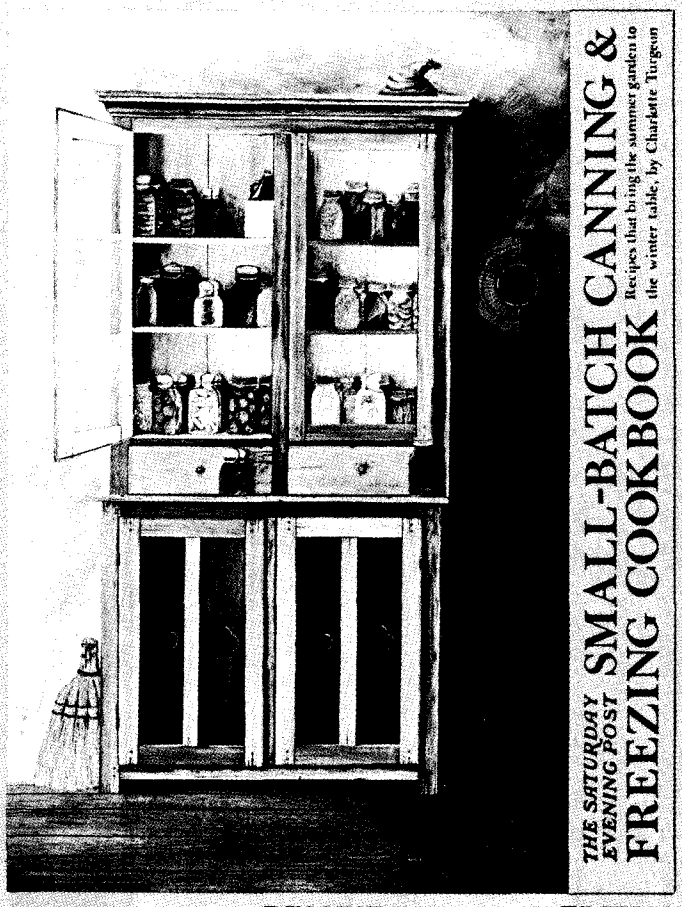
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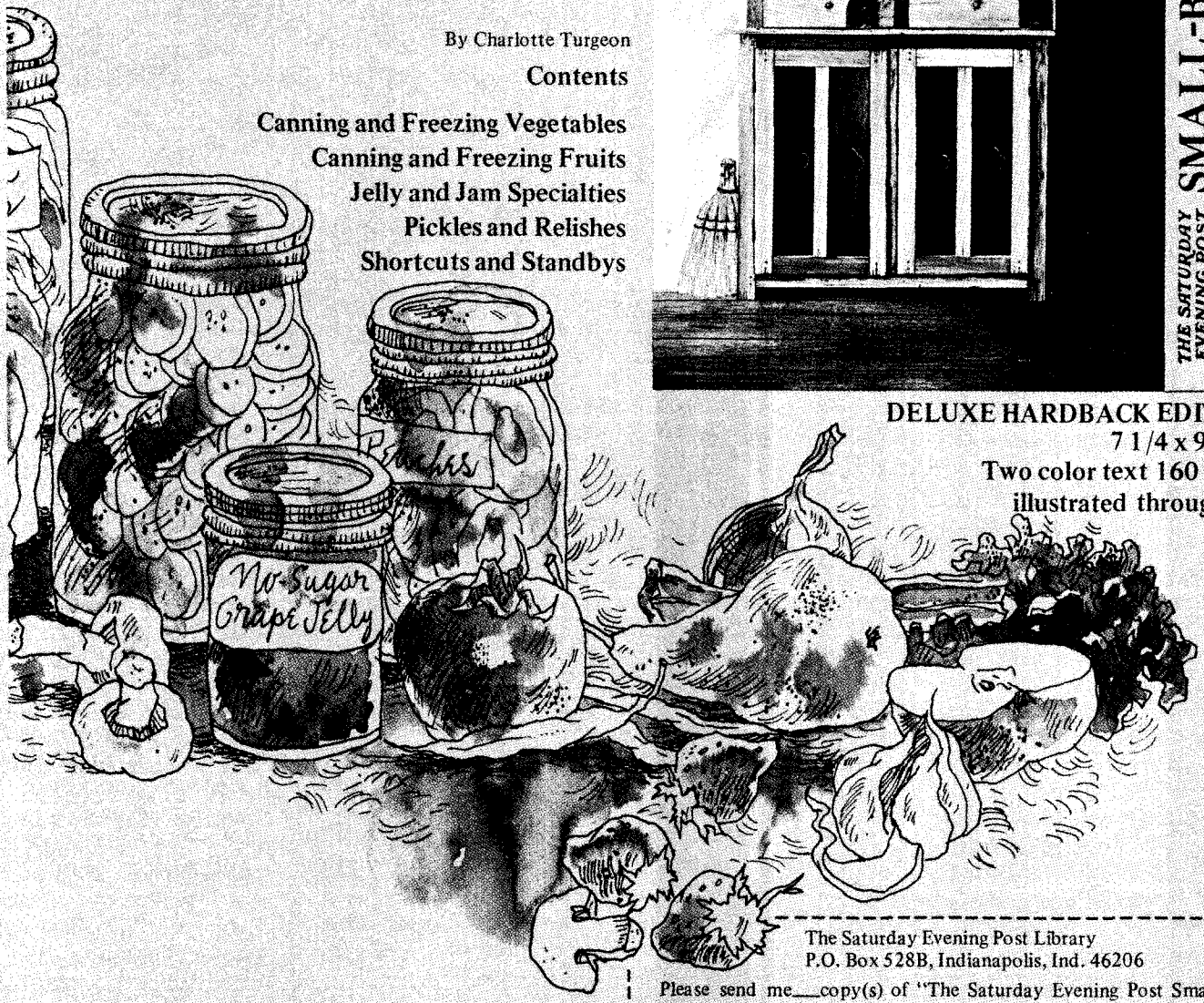
Recipes that bring the summer garden to the winter table, by Charlotte Turgeon



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Speaking Out

U.S. AMBASSADORSHIPS: PROFESSIONAL PLUMS OR POLITICAL PAYOFFS?

In his campaign, Carter called ambassadorial payoffs "disgraceful." He should have taken his own advice.

by Nick Thimmesch

In Washington, some long-memoried souls mutter that President Jimmy Carter hasn't really lived up to his high-sounding campaign pledge to appoint the best qualified—and not the best contributors—to the top U.S. diplomatic posts around the world. If candidate Carter ever became indignant over a practice of previous presidents—Democrat or Republican—it was that of appointing fat-cat campaign contributors to the choice ambassadorships.

"When I go into an embassy in South America or Central America or Europe and see sitting as our ambassador, our representative there, a fat, bloated, ignorant, rich major contributor to a presidential campaign who can't even speak the language of the country in which he serves, and knows less about our own country and our consciousness and our ideals and our motivation, it's an insult to me and to the people of America and to the people of that country."

Now Jimmy Carter uttered those remarks in late 1975, as he cranked up his presidential campaign. He hammered away at this theme in 1976, describing ambassadorial payoffs as "disgraceful and counterproductive," and causing a "devastating loss for our nation." Then, after being elected, he proclaimed his policy on this question:

"I plan to appoint diplomatic officials who have superb credentials, strictly on the basis of merit, not reward for political favor. And that's a commitment that I've made on my word of honor. I'm not going to break it."

Those were fine words. But after being in office a reasonable length of time, Carter's record of appointing ambassadors and top officers in the State Department was being sharply criticized by the professional organization of foreign service officers, the American Foreign Service Association (AFSA).

Indeed, by early 1978, seven of Carter's top appointments to embassies were people regarded as being paid off for campaign contributions and political support. Where, since 1933, the average number of non-career people holding chief of mission status was 36 percent (under presidents from Franklin D. Roosevelt through Gerald R. Ford), Carter's figure was 40 percent. Moreover, Carter's appointments to the top jobs at the State Department were overwhelmingly non-career people. The *Foreign Service Journal* of AFSA commented:

"If you thought there were fewer career officers serving in top Departmental positions under the Carter administration, you were right. . . . The Committee's report . . . found that a smaller percentage of FSO's have been selected for presidential-appointment-level jobs in this administration than in any previous administration since the end of the 1940s."

After Carter pledged competence, and not cronyism, as the measure by which his ambassadorial appointments would be made, he announced he would establish an advisory board on ambassadorial appointments which would screen applicants and theoretically prevent politics from fouling the process.

But, as AFSA pointed out, 12 of this board's 20

Nick Thimmesch, shrewd observer of Washington scene, finds Carter's top appointments based "overwhelmingly" on cronyism, not competence.

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members had no background at all in foreign policy matters. Less generous souls observed that the board was a collection of Carter's political supporters representing vote-getting constituencies.

Anyway, how the board missed the political connections of some of Carter's appointments is a mystery. AFSA, generally a restrained, thoughtful organization, voiced vigorous objection to five of Carter's ambassadorial appointments, namely and alphabetically (all subsequently sworn in):

• Philip Henry Alston, Jr., ambassador to Australia. Alston, a partner in a prestigious, prosperous Atlanta law firm, was in the select group of Atlantans whom Carter formed in 1974 to push his presidential campaign. Alston, his wife, and members of the family contributed $9,000 to Carter between 1973 and 1976. Alston had served as a judge pro hac vice of the City of Atlanta Police Court, on the Georgia Board of Regents, and as chairman of the Atlanta region of the White House Fellows Program. He had no experience in foreign policy.

• Anne Cox Chambers, Belgium. She is board chairman of Atlanta Newspapers (*Constitution* and *Journal*) and Cox Broadcasting Corporation, which backed Carter. She and her husband donated $4,000 to Carter in the 1973-76 period, and during the 1976 campaign gave another $36,500 to the campaign fund established to ensure Carter's victory. She attended Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut, is a member of the Atlanta Junior League, and is a trustee of the Atlanta Historical Society. She had no experience in foreign policy.

• William B. Schwartz, Jr., Bahamas (which he visited as a tourist several times). Schwartz is an Atlanta realtor and investor who joined the Carter group in 1974. His contributions to the Carter campaign were mostly in the form of hard work; he and his wife made a relatively modest contribution of $2,000. During his confirmation hearings, Schwartz could not offer an intelligent answer to questions about the serious issue of the 200-mile fishing limit in the Caribbean region, but

Continued on following page

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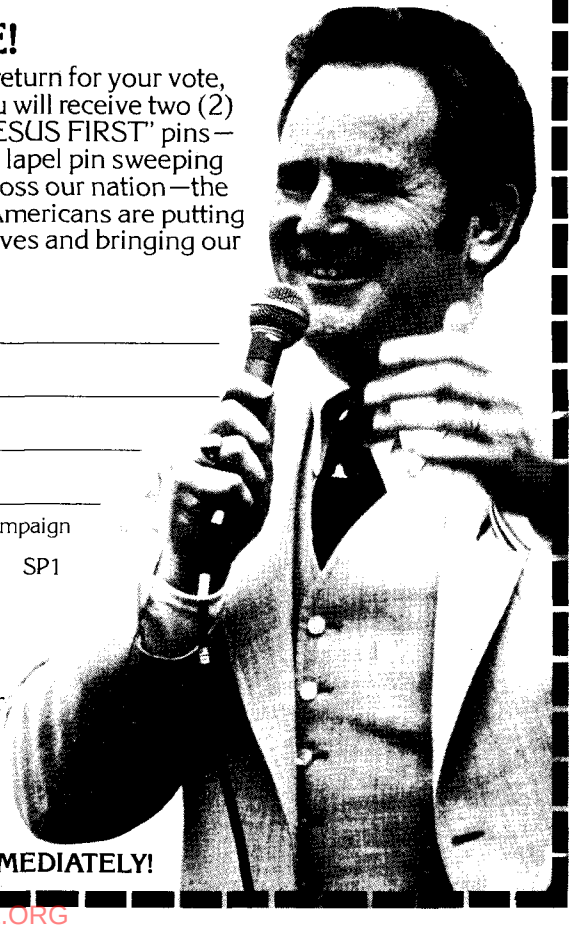

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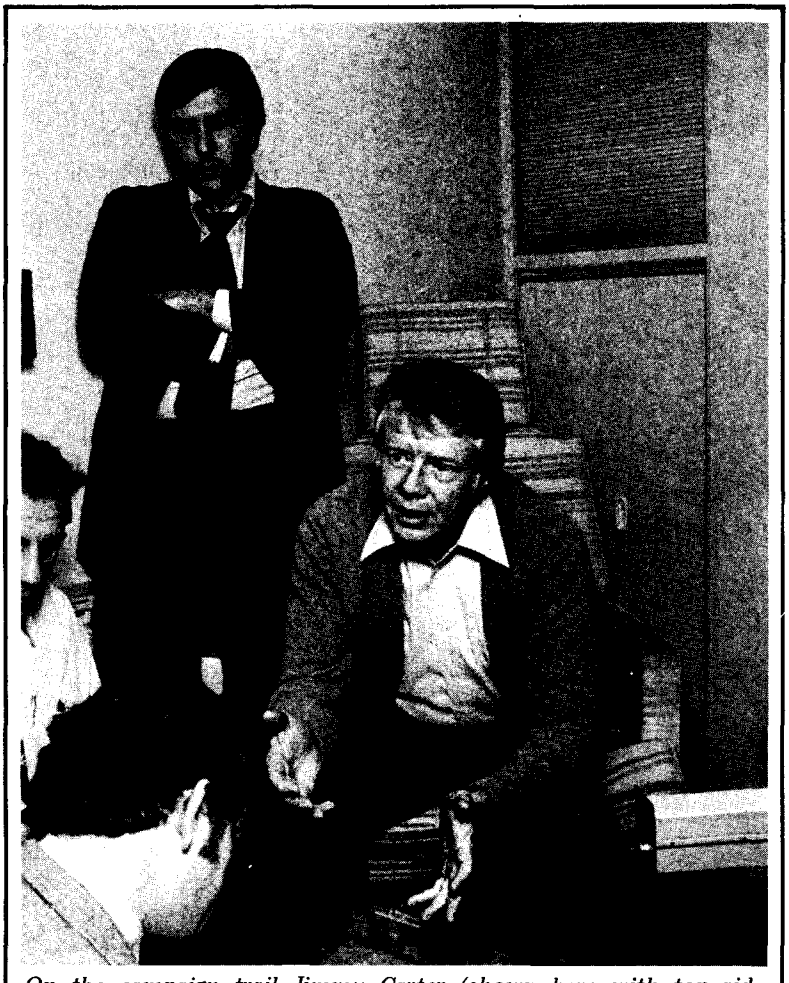
he said, apologetically, that once he arrived in the Bahamas, he would try to learn. AFSA noted drily that Schwartz had no special knowledge of foreign affairs nor was he familiar with Caribbean problems.

• Marvin L. Warner, Switzerland. Born in Alabama, Warner became commander of the Birmingham chapter of the American Legion before moving his prosperous real estate firm to Ohio. Warner was quite active in Democratic politics, was a member of the Democratic National Committee, became an owner of the New York Yankees, a partner in the Tampa Bay Buccaneers football team, and a horse breeder. Between 1973 and 1976, he donated more than $65,000 to Democratic politicians, including Carter. Two of his sponsors for the ambassadorship, senators Howard Metzenbaum and John H. Glenn, received $9,000 and $6,000 from him respectively. Though Warner was a member of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations in 1968, AFSA concluded "there is little evidence that he is qualified" for the ambassadorship and suggested he got it as a political payoff.

• Milton A. Wolf, Austria. He was Cleveland's "Builder of the Year" in 1964, is an engineer and a millionaire. He was Carter's successful fund raiser in Ohio in 1976, and did the same job for Senator Glenn in 1964. In the 1974-76 period Wolf and his family donated $50,000 to various politicians, including $4,000 for Carter, $25,000 for Metzenbaum, and $12,000 for Glenn. But Wolf's biggest financial favor for candidate Carter was the party he gave for him in the spring of 1976 which grossed $75,000 for the Carter campaign. AFSA saw the Wolf appointment as "a continuation by the Carter administration of the discredited practice of using ambassadorships for political payoffs."

There are several others not glaring enough to cause AFSA to protest. But Geraldine Joseph, the attractive wife of multimillionaire grain merchant Burton M. Joseph, became ambassador to the Netherlands after years of tilling Democratic vineyards. "Burt" Joseph is a generous financial supporter of the Democrats, and his wife was once Democratic national committeewoman from Minnesota. Her experience in foreign policy is insignificant, and she had no special knowledge of the Netherlands.

Louis A. Lerner became ambassador to Norway, though his financial contributions to Carter and the Democrats were quite modest. He publishes the largest string of suburban newspapers (51) in the U.S. near Chicago. He is considered politically "correct" by Illinois Democrats, but it must be noted that he is quite familiar with Scandinavia and, moreover, claims that he can speak several languages.



On the campaign trail Jimmy Carter (shown here with top aide Hamilton Jordan aboard Air Force I) promised to reverse the trend of sending political pals to foreign embassies, yet 40 percent of his appointments went to non-career "diplomats."

The AFSA, naturally, wants to see career diplomats get these "plum" posts, and thought it had a sympathetic president in Carter. Though State Department people are generally liberal and Democratic, the AFSA report noted that "Republican presidents have drawn more heavily on the career service for top departmental positions than have Democrats."

A look at the records shows that Republican presidents not only appoint and promote career people inside the department better than Democrats, but that they name more of them ambassadors as well. Presidents Eisenhower and Nixon's appointments to embassies were only 32 percent non-career. FDR's figure is 44 percent, JFK's was 42, Johnson's was 37 (about average), and Carter's is 40.

It's true that embassies don't "cost" as much in terms of political loyalty, labor, or contributions as they did in earlier administrations. But it's also true that Jimmy Carter preached the most righteous sermon on this question, and backslid the quickest.

Congress is increasingly concerned about the problem of political payola in the diplomatic corps, and keeps threatening reforms.

Perhaps the best move recently on this score was the amendment by Maryland's Republican senator, Charles McC. Mathias, Jr., putting a 20 percent ceiling on non-career ambassadorial appointments. Congress, for some reason, stopped the amendment in joint conference, but it can and should be revived and enacted. ☒

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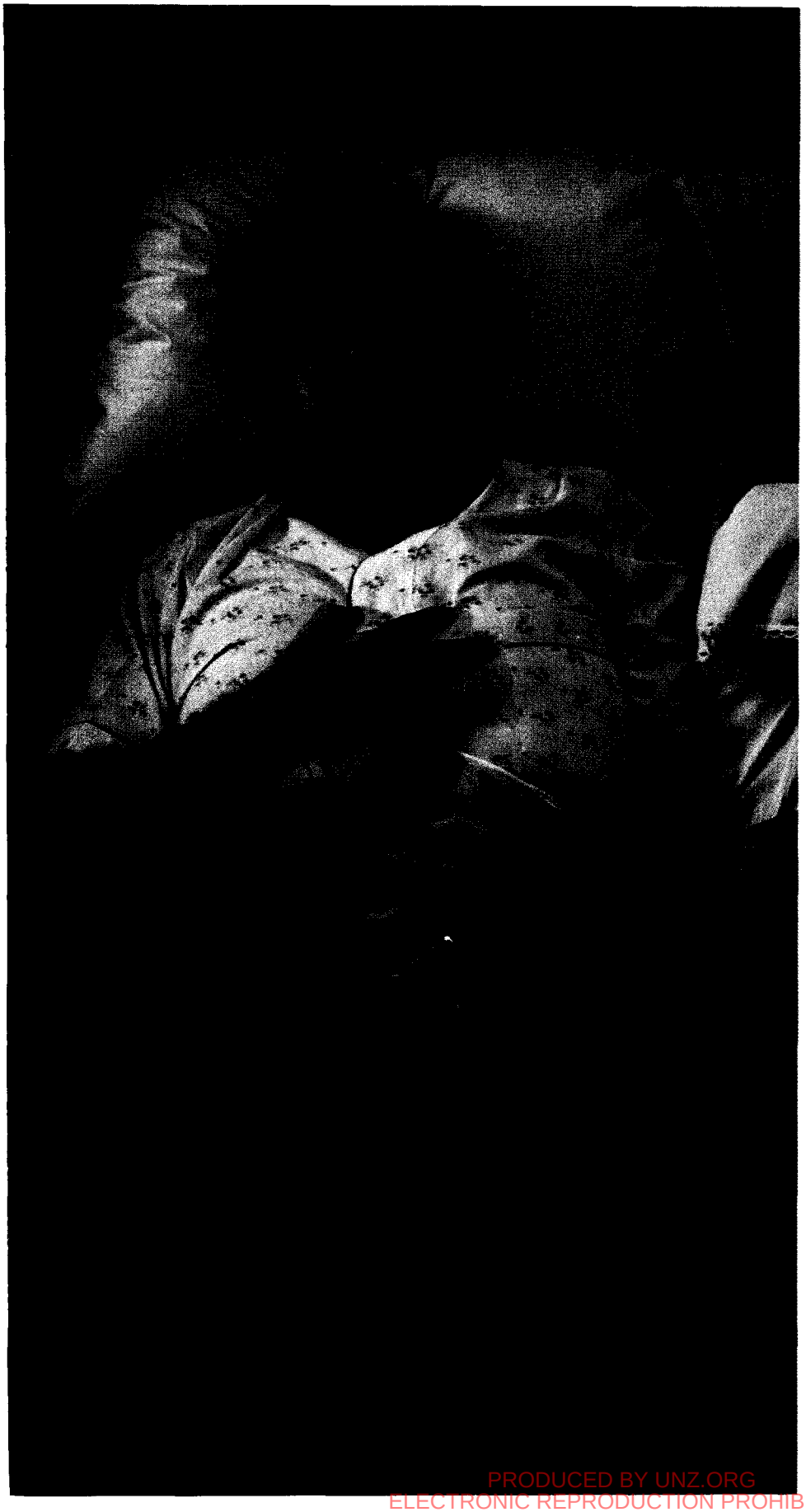

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WHEN THERE'S A WHEEL THERE'S A WAY

The road up ahead always looks better from an RV—be it one of those Vantastic new designs or a full-fledged luxury motor home.

by John Alexander

Someone truly said, 'way back at the beginning, that the real miracle of the automobile was that it put the American parlor on wheels.

In other words, transportation aside, there was also the joy of movement, family or personal privacy, adventure up the road a piece at every turn, and the glorious feeling that you were the boss of the show while you were behind the wheel. That's the real secret of the love affair Americans have had with the horseless carriage—it makes you a gift of your own inner self.

And above all other kinds, the RV (Recreational Vehicle, to be formal about it) intensifies all those lovely feelings of movement and privacy and adventure; it has started a whole new way of life on the open road.

If you've ever got behind the wheel of one of those grand, big motor homes and rolled down the road free as a bird and like a king on his throne, you'll never forget the thrill of it. There you are, ensconced in an armchair likely more comfortable than anything you've got in your home. The windshield is in front of you, big as a barn door, with the world out there rolling right at you as if you owned every inch of it. The wipers are the biggest you ever saw, the heaters the hottest, the air conditioner the coolest, the horn the angriest, the stability of the entire contraption a miracle of safety, and the speed whatever you ask for—and the light of your life sits next to you on the same kind of throne. Make way for the royal family. That's the thrill of the motor home mode of travel.

The particular dreamhouse I drove (it was borrowed for a while, and cost me a few tears to return) was a home-away-from-home I didn't *ever* want to leave. Sparkling metallic green that it was, the $30,000 brute drew crowds wherever it was parked.

Get the interior picture. A green shag rug, plush leather "cabin" chairs, stereo, shower and toilet, removable Formica tables, several convertible sofa beds, a wash basin, Early American curtains and cabinets, refrigerator and freezer, built-in vacuum cleaner, individual reading lights, pushbutton gas, water, and battery-level indicators. Everything, in short, plus *two* kitchen sinks.

Now I am not saying that every-

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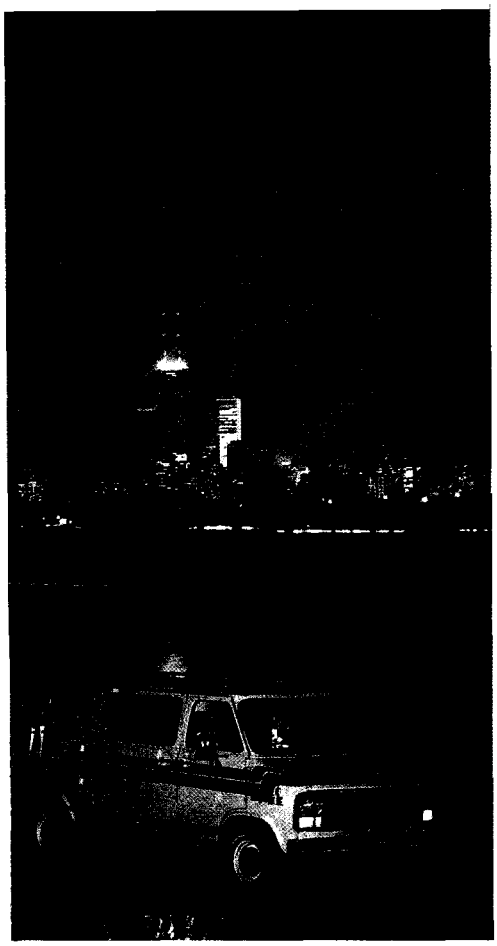
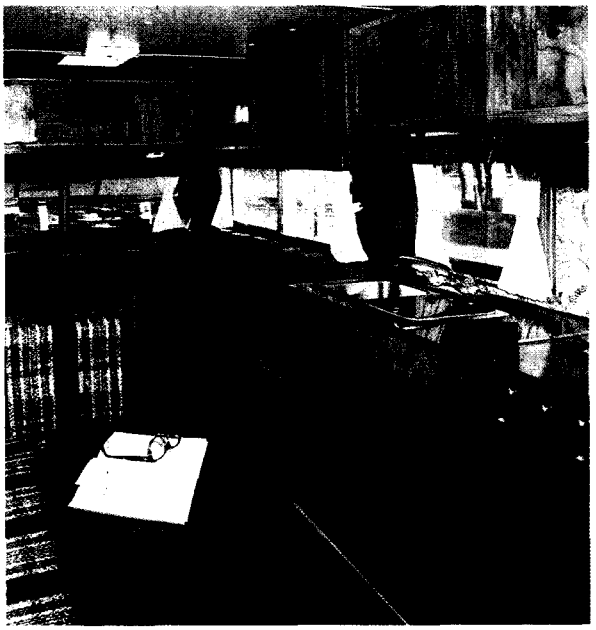




one can haul out his checkbook and write a check for a motor home RV like this one (although I challenge anyone in his right mind not to wish for one after experiencing it). But there *are* variations of this all the way down the price line, and you gotta believe that they, too, manage to give you that special feeling, in one degree or another, that is the extra added ingredient of this RV kind of miracle.

The motor home I was enjoying is part of the fastest growing segment of the recreational vehicle (RV) industry today.

While there are now 25 million RV's of various sorts being towed, carried, or driven on American roads, everything from foldaway tents to fancy caps for pickup trucks, 650,000 of these vehicles can be called motor homes. Unlike trailers, motor homes have no division between the driving compartment and living area.

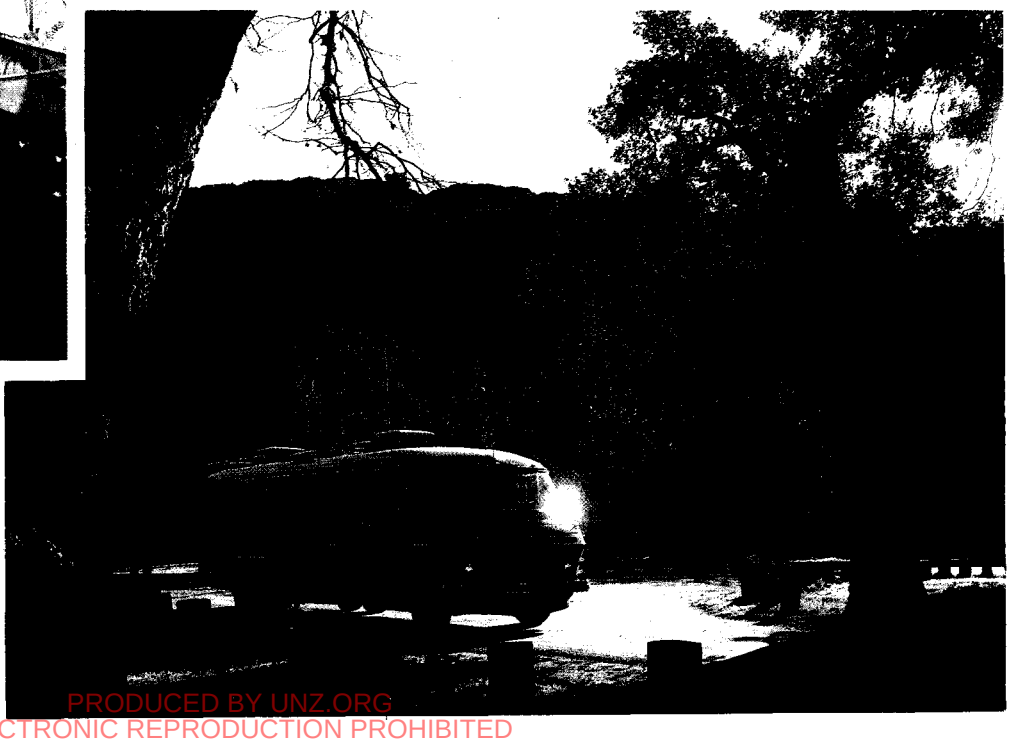
Perhaps the most basic, and basically maneuverable, of all motor homes is the custom van. When they first became popular, vans were the vehicles of choice for plumbers and delivery shops. Then something happened during the '60s, when those workhorses suddenly evolved into surfboard carriers and portable parties. Today's vans are anything the owner wants them to be.

Since space is naturally limited, most units cannot pass as completely "self-contained"; that is, having the capability of being totally independent from all water, sewer, and power needs. However, some will support life for a time, given the latest in lightweight, portable (but not necessarily private) equipment and the ability to do without some of the comforts of home.

Then there are the "van conversions"—essentially vans opened from the top like cans and then modified with new, higher ceilings and interior appointments. These hybrids don't come like this from Detroit. They are usually redone by a specialty shop, fitted with camping gear, then sold through a neighborhood car dealer for a modest $10,000 to $15,000. One of the few companies that offers a factory-built, ready-to-camp camper is Volkswagen.

If the ordinary step van is compared to the primal ape, then Darwin himself could trace with evolutionary pride the history of today's popular "mini motor homes," also called "chopped vans," or class C motor homes. These rigs started out as vans, but lost their bearings somewhere along the way. Manufacturers begin with a heavy-duty van, keep the engine and driving compartment intact, and then rebuild everything else from the ground

Continued on page 138



Camping has come a long way since the days of the pup tent and wet sleeping bag. Today's motor homes will see to your comfort (the above couch makes into a bed), will bake your potato (ovens use propane or microwaves), and keep you clean, too. Whether you go with a mini (left) or a full-size model (right) or even a van conversion—it may turn out to be better than home.

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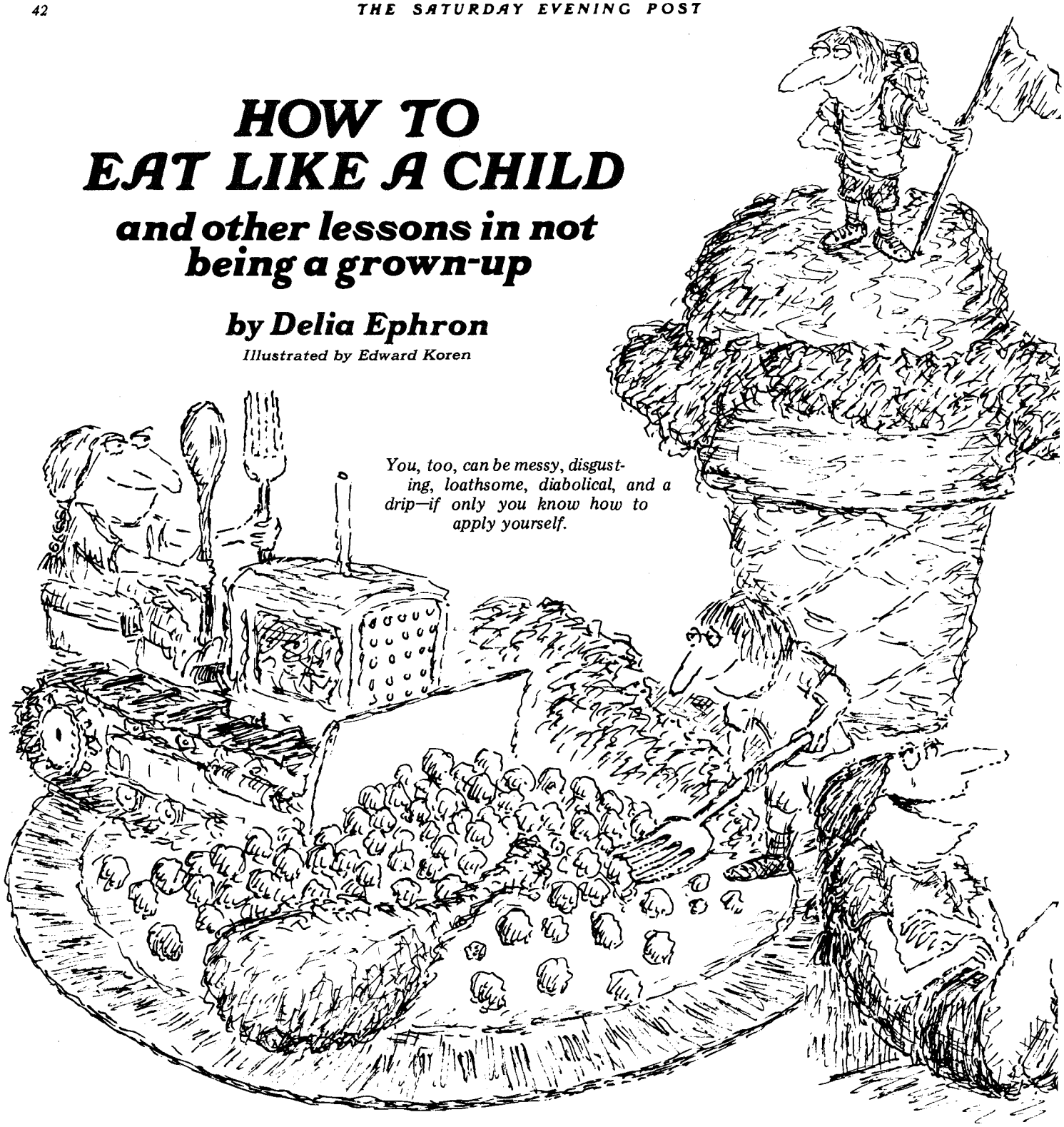
HOW TO EAT LIKE A CHILD

and other lessons in not being a grown-up

by Delia Ephron

Illustrated by Edward Koren



You, too, can be messy, disgusting, loathsome, diabolical, and a drip—if only you know how to apply yourself.

Peas: Mash and flatten into thin sheet on plate. Press the back of the fork into the peas. Hold fork vertically, prongs up, and lick off peas.

Mashed potatoes: Pat mashed potatoes flat on top. Dig several little depressions. Think of them as ponds or pools. Fill the pools with gravy. With your fork, sculpt rivers between pools and watch the gravy flow between them. Decorate with peas. Do not eat.

Alternative method: Make a large hole in center of mashed potatoes. Pour in ketchup. Stir until potatoes turn pink. Eat as you would peas.

Animal Crackers: Eat each in this order—legs, head, body.

Sandwich: Leave the crusts. If your mother says you have to eat them because that's the best part, stuff the crusts into your pants pocket or between the cushions of the couch.

Spaghetti: Wind too many strands on the fork and make sure at least two strands dangle down. Open your mouth wide and stuff in spaghetti; suck noisily to inhale the dangling strands. Clean plate, ask for seconds, and eat only half. When carrying your plate to the kitchen, hold it tilted so that the remaining spaghetti slides off and onto the floor.

Ice-cream cone: Ask for a double scoop. Knock the top

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scoop off while walking out the door of the ice-cream parlor. Cry. Lick the remaining scoop slowly so that ice cream melts down the outside of the cone and over your hand. Stop licking when the ice cream is even with the top of the cone. Be sure it is absolutely even. Eat a hole in the bottom of the cone and suck the rest of the ice cream out the bottom. When only the cone remains with ice cream coating the inside, leave on car dashboard.

Ice cream in bowl: Grip spoon upright in fist. Stir ice cream vigorously to make soup. Take a large helping on a spoon, place spoon in mouth, and slowly pull out, sucking only the top layer of ice cream off. Wave spoon in air. Lick its back. Put in mouth again and suck off some more. Repeat until all ice cream is off spoon and begin again.

Cooked carrots: On way to mouth, drop in lap. Smuggle to garbage in napkin.

Spinach: Divide into little piles. Rearrange into new piles. After five or six maneuvers, sit back and say you are full.

Chocolate-chip cookies: Half-sit, half-lie on the bed, propped up by a pillow. Read a book. Place cookies next to you on the sheet so that crumbs get in the bed. As you eat the cookies, remove each chocolate chip and place it on your stomach. When all the cookies are consumed, eat the chips one by one, allowing two per page.

Milk shake: Bite off one end of the paper covering the straw. Blow through straw to shoot paper across table. Place straw in shake and suck. When the shake just reaches your mouth, place a finger over the top of the straw—the pressure will keep the shake in the straw. Lift straw out of shake, put bottom end in mouth, release finger, and swallow.

Do this until the straw is squished so that you can't suck through it. Ask for another. Open it the same way, but this time shoot the paper at the waitress when she isn't looking. Sip your shake casually—you are just minding your own business—until there is about an inch of shake remaining. Then blow through the straw until bubbles rise to the top of the glass. When your father says he's had just about enough, get a stomach ache.

Chewing gum: Remove from mouth and stretch into spaghetti-like strand. Swing like a lasso. Put back in mouth. Pulling out one end and gripping the other end between teeth, have your gum meet your friend's gum and press them together. Think that you have just done something really disgusting.

Baked apple: With your fingers, peel skin off baked apple. Tell your mother you changed your mind, you don't want it. Later, when she is harassed and not paying attention to what she is doing, pick up the naked baked apple and hand it to her.

French fries: Wave one French fry in air for emphasis while you talk. Pretend to conduct orchestra. Then place four fries in your mouth at once and chew. Turn to your sister, open your mouth, and stick out your tongue coated with potatoes. Close mouth and swallow. Smile.

How to Laugh Hysterically

Call up a Chinese restaurant and have a Chinese dinner sent to your teacher's house.

Call up a pizza parlor and send your teacher seven pizzas.

Call up a diaper service and sign up the lady next door for delivery.

Call up Kentucky Fried Chicken. Say, "How large are your breasts?"

Call up a stranger. Tell him that you are the telephone company repair person. You are working on the line. If he answers the telephone within the next ten minutes, he will electrocute you. Call back and let the phone ring and ring until he finally answers it. Scream.

Call up a boy in the class and don't say anything.

How to Express an Opinion

Yucky
Gross
Dis-gusting
Ugh
Sickening
Scuzzy
Smell-y
Oh, barf
Creepy
Icky
Obnoxious
Boy, is this dumb
Crummy
Vomitrocious

Laughter rule: Be mean and dumb. The meaner and dumber you are, the funnier it gets.

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How to Ride in a Car

Insist that you don't have to go to the bathroom. If your mother points out that sometimes you think you don't have to go and then it turns out that you do, remember last time, say that you are sure. When she suggests that you try anyway, claim that you just went. Then have this conversation with your sister:

"Dibs on the front seat."
"I want it. You always get it."
"You had it last time."
"*You* had it last time."
"I did not."
"You did too."
"Did not."
"Did too."
"Did not. What a liar."
"I am not a liar. Mom, he called me a liar. Mo-om!"
"I did not."

Your mother will say that she can't stand it another minute—no one is sitting in front. Announce that you intend to sit next to the window. That's no problem, your mother will explain, since there are two windows—you and your sister can each have one. Discuss windows with your sister:

"I want that window."
"I want it."
"You got it last time."
"*You* got it."
"I did not."
"You did too."

Now your mother says if she hears one more word, neither of you is going anywhere. As you get into the car, mumble, "Good, I don't want to go." Then tell your sister to stay on her own side. Draw an imaginary line down the back of the front seat, across the floor, and up the back seat. Tell her not to cross the line. Tell her to stay where she belongs. Say, "Stay on your own side—I don't want your cooties."

Shortly after the car leaves the driveway, announce that you have to go to the bathroom. Agree to hold it for a while.

Read a comic. Pay no attention when your mother points out interesting things to see.

Ask if you are almost there yet.

Play out-of-state and, in the middle of arguing about who called out-of-state first, declare that you have to go real bad. As soon as the car pulls into a gas station, run, holding your crotch, and just make it. Ask to stop for ice cream.

Good grief—your sister thinks she is getting sick. Make a horrible face. Say, "Euuuuuuuuuu, P.U., not again." Holding your nose so that you sound as if you were underwater, say that the car is going to smell dis-gusting. Say "Yuck," "Get me out of here," and "Don't throw up on me." Tell your mom that, frankly, you think it's stupid to take the creep anywhere, since she practically barfs the minute she gets in the car.

Prop up your feet on the window ledge so that people driving by can see them. Ask to stop for ice cream.

Ask if you could spend the night at a motel with a color TV and a swimming pool.

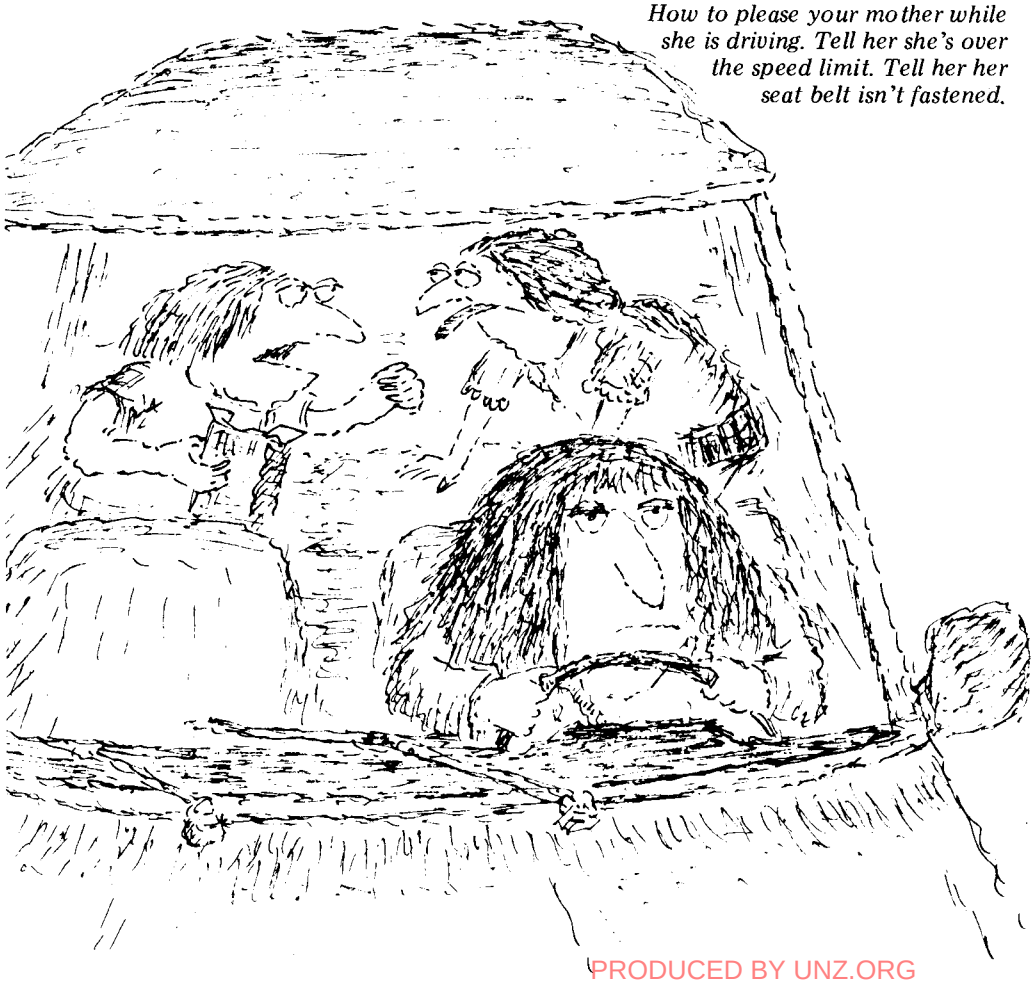
Ask if you are almost there yet.

Deny that you are the person kicking the seat.

Be engrossed looking out the window while you casually move your hand on the seat over to your sister's side. If she doesn't notice, poke your pinky into her leg. Then she will say for sure, "You're on my side. Get off. Ma, he's on my side."

Remove hand, say that you were not, look out window, put hand back, and leave it there until she hits you. Hit her back. Hit her again. Kick her while hitting her. Try pulling her hair. While she cries as she yells, "Stop hitting me," and hits you back, yell, "You hit me first," and hit her again. Kick the seat when you miss kicking her. Knock your head against the door and cry.

At this point, start listening to your mother as she finishes what she began saying after the first hit: "Stop it, both of you. I've had enough. You hear me? If either of you lays a finger on the other, if I hear one more word out of either of you, that's it. Understood? I'm never taking you anywhere again. Is that what you want? Is it? I swear—if I hear one more peep, I'm turning around right now." Look out the window. Wonder if you're almost there yet.



How to please your mother while she is driving. Tell her she's over the speed limit. Tell her her seat belt isn't fastened.

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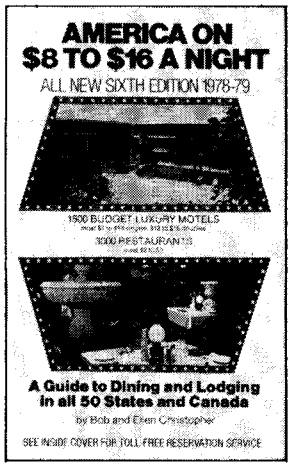
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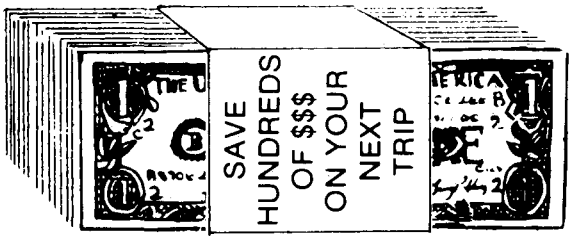

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AUNT TILLY'S WAY

Every year nearly a million people—many of them the golden ones, like Marlon and Barbra—shop Tilly's magic two-block health store. Tea? 200 varieties, and that's only a beginning.

by Jon Land

America has been hit by a wave of health food facilities from shore to shore. And on the crest rides Aunt Tilly's, a Los Angeles-based outlet where each and every product boasts 100 percent natural ingredients. Tilly's is the Tiffany's of all health food stores, a veritable wonderland for those who believe that if you are what you eat, then you better eat well. It is the largest of its kind and probably the most successful.

"All kinds of people shop here," says Susan Clary, an attractive employee in her early 20's. "You wouldn't believe it: senior citizens, show business personalities, kids, adults, religious groups. Some of them are really bizarre, but most are just everyday people who are careful about their diets."

In front of the checkout counter that Susan occupies, a magazine rack boasts such titles as *Alternatives*, *New Age*, and *Well Being*. Above the rack, a sign politely pronounces, "Aunt Tilly's thanks you for not smoking."

Marlon Brando shops here. So do Barbra Streisand, Peter Sellers, Goldie Hawn, and David Soul. In all, an average of 2,500 patrons pass through Tilly's doors each day. (That's nearly a million a year.) They are joined together by an often obsessive concern for their health. They want to stay young or look and feel younger than they are. And they shop here with the reassurance that Tilly's wares will help—not hinder—their chances to do so.

"People have become more concerned about their diets," says Ed Hummel, half of the tandem that owns and operates Aunt Tilly's. "More and more they're realizing that your body is as good or as bad as what you put into it. So they're buying foods they know are pure and uncontaminated."

"The health food boom," adds Ed's partner Greg Wilson, "began as a fad. But people found that by feeding themselves properly—watching what they put into their stomachs—they honestly felt better."

With this in mind, Wilson and Hummel have built a health food store that stretches a full two city blocks. But Tilly's outer massiveness is obscured by an inner layout that is both visually appealing and resolvedly personal. The setting is that of an old-style, turn-of-the-century town. The floor is finished flagstone. No Formica or linoleum can be found anywhere. Fluorescent lights are simply nonexistent. The wood has been weathered to look older than it is.

Accordingly, entering Aunt Tilly's is like taking a step back in time. From the memorabilia on the walls to the old-fashioned piano music playing in the background, Tilly's provides an atmosphere that anachronistically places you in a simpler age. And the ploy works. You feel perfectly comfortable in the store from the first time you set foot inside.

Co-owner Greg Wilson spoons yogurt as a healthy employee samples Tilly's trail mix, an energy blend of fruits and nuts.

"We felt a return to the early, easy days was in keeping with the products that we sell," explains Hummel. "We believed that if people shopped in an atmosphere reminiscent of the days before contaminants and pesticides, it might rub off in the general feeling they would have about the products they were buying here. We didn't want to be just another health food store. We knew we were going to be the largest. We also wanted to be the most unusual."

And so, it seems, they are. No fewer than 22 individual shops—separated by walls, located in alcoves, or perched on stands—make up Aunt Tilly's. You travel from one to another, transferring goods from the racks into the shopping basket in your hand. There are no supermarket-like aisles. No carts are banging into each other. Shopping at Tilly's is slow and relaxed. There is nothing mass-produced about it. You can take your time. The store is as congenially efficient as it is eye-catchingly attractive.

"The key to the health food business," says Greg Wilson, "is providing that something extra you can't get in a supermarket. There's always got to be someone there to help or answer questions. And at Tilly's there always is."

Walking straight ahead after entering the building, your first stop is in the cosmetic department. Soaps, shampoos, creams all abound here under the heading of "Natural Beautifiers."

"Jheri Redding's Milk 'n Honee Professional Protein Shampoo," reads the label of one product,

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"has been made with nature's finest proteins. Milk protein and pure honey provide a natural way to condition and clean hair while being acid-balanced. Jheri Redding's Milk 'n Honee helps hair to retain its natural body, luster, and strength."

On another rack, a large pack of natural spearmint toothpaste is available for $1.95. For those troubled by problem hair, there's an apple balsam conditioner. Dry skin can be helped by using apricot oil in the bath. And for those looking for something different in soap, how does a cucumber cleansing bar sound? Not too good? O.K., how about lemon-avocado?

Your next stop is in the confectionary, where you obtain a literal and not just figurative taste of the past. Two licorice jars sit on top of an old-fashioned, well-stocked candy counter. There is also plenty of commercially wrapped candy that from a distance looks no different from the selection available at the local drugstore. But up close you notice the brand names are unfamiliar. And many of the ingredients are not usually found in regular sweets. Extraordinarily few contain sugar, and none contain chocolate. Honey, peanut butter, and carob—a chocolate substitute that looks, feels, and just about tastes like Hershey's best—appear most frequently on the labels.

A quick right after leaving the candy department and you're in the refrigerated juice section. There are nine flavors to choose from: orange, grapefruit, tangerine, watermelon, beet, carrot, celery, cucumber, and apple. All are squeezed fresh, bottled, and delivered to Aunt Tilly's every two hours from a location two blocks away. A pint is sold for $1.25, a quart for $2.10.

A second refrigerated section, containing dairy products, begins with a display of old-style milk bottles with the phrase "Fresh Daily" imprinted on the glass. The cows that provide the milk, cheese, and butter goods comprising this department belong to a dairy that closely monitors their eating habits, thus assuring the purest product possible. There is also a freezer in this section jammed with all-natural ice cream made with honey instead of sugar, which, you quickly learn, is avoided at all costs by the most loyal of health food enthusiasts.

Connected to the dairy department is a deli filled with fresh meats and poultry. These are purchased exclusively from farmers who raise their stock on land free of pesticides and feed them only organic, natural fodder, free of hormones or additives. Wilson and Hummel are very careful from whom they buy their products. All sources of supply are prudently screened to ensure that the customer is in fact getting what he pays for.

In the bakeshop the smell of freshly made bread fills the air. And for those whose sweet tooth was not satisfied at the candy counter, there's an ample supply of macaroons, carob brownies, and oatmeal raisin cookies, just to name a few.

Your basket is full now, so you proceed to one of four wood-covered checkout counters, passing by a grind-your-own-peanut-butter stand on the way out.

"There's a reason why Aunt Tilly's does more business than any other health food store in the country," claims Greg Wilson. "We give polite service. We sell all products at the lowest price we can. It's as simple as that. Sure, you can expect to pay 12 to 15 percent more for our beef and chicken. But we sell our organic produce at the same price that

There are no fancy packets here, since Aunt Tilly sees to it you get what you pay for. Here, herbalist Catherine Shiel fills an exotic tea order—was that one ounce or two? Customers decide which of the 182 herbs might be right for what ails them.

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supermarkets sell their regular produce. We just about cover our costs in that department. But we keep our customers that way."

Hummel and Wilson began their partnership in the late '60s as publishers of teen-age and adult fan magazines. But in 1971, feeling their creativity stifled, the pair decided to branch out. After leaving the publishing business, Hummel sublet some stores in Manhattan, one of which happened to be a health food outlet. That store's prosperity led the two men to Southern California, where 30 percent of all health food was sold, to open their own facility. Such a business would leave them room to try other ventures—or so they thought.

Accordingly, later that same year (1971) the original Aunt Tilly's was born in a Jewish retirement neighborhood, rather inappropriately next to the Pink Pussycat Theater.

"Most of our customers," quips Wilson about the location, "were either older people or hookers."

So six months later, the store was moved to a larger Los Angeles location on Melrose Avenue. And in '72 the partners took over another facility and formed a second Aunt Tilly's. Their commitment to the health food industry, both in terms of time and finances, was becoming more and more ambitious.

The business continued to grow, until by 1975 it was obvious that more space was needed. A retail mall was opening up across the street from the Melrose store, offering Wilson and Hummel the increased area they required. They reserved a huge chunk of space and went to work designing and decorating the Aunt Tilly's of today, which first opened on June 13, 1976.

"I've been shopping here for over a year," says 21-year-old Peggy Smith. "I'm worried about commercial foods, about the preservatives and additives they're putting in. But here the food is fresh. And since I've been buying it regularly, I've really felt better."

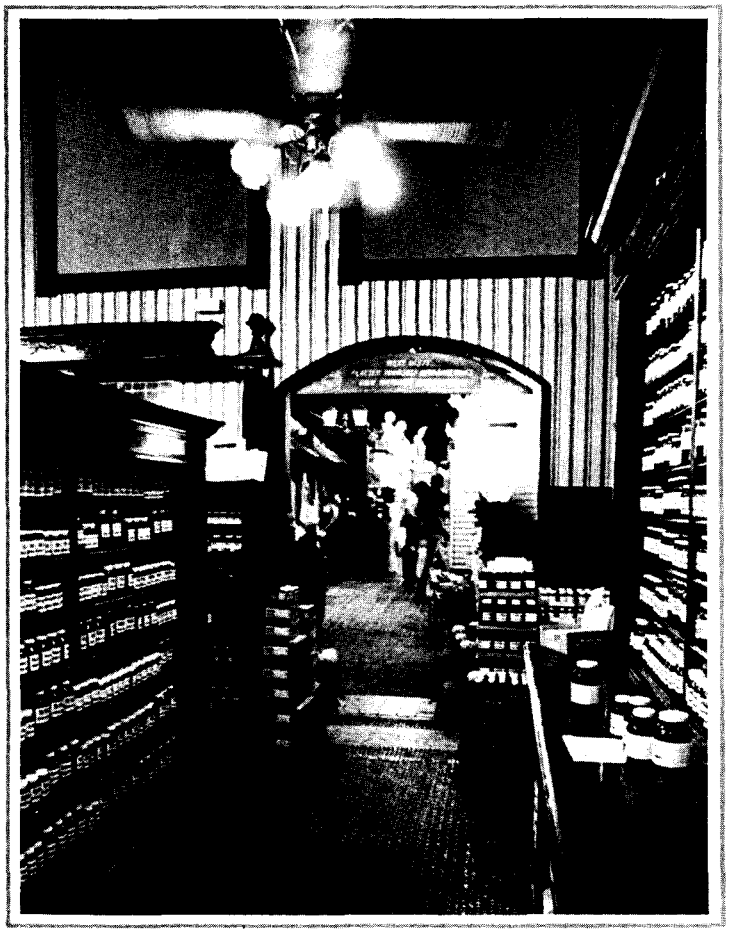
In addition to the natural foods, just about all of Tilly's customers buy vitamins. The store's largest department, in fact, contains row after row of pills and capsules bottled to supplement the diet and provide added nutrition.

"People have put down vitamins for years without realizing that there's a great deal of truth in the statement that our foods do not have proper nutritional value," says Ed Hummel. "A great breakthrough in this regard was made by a doctor named Shute in Canada. He determined that American society did not know heart disease before the early 1900s when we took vitamin E out of our foods, having realized they could be preserved longer without it."

Accordingly, when vitamins are taken reasonably and with care, they serve to help diets deficient in one or more areas. Man has tipped nature's scales so far in one direction that, in many cases, a balanced diet is no longer possible. Doctors like Shute and Nobel Prize-winner Linus Pauling are merely striving to set the balance straight again by recommending the intake of pills to replace what is now lacking in food.

"Vitamins," explains Hummel, "should be used as supplements to a normal and practical intake of food. As a matter of fact, a person who is fasting will obtain absolutely no results from them because they must operate with and function through foods. One complements the other. When a diet is deficient, vitamins can serve as aids, not replacements."

"What we stress to our customers," says Greg Wilson, "is that if you eat well and balance your meals and try to get produce as fresh as you can and take supplements in small, not gigantic, amounts, then you'll be able to lead a healthy, happy, active life. I find too many people abusing their bodies and, at the same time, taking an excess of vitamins. You've got to find the happy medium between the two."



The Victorian decor, carried out in the vitamin shop via ornate shelves and whirring ceiling fans, reminds shoppers of simpler days when a natural diet was the accepted way of life.

The proprietors of Aunt Tilly's seem to have found the formula for success in the health food industry, or in any industry for that matter. They are both soft-spoken men who have a penchant for doing right for themselves by doing likewise for their customers. And in three years, predicts Wilson, this same chemistry will be utilized at no fewer than 20 locations all across the country. The biggest health food store in the country will be getting even bigger.

"When you provide good service and good quality at a reasonable price," says Wilson, "you can't help but have a growing, thriving business. That's the bottom line." ☒

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Voluntarism and the Public Good

By LANDRUM R. BOLLING

Question: What do the following people have in common: Benjamin Franklin, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Jane Addams, Andrew Carnegie, Margaret Sanger, Ralph Nader, Rosie Greer, Oral Roberts, Jerry Lewis, and Father Theodore Hesburgh?

Answer: All have worked to serve the public welfare through private, voluntary, nonprofit nongovernmental organizations.

Question: What do the following institutions and organizations have in common: Harvard, School of the Ozarks, the Gray Panthers, WGBH-TV, the Audubon Society, B'nai B'rith, Sacred Heart Hospital, the Indianapolis Art Museum, the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, Planned Parenthood, Meals on Wheels, Las Casas de las Madres, the Girl Scouts of America, and the Urban League?

Answer: Each is classified by the Internal Revenue Service as a not-for-profit, tax-exempt "public charity" and depends upon private gifts to perform its services.

Question: Of the various major humanitarian and reform movements listed below, which ones were initiated by private, voluntary organizations and supported by individual gifts and foundation grants: Abolition of Slavery, Women's Rights, Prison Reform, Conservation of Natural Resources, Population Planning, Civil Rights for Blacks and Other Minorities, Care for the Poor, the Consumer Movement, the Fight Against World Hunger?

Answer: All of them.

There are many ways to explain how Americans, through our history, have been able to achieve what we have achieved and to describe what our life is like today. Yet there is one outstanding theme for our national experience, past and present, that defines us as a people: The United States, more than any other country, is the land of private, voluntary initiatives for the public good.

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

About the Author

Landrum R. Bolling is Chief Executive and Chairman of the Council on Foundations, Inc., in Washington, D.C., which provides a wide range of advisory and consulting services and serves nationally as both an information center and a spokesman for philanthropic foundations. He taught at Brown University, Beloit, and at Earlham College before becoming its president, 1958-1973. From 1975-77 he was President of the Lilly Endowment.

A war correspondent in the Mediterranean area during World War II, he followed with a stint covering news in Berlin and Central Europe. Dr. Bolling is an authority on the Arab-Israeli conflict and his book *Search for Peace in the Middle East* has significant insights into the current crisis.

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That fact does not justify smugness, a sense of superiority, or national self-righteousness, but it is part of our reality. When we feel overwhelmed by our past collective failures, or by the complexity of our current problems, we should reflect on the vast contributed services of many individual men and women and the host of voluntary organizations that, again and again from our earliest days, have made a crucial difference in our common life. They have played vital roles in overcoming great and little evils, in taking care of major and minor needs, and in serving the general good. Yet, for some strange reason, they are generally unsung heroes. We commonly downplay or ignore the significance of private voluntarism, and we tend to exaggerate what governments have done or can do to solve human problems and to initiate constructive change.

Government agencies, obviously, have enormous power and influence and serve incalculable human needs. Their proliferation and growth over the past 50 years has, of course, been related to the failure or inability of private group and individual efforts to cope with many social problems. The record shows, however, that it has been enterprising private citizens and the voluntary efforts and organizations they inspired that have set in motion most of the significant social changes in our history. Civil servants carry out the policies that are laid down for them by Congress and the state legislatures and city councils. Presidents, governors, and mayors have important roles in proposing and carrying out governmental policies. Those policies are often the result of education and pressure. Private citizens, through all kinds of groups large and small, provide the education and the pressure. That was true of William Lloyd Garrison, who in 1833 established the American Anti-Slavery Society, and of the many other individuals and organizations that kept up the agitation until eventually a president was elected who was willing to issue an Emancipation Proclamation. It was also true of Susan B. Anthony, who in 1869 helped to found the National Woman Suffrage Association, and of that movement that finally won for women the right to vote.

In more recent years, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., his Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and other civil rights groups kept hammering away at the consciences of politicians and of the general public until they forced local, state, and federal governments to adopt and enforce laws that have produced a real revolution in the political, economic, and social treatment of blacks and other minorities. It was private, voluntary initiative that got that enormous task done.

The Sierra Club, the Audubon Society, and the National Wildlife Federation are but a few of the national and local organizations that have aroused the nation and set in motion a vast tidal wave of laws and regulations to clean up and protect the environment.

We commonly downplay or ignore the significance of private voluntarism, and we tend to exaggerate what governments have done.

Howard Jarvis and his private-citizen colleagues produced, in 1978, a monumental turn-around on taxes in California through the Proposition 13 movement, setting off in turn a nationwide rash of referenda, legislative enactments, and political programs to pare the costs of government and reduce taxes.

The point of all this is not to suggest that politicians are lacking in imagination or sensitivity or courage; some are and some aren't. The real point is that in a democratic society political leadership tends to be expressed in terms of the ability to sense the moods and desires of the people and to find workable ways to carry out their wishes. The best of political leaders will of course help to shape the public will in constructive ways. Yet all of them are bound to be responsive to the urgent appeals of concerned, informed, and determined citizens who are willing to get out and work hard to put across the ideas they believe to be for the common good. Throughout our national history we have gone through one important change after another in which private-citizen groups took the lead and the politicians followed.

When Count Alexis de Tocqueville toured various parts of America, including many frontier settlements, in the 1830s he was struck by what he regarded as an unusual feature of American life. In *Democracy in America* he wrote:

"Americans of all ages, all stations in life, and all types of disposition are forever forming associations. There are not only commercial and industrial associations in which all take part, but others of a thousand different types—religious, moral, serious, futile, very general and very limited, immensely large and very minute. Americans combine to give fetes, found seminaries, build churches, distribute books, and send missionaries to the antipodes. Hospitals, prisons, and schools take shape that way. Finally, if they want to proclaim a truth or propagate some feeling by the encouragement of a great example, they form an association. In every case, at the head of any new undertaking, where in France you would find the government or in England some territorial magnate, in the United States you are sure to find an association."

Private groups have not established any prisons lately, but they remain deeply involved in schools, colleges, and hospitals. At present, we have in the United States about 4,600 privately supported secondary schools, 1,500 independent and church-related colleges and universities, 3,500 privately run hospitals. Private donors contribute over $4 billion each year to the support of activities in the health field. Of that amount, more than three-fourths comes from individual givers, while foundations contribute between $400 million and $500 million. These sums may seem relatively small compared with the federal government's annual health commitment of more than $50 billion and the total outlay for health services of $160 billion mostly covered by charges to

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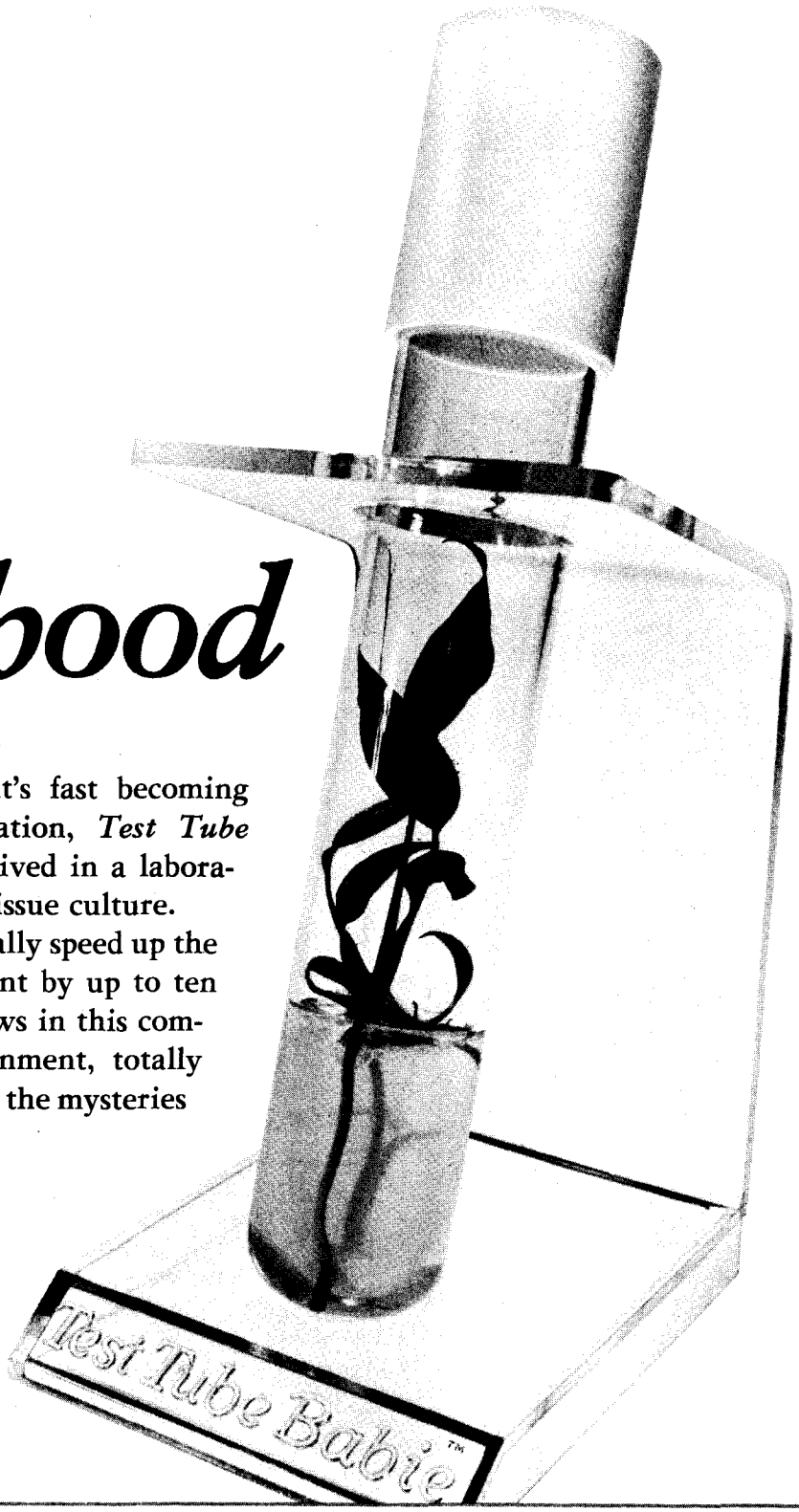

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patients. Yet, the private gift dollars are still very important for the nation's physical well-being. They help to provide health care for the poor, including those who have no medical insurance or are ineligible for Medicaid and Medicare assistance. Private funds still cover a substantial portion of the costs of biomedical research. They are important to the schools that train our doctors, dentists, nurses, and paramedics. They are vital in providing "venture capital" for experimental approaches to broadening and improving the quality of primary health care.

Education, like medical services, has for most of our history been the responsibility of private institutions. The earliest schools and colleges were created and operated by church bodies, and they were scattered across the land with great enthusiasm, high idealism, and excessive optimism. Hundreds did not survive. Many became the nucleus around which was built in time a state teachers college or a state university. Despite the great growth of state educational institutions in the last 40 years, independent colleges and universities still outnumber the four-year, degree-granting state institutions, and still enroll about one-quarter of all undergraduate students, totaling close to two million students.

The Founding Fathers took it for granted that private bodies, chiefly churches, would carry the basic responsibility for schooling the nation's young. Although the United States eventually led the way in the development of public education, it was a long time in coming and its growth was initially slow. Throughout our history there has been a great blending of private moneys and tax funds in support of education. For the first hundred years of our existence as a nation most Americans simply would not have understood today's depth of feeling over such presently controversial topics as prayer in the schools or tax support for church-related educational institutions. Until well after the Civil War, state or local tax funds were often, as a matter of course, used to provide at least partial support for parochial schools. Only with the rise of anti-Catholic campaigns by the Know-Nothings and other groups which promoted ethnic and religious tensions did state governments (including New York—despite its substantial Catholic population) adopt a clear-cut policy denying tax support for church-related schools. That policy, in turn, has been substantially modified in recent years with the adoption, in New York and in a number of other states, of programs of annual scholarship assistance and other types of grants for accredited independent and church-related colleges. Most states now make available out of state funds aid for qualified and needy residents who wish to attend independent and church-related institutions within their home state.

This blurring of the lines between "private" and "public" in the field of education has taken many forms over the years. When

Anti-philanthropy attitudes have by now triumphed in many parts of the world, including some of the democratic countries.

a village on the shore of Lake Erie (early Cleveland) decided about 1820 to build a one-room school, there was no board of education, no school budget, and only very limited tax funds. The people of the community did what local citizens did in early settlements all across the land. They pitched in on a volunteer basis, cut the timber, hauled and shaped the stones, and erected the building virtually without monetary cost. The total cash outlay was $26 for glass, nails, and hinges. In the construction of such schools nobody gave a thought as to whether this was a public or a private project. It was often both. When people wanted a school, they either built one under the sponsorship of a church, or, as a community, they made it a project of neighbors and of the local unit of government. They drew upon whatever resources of manpower and money they could tap to get the job done.

To this day, virtually every PTA in the land has its fund-raising projects to supplement the school board's tax dollars and add facilities and services to the public schools. Practically every state university now has its semi-independent university foundation that seeks gifts and grants to augment the tax moneys voted by the state legislature.

Meanwhile, the Harvards and the Princetons, the Oberlins and the Pomonas, though independent of government control, work away diligently and successfully to secure public funds for their students, their research, and various phases of their educational programs. Presbyterian Princeton, incidentally, almost 200 years ago, received what we might regard today as a rather unusual form of government support. On at least one occasion, the legislators of New Jersey authorized a lottery, the net proceeds of which would go for the benefit of Princeton. (Benjamin Franklin's print shop got the order to print the tickets.)

The point of all this is not to suggest that there is not significant difference between a public and a private institution, nor to intimate that all worthy causes should draw tax support. But there is a lesson here worth pondering. It is that in almost every phase of life in America there is an intermingling of volunteer services and the work of government-paid employees, of private gifts with tax dollars; that many governmental operations would not function very well without significant input from the private sector; that many "public" services are in fact provided by private organizations; that what have been traditionally called private organizations are sometimes intimately involved with and even financially dependent upon government agencies and government moneys; and that the role of volunteers is a huge and important one throughout our society. It is all very untidy. This kind of situation helps to amaze and bewilder foreign observers who try to understand the American way of life. It is, also, to tell the truth, a bit confusing to some Americans, particularly those caught up in some kind of statist vision of the day when governmental entities will take over the functions of most of

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these private institutions and when, with enough staff and tax money, all human problems will be solved. For all their historic roots and their continuing vast strength, private, nongovernmental initiatives are not universally admired and trusted.

There are sincere Americans who honestly believe that government agencies can do most things better, despite a lot of contrary evidence. There are those who point to occasional examples of bad management of private organizations or misapplication of funds, and of course there are rotten apples in these particular barrels, as well as in most others. Then, too, from time to time, it becomes evident that some people simply look upon many philanthropic activities as the games that rich people play, and feel all concentrations of private wealth, even those dedicated to the general good, should be broken up and taken over by government. There are those who believe that any social need that individuals can't provide for themselves should be provided through government channels.

The anti-philanthropy attitudes have by now largely triumphed in many parts of the world, including some of the democratic countries of Western Europe. The *New York Times* made a survey of the subject in 1978 and reported that in countries like Sweden and France there is a widely held view that it is somehow indecent, if not immoral and illegal, for a wealthy person to contribute some major facility or service to his home community. It is argued that if any social service, facility, or cultural program is needed, it should be provided by the state through tax moneys. Even the king of Sweden was publicly rebuked for his audacity in offering to provide from his own pocket funds to help carry out some worthy civic project. We have not come to that state of mind yet in the United States. However, it is clear that many people who proclaim their support of free enterprise and of a pluralistic society do not really understand how a pluralistic society works and how important are the varied private initiatives for the public good.

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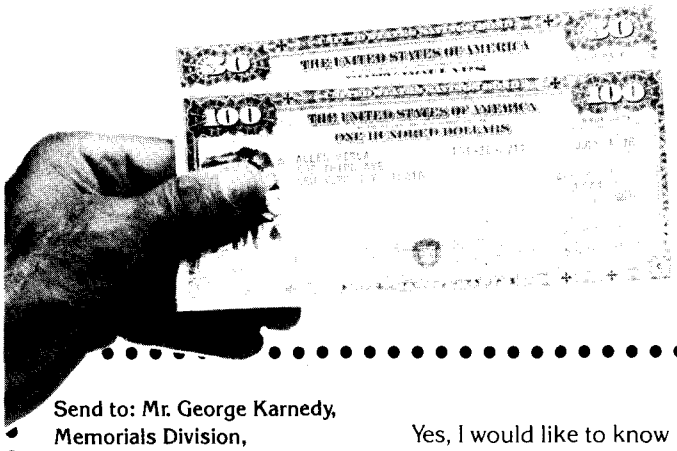

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We need to be making a fresh and searching examination of the whole broad role of voluntarism in American life, of the relationships between those initiatives and governmental activities, of the most appropriate policies to foster the right balance of private and public institutions, and of how best to serve the public good. For too long we have taken volunteer activities and organizations for granted.

All too often, particularly over the last 50 years, governmental bodies have gone charging ahead in one field after another with scant regard for how those actions may affect the public services already being provided by private institutions long at work in those areas. Public/private cooperation is frequently only a half-hearted afterthought. Those who make and administer the tax laws at times pay almost no attention to the impact their policies and actions may have on the flow of private gifts to finance public services and on the willingness of individuals to volunteer their time and money to meet public needs.

The right of taxpayers to take charitable deductions for their gifts to educational, religious, scientific, and social welfare agencies has long been embedded in the federal tax code. Thanks to that kind of incentive, billions of dollars have been contributed over the years to educational, welfare, and arts programs and to private institutions that might otherwise have had to draw support from tax funds. Yet year after year the whole concept of the charitable deduction is subjected to attack. There is the argument of the superpopulist who regards any incentive for charitable giving as a nefarious tax "loophole" for the rich. There are the wishful theorists who argue that if all tax deductions and credits could be eliminated—the political possibility for which, they admit, is rather remote—the tax rates would be reduced and everybody would then give even more to charity. And then there are the experts of the Treasury, whose primary job, of course, is to maximize collections, reduce cheating, simplify the forms and the procedures, and who want to get virtually everybody to use the so-called short form when they file the annual tax return. That would clearly make Treasury's job easier, and it would make things simpler for the taxpayer. Since 1970, year by year, Treasury regulations have been modified and the "standard deduction" has been progressively increased, so that the number of people who itemize their deductions has been reduced from roughly 50 percent of the taxpayers to around 15 percent. A major result, according to some economists and the officials of the national United Way, has been a drastic falling off in private contributions, particularly from taxpayers in the $15,000 to $25,000 annual income brackets.

To deal with that problem, bipartisan interest in both the House and the Senate, led by Congressmen Barber Conable (R.-N.Y.) and Joseph Fisher (D.-Va.) and Senators Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D.-N.Y.) and Robert Packwood (R.-Ore.), is building toward the enactment of a simple but important change in the tax code that will give specific incentive for charitable giving for all taxpayers, regardless of their bracket and whether they use the "short form" or not. It would simply allow every taxpayer to take a deduction for itemized charitable gifts. This would provide firm and continuing incentives for all taxpayers to give to charity, not just the very affluent who customarily use the long form and itemize everything. In the long run, the survival of various philanthropic endeavors, the continuation and strengthening of the whole system of private initiatives for the public good depends upon maintaining a broadly based participation in charitable giving.

As Congressman

Continued on page 109

Ben Franklin: Pioneer Leader of American Voluntarism

Benjamin Franklin was a man of extraordinary talents, interests, and imagination. As every school child learns, he was printer, politician, scientist, writer, diplomat and one of the wisest of the nation's founding fathers. He was also America's number one leader of private voluntary initiatives to serve the public good.

He organized the Pennsylvania hospital and secured private donations to support it. He established a fund to train apprentices. He formed numerous community associations to provide, through private endeavor, a wide range of municipal services: volunteer fire fighters and other private associations to pave the streets, collect trash, and install outdoor lighting. Nothing was too mundane to receive his attention as a tireless promoter of community improvement.

At the same time, he had a major hand in establishing a serious and influential association of intellectuals, the American Philosophical Society, this country's first think tank.

One of his earliest volunteer endeavors was directed at broad popular education through the setting up in 1729 of the first American Subscription Library. A club, called the Junto, which Franklin had put together in 1727, provided the nucleus for this library, with books imported from England paid for by the self-imposed subscription dues of the members. Later, when these subscription libraries had spread across the land, Franklin wrote with understandable pride, "These libraries have improved the general conversation of the Americans, made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen from other countries and perhaps have contributed in some degree to the stand so generally made throughout the colonies in defense of their privileges."

In the range and community impact of his voluntary associations Franklin influenced the course of the nation. His leadership in developing America's vast network of voluntary endeavors may well have shaped this nation as much as anything he ever said in the Constitutional Convention—or wrote in the publication he founded, now known as *The Saturday Evening Post.*

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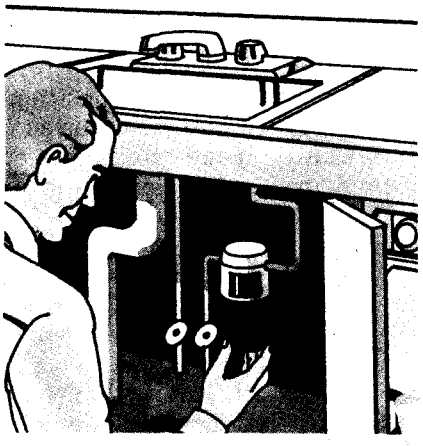
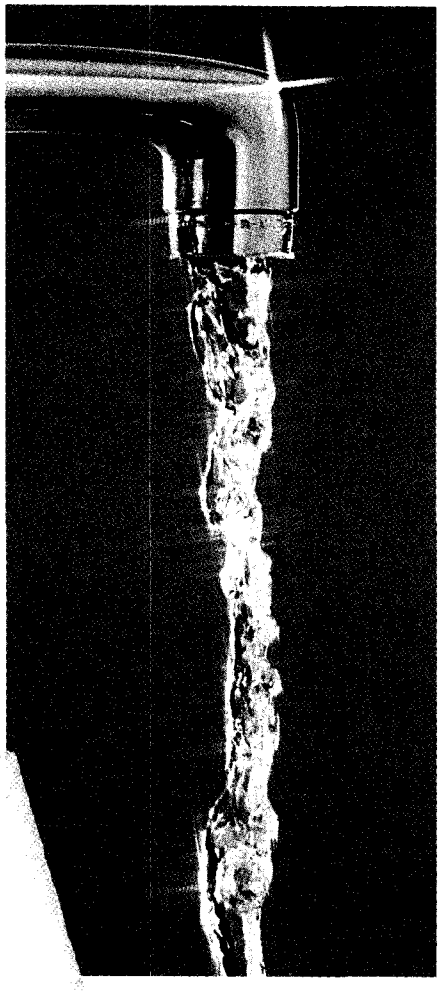
The easy way to buy clear, good tasting water for your family

A Filterite water filter makes sense for homemakers: The water your family drinks can be clear of sediment, even microscopic sediment, and free from unpleasant odors and tastes...and you don't have to buy water in a bottle.



Easy to install under sink or on main water line.

A Filterite water filter is installed in quick time under the sink or on the main cold water line. In either location, the filter is out of sight but working most effectively for you around the clock. As water passes through the filter, its cartridge traps even microscopic dirt particles. And activated charcoal puts an end to that chemical taste. The result is sparkling. You'll enjoy the clearest, best tasting water you ever drank, ever cooked with, or ever mixed drinks with in your home.

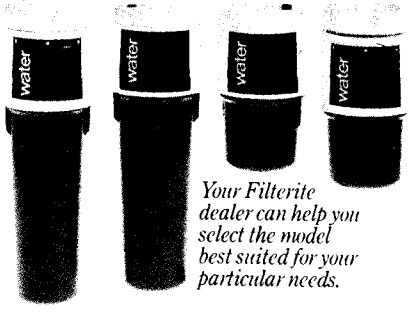


Cartridges last up to six months, depending on nature of water problem.

Water specialists will tell you that the most efficient and practical way to filter your drinking water is by placing a large cartridge filtering unit in the water line. A favorite of these experts is the Filterite line. All models are rugged, long lasting filters engineered by pioneers in the industry for durability and effectiveness.

Once installed, your Filterite filter never has to be adjusted. Your plumber can put one in your home in just a few minutes. Or, if you've got a do-it-yourselfer around the house, he'll enjoy the easy steps to a fast, perfect installation. Low cost replacement cartridges are inserted as quick as a twist of the wrist. Then, with a turn of the tap you'll have water that helps you make the best coffee or tea you've ever served... without the cost or fuss of bottled water.

See the Filterite line of water filters at your local home products, hardware, or home improvement store. Or call your plumber. Treat yourself to a Filterite filter, it'll get your family drinking water again.



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ENVY THE ENTREPRENEUR?

(YOU MAY BE ONE YOURSELF)

Score high on this short test and the world may have to prepare for another J. Paul Getty.

by Joseph R. Mancuso

Illustrated by Jared Lee

Few figures in the business world are as exciting, as romantic *as the entrepreneur. He's the maverick, the risk-taker, the driver, the "dreamer and the strategist," in the words of John G.B. Hutchins. The entrepreneur is the one who sees the opportunity, seizes the opportunity, and makes things happen.*

Do you have the entrepreneurial spirit? In his book How to Start, Finance, and Manage Your Own Small Business, *Joseph R. Mancuso offers the following "entrepreneur's quiz" in an effort to get at what makes an entrepreneur run. The answers you give indicate something about your chances of succeeding on your own.*

1. An entrepreneur is most commonly the_____child in the family: *a.* oldest, *b.* middle, *c.* youngest, *d.* doesn't matter.

2. An entrepreneur most typically is a: *a.* man, *b.* woman, *c.* either.

3. An entrepreneur is most commonly: *a.* married, *b.* single, *c.* widowed, *d.* divorced.

4. An individual begins his first entrepreneurial company when he is in his: *a.* teens, *b.* 20's, *c.* 30's, *d.* 40's, *e.* 50's.

5. An individual's entrepreneurial tendency first appears evident when he is in his: *a.* teens, *b.* 20's, *c.* 30's, *d.* 40's, *e.* 50's.

6. How much education has an entrepreneur typically had by the time he begins his first serious business venture? *a.* grammar school, *b.* high school diploma, *c.* bachelor's degree, *d.* master's degree, *e.* doctor's degree.

7. An entrepreneur's primary motivation for starting his own business is: *a.* to make money, *b.* because he can't work for anyone else, *c.* to be famous, *d.* as an outlet for unused energy.

8. The primary motivation for the entrepreneur's high ego and need for achievement is based upon his relationship with: *a.* his wife, *b.* his mother, *c.* his father, *d.* his children.

9. An entrepreneur typically: *a.* starts only one business, *b.* quickly discovers the pleasures of managing, *c.* moves from new venture to new venture, *d.* none of the above.

10. To be successful in an entrepreneurial venture you need an overabundance of: *a.* money, *b.* luck, *c.* hard work, *d.* good ideas.

11. Entrepreneurs and financiers: *a.* get along well, *b.* are best of friends, *c.* are cordial friends, *d.* are often in conflict.

12. A successful entrepreneur relies on_____for critical management advice: *a.* an internal management team, *b.* external management professionals, *c.* financial sources, *d.* no one.

13. Entrepreneurs are best as: *a.* managers, *b.* venture capitalists, *c.* planners, *d.* doers.

14. Entrepreneurs are: *a.* high risk-takers (big gamblers), *b.* moderate risk-takers (realistic gamblers), *c.* small risk-takers (take few chances), *d.* doesn't matter.

15. The only necessary and sufficient ingredient for a business is: *a.* money, *b.* a customer, *c.* a product, *d.* an idea.

Answers

1. An entrepreneur is most commonly the *oldest* child in the family. There is no doubt about this answer. All the independently conducted studies agree that entrepreneurs are high achievers. Dr. David McClelland at Harvard and Dr. Stanley Schacter at Columbia have written about achievement motivation. Along with others they conclude the first-born (or oldest) child in a family normally is the high achiever, or—in my words—an entrepreneur. In my work, this single finding was almost uniform (especially when one considers that two-thirds of all people are not first-born children). My data indicated that between 60 and 70 percent of all entrepreneurs were first-born.

2. An entrepreneur most typically is a *man*. Almost everyone answers this question correctly. Everybody knows only a handful of women who have started an ongoing business enterprise from nothing. Entrepreneurship is one of the last male strongholds. While women are making headway in business—and even in sophisticated top-management positions in business—to date they haven't significantly penetrated the entrepreneurial ranks except in a few isolated industries more natural to women.

3. An entrepreneur is most commonly *married*. This is a delicate topic. The data is fluid and interpretations vary widely. In my research with more than 300 entrepreneurs, all male and based primarily in the Northeast and on the West Coast, I discovered that the vast majority were married. Most people in their 30's are married, so this alone is not a significant finding. However, I did find the successful entrepreneur had an exceptionally supportive wife. She provided love and stability to balance the insecurity and stress of the job.

New data on this question may shift the answer in the 1980's as female entrepreneurs emerge in large numbers.

4. An individual begins his first entrepreneurial company when he is in his *30's*. The data on this topic have shifted over the past 20 years. In the early and mid '60s the average age was between 35 and 40 years old. My work, conducted around the late '60s and early '70s, indicates the average age to be between 30 to 35 years. Hence, a lowering of age has been the trend during the past 20

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The successful entrepreneur gets by with a little help from his friend—Lady Luck.

years, according to my research.

5. An individual's entrepreneurial tendency first appears evident when he is in his *teens*. Entrepreneurial traits show up very early in life. I found many entrepreneurs had begun little businesses before their teens. But somewhere during high school or college these characteristics almost always blossom. The finding applies to well over 75 percent of the entrepreneurs I have surveyed. Coin and stamp collecting, rock concerts and dances, selling clothes and appliances, lawn and snow services, and a paper route are common examples. Entrepreneurial traits are normally developed and visible by the teenage years.

6. How much education has an entrepreneur typically had by the time he begins his first serious business venture? *A master's degree.* This question is controversial. Few other writers agree with this finding. The work done in the '50s concluded most entrepreneurs neglected to complete high school, never mind college. My data point to the master's degree as the most common, in either business management or a technical discipline. Contrast this finding with the obvious fact that most businessmen have at least a bachelor's degree today. Entrepreneurs, being high achievers, are showing more respect for education and staying at it long enough to win the master's degree. Few carry this respect to the extreme of going for the doctorate.

7. An entrepreneur's primary motivation for starting his own business is *because he can't work for anyone else*. The answer here is pretty well agreed upon by everyone. An entrepreneur simply doesn't like working for anyone else. The entrepreneur is an independent, a free spirit. He has great difficulty following another's directions. He seeks to do his own thing. This is central to all entrepreneurs. They have to be boss.

8. The primary motivation for the entrepreneur's high ego and need for achievement is based upon his relationship with *his father*. Most everyone selects father as the answer and, in the light of my research, they are right. In my experience, the father provides the motivation and drive for the entrepreneur. Even when the entrepreneur is in his 30's and his dad is retired, the approval and praise of his father still provide a basis for his drive. That's one of the reasons so many entrepreneurs come from homes headed by self-employed fathers.

9. An entrepreneur typically *moves from new venture to new venture*. While not a statistically significant finding, it is interesting to discover that entrepreneurs go from business to business. In my study, only a handful of entrepreneurs were able to handle the transition from entrepreneur to manager. Most would prefer to sell their existing company rather than to struggle to learn to manage. They would much prefer to return to the creative process and start another business.

10. To be successful in an entrepreneurial venture you need an overabundance of *luck*. We all know money alone is not enough to make an entrepreneurial venture successful. Mere hard work seldom can make a troublesome situation into a success. A good idea offers a greater chance of success as well, but it is not enough by itself.

Luck is a different matter. More and more, luck significantly compensates for other weaknesses. Of the successful entrepreneurs I studied in an eight-year period, everyone agreed that they were very lucky. A few key breaks early, according to them, were what made the difference.

11. Entrepreneurs and financiers *are often in conflict*. In the great success stories, entrepreneurs and venture capitalists are pictured walking along hand in hand into the glorious sunset. My research strongly indicates this is the exception, not the rule. Most small businesses fail (some say about nine out of ten). Every business, save a handful, needs second and third rounds of financing. At these stages, the relationship between the entrepreneur and venture capitalist shifts from cordiality to stress.

12. A successful entrepreneur relies on *external management professionals* for critical management advice. This is the overwhelming answer. In fact, of the successful companies involved in

Continued on page 99

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"Don't be scared of the instrument board," said the voice. "You won't need most of the things on it."

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THE VOICE IN THE EARPHONES

The elderly immigrant had never flown a plane in his life, yet here he was sitting at the controls of a jetliner 8,000 feet over Kansas with two pilots lying unconscious at his feet. Then the unbelievable occurred.

by Wilbur Schramm

Illustrated by Amos Sewell

It had never happened before in the history of aviation. The chances of its happening again are one in a number that has zeros stacked across the page like eggs in cold storage. And yet the fact remains that it happened. For a long time, people who saw it will tell their children and grandchildren how Shorty Frooze, who had never flown an airplane, found himself suddenly at the controls of an airliner 8,000 feet up in the blue air over Kansas, and how, like a farm boy breaking the new colt, he calmly decided to ride the big ship in to a landing.

But to appreciate what really happened that July afternoon you have to know something about Shorty. His real name wasn't Frooze, of course. It was Habib el Something or Other, one of those Asia Minor names that are like nothing in English. They began to call him Frooze in the years when he was a fruit peddler in a little town near Kansas City. I can still remember him driving his donkey cart through the streets, jingling a bell and singing his wares in a high voice that penetrated every kitchen in town. "Can'aloupe!" he would call. "Wa'ermelon! Fresh Frooze!" And the name stuck, even when he learned to say "fruits" and retired the patient little donkey and set up a sidewalk stand in Kansas City—Shorty Frooze.

The most important thing about Shorty was his son. Had you ever guessed Bill James was his boy? Bill dropped his last name when he went to the University of Kansas. He was as different from his father as could be. He was big and handsome and popular, and a great athlete. Shorty told me once that Bill resembled his mother, who died when Bill was born. And inevitably Shorty's boy grew away from nervous little Shorty, who couldn't even talk plain English. Bill wasn't exactly ashamed of his father, but when he took him to father-and-son banquets in high school, Shorty didn't enjoy it, and other people were ill at ease, too, and thereafter Shorty faded into the background. He stayed away from Bill's fraternity house in Lawrence. Whenever Bill played ball I would see Shorty there, with a happy mist in his eyes, but always in some inconspicuous corner, and I could never find him when the game was over.

One big area of Bill's world was closed to Shorty. That was aviation. Bill was a natural flier. He soloed at 17. By the time he was 18, they said, he could fly a barn door if anyone would put an electric fan on it. He went to the airlines before he finished Kansas. When the shooting started in Europe he wanted to go right into the RAF, but Shorty said no. He said Bill was all he had left. Wait at least long enough to finish out the year with the airlines, he pleaded. Because Bill wasn't quite 21, Shorty had to give consent. They said some pretty bitter words before Bill stomped out of the house, back to his job. And then came the accident, barely a week later, with Shorty watching.

Shorty grieved unnaturally over Bill's death. He kept blaming himself, torturing himself. I always passed his little stand on my way to work, and for days at a time it would be closed, while Shorty sat at home grieving. Then he took to hanging around the airport, talking to the mechanics and the pilots and watching the ships slide in from every point on the compass. They knew why he did it; he felt closer to Bill there. But after a while he became a nuisance, and they had to ask him to stay away.

Then he went back to work again, frantically. I could find him at the stand any hour of the day or evening. To save money he went often without food, as he had when he was helping put Bill through Lawrence. And whenever he had a few dollars saved up he took an airplane trip. He would come to the airport hours before flight time. People stared at him and smirked behind their hands. The first time I saw him there, I stared, too. I didn't know him. He had got out his Sunday suit, and it must have been the suit he was married in. It had tight trousers and a long coat and made him look like something out of a musical comedy. But when the plane was announced Shorty was always first in line, and he would scurry out to be sure of the front seat. That was as near as possible to the place where Bill had sat when he was pilot; there Shorty could see as nearly as possible what Bill must have seen from the pilot's cockpit. It would have seemed pitiful, his trying so hard to get closer to the boy in death than he could in life, if it hadn't been laughable. And that was how Shorty happened to be on the front seat of an airliner bound from Denver to Kansas City on

Continued on page 90

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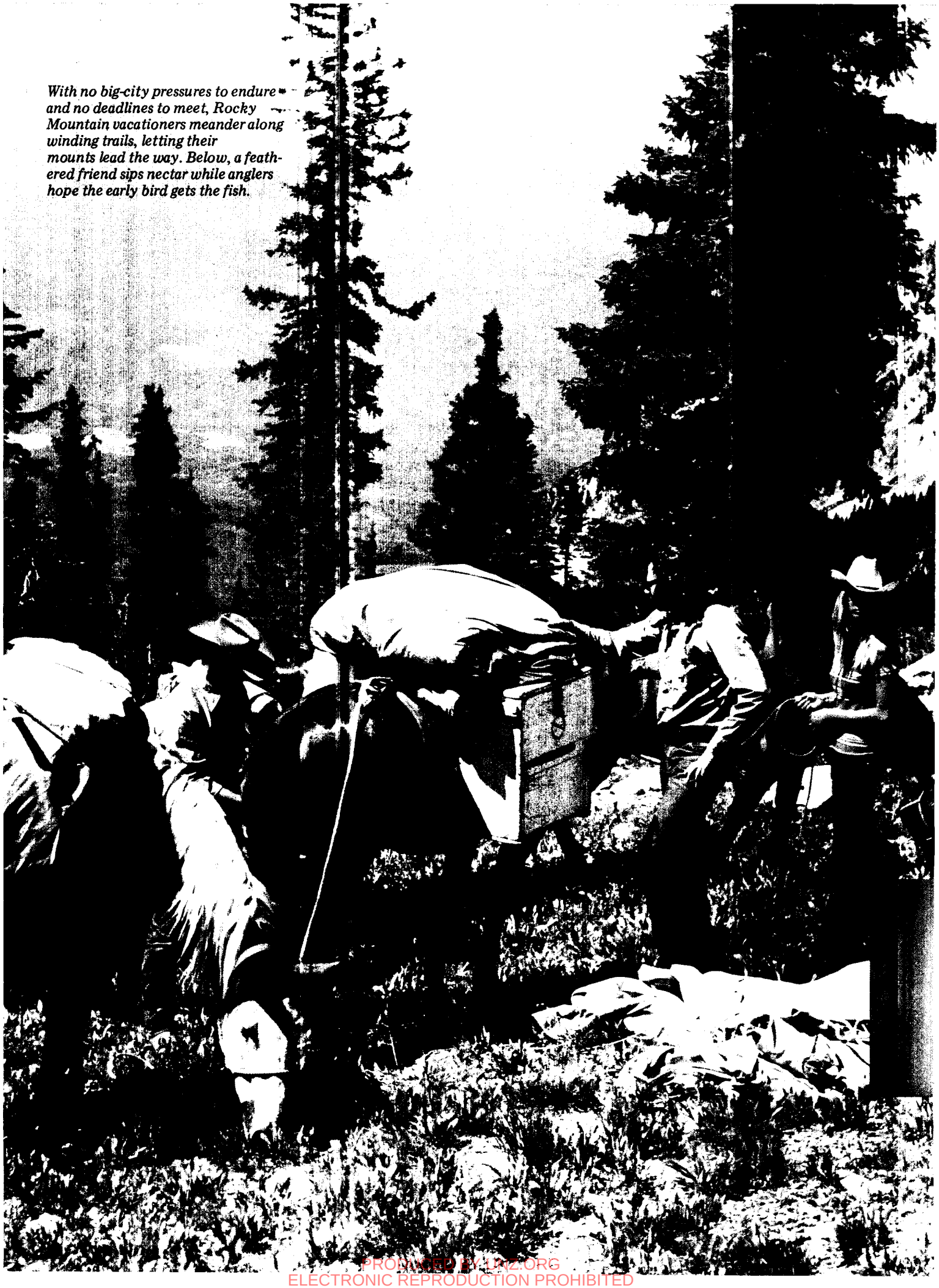

With no big-city pressures to endure and no deadlines to meet, Rocky Mountain vacationers meander along winding trails, letting their mounts lead the way. Below, a feathered friend sips nectar while anglers hope the early bird gets the fish.

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Rocky Mountain Highs

When it's springtime in the Rockies and wildflowers, not snow, blanket the slopes, Colorado tourism reaches new peaks.

Text and photography by C. J. Burkhart

Tucked away among Colorado's towering peaks and sweeping basins are scores of outstanding ski areas. During summer these picturesque high-country retreats burst forth in color and offer summertime visitors breathtaking vistas and a variety of outdoor recreational activities.

Obviously it would be impossible to mention all of Colorado's ski areas, but a trip beginning at Denver that loops across the Continental Divide and explores a number of superb locations reveals an excellent cross section.

Georgetown, an intriguing historical village high in the Rockies, is the ideal spot to begin this trip "atop the world" because it offers visitors a glimpse into Colorado's raucous past.

Begun by George and David Griffith in 1860 as a gold-mine camp at the head of Clear Creek, Georgetown became Colorado's third largest city within four years. Discovery of the territory's first large silver lode

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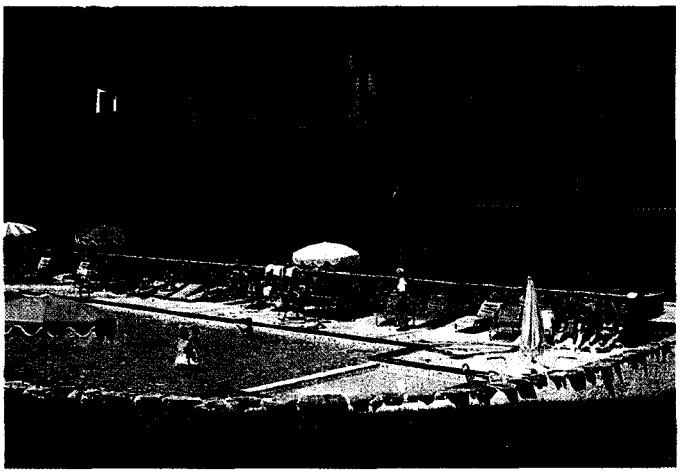

Whether relaxing poolside at The Lodge, riding a chair lift through the mountains, or taking a four-wheel-drive trip to Piney Lake, Vail visitors find the scenery unsurpassed.

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WHEN I BUSTED OUT OF THE NAVY

As an artist the author prospered so well that he took a wife. Then in a burst of patriotism he joined the Navy—and was officially declared a misfit.

by Norman Rockwell, as told to Thomas Rockwell

I've never been happier or more confident than I was that day in March 1916, when I made my first sale to *The Saturday Evening Post*. Returning to New Rochelle with the good news, I rushed to my boardinghouse and hunted up Irene O'Connor, a schoolteacher who lived there, too.

First I boasted. No more illustrations for children's magazines—I had arrived. Two covers sold to the *Post* at 75 bucks apiece! Three sketches O.K.'d! And all this on my first try; I was standing on the threshold of wealth and fame.

Then I asked Irene to marry me. She refused, saying she was engaged to an agricultural student at Michigan State. Then she changed her mind and accepted. We set a date, and I went to work on my third *Post* cover—an old man playing baseball with a bunch of kids.

When I took it down to Philadelphia, there was trouble. Walter Dower, the art director, said that the *Post* editor, Mr. George Horace Lorimer, thought the old man was too rough and tramplike. Would I do the painting over? Of course. I went home, stretched a new canvas, and tried again. "Better," said Mr. Dower. "Mr. Lorimer thought it was better. But the old man's too old, he thought." I did the painting over again, using a young man. The boy was too small. I posed and painted a larger kid.

I did that painting over five times before Mr. Lorimer accepted it. By the time he finally O.K.'d it, I had decided that doing *Post* covers was going to make my life more complicated than I had expected. (Mr. Lorimer later told me that he'd been testing me. I wonder if he ever knew how near I came to flunking.)

My feelings were salved by my first fan mail. I got five or six letters on my first *Post* cover. Art directors of other magazines began to give me assignments. One of them was *Life*, a humor magazine in those days and second in importance to the *Post* as an illustrator's market.

Most *Life* covers were jokes and had titles. For instance, I painted a picture of a Pilgrim boy being chased by Indians. Title: *A Pilgrim's Progress*. Every Tuesday all the artists would gather to see John Ames Mitchell, the editor. As we entered the anteroom of his office, Miss Berry, the receptionist, would give each of us a little card with a number on it. Then we'd all sit on a bench and wait for Miss Berry to call our number. While we waited, each one of us would open his portfolio and rearrange the drawings in it.

I always started out by putting my best ideas last, so that Mr. Mitchell would look all through the portfolio. But when I sat down in the anteroom I'd get cold feet and figure that Mr. Mitchell might become discouraged before he reached the good ideas and reject everything. So I'd decide to put the good ideas first, while I waited for my number to be called. Fearing that someone might snitch my best ideas, I'd open my portfolio a crack, reach in, and rearrange the drawings by pulling one on its end and shuffling the others around it. All the other artists were doing the same thing. We must have looked like a side show, all of us sitting in a line struggling with our drawings and glancing suspiciously at one another.

About ten o'clock every Tuesday morning the door of the anteroom would slam open and James Montgomery Flagg, the tycoon of illustrating at that time, would hurry in. He'd go right past us into Mr. Mitchell's office without waiting for a number or even to be announced. We'd hear shouts of

Sailor Norman Rockwell (above, at left) poses with two shipmates at the Charleston Navy Yard in 1917. He was so skinny he had to cheat to pass his Navy physical. At right, the artist uses himself as the model for his 1948 "Gossip" Post cover. Also included among the gossipers in the popular painting was his second wife, Mary. The inset photo shows a portion of the finished canvas.

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greeting as the door closed. Half an hour or so would go by. Then suddenly, Flagg would rush out, slamming the door, and Miss Berry would begin to call our numbers.

Next in importance after *Life* was *Judge*, another humor magazine. If Mr. Mitchell didn't want a drawing, I'd take it to *Judge*. Then if *Judge* rejected it, I'd take it to *Leslie's*. If they turned it down, I'd crate it up and send it to *The People's Popular Monthly* in Des Moines, Iowa. They paid a fraction of *Post* prices for covers; it hardly took care of the cost of my models and material, but at least I didn't have to throw the drawing away.

Very few of my drawings traveled as far as Des Moines. That year I did six *Post* covers and sold many paintings and drawings to *Life*, *Judge*, and *Leslie's*. In short, I prospered; so much so that I married Irene O'Connor in the fall.

One week after we were married, Irene left to spend two months with her parents in Potsdam, New York, leaving me alone in the dingy third-floor apartment we had rented in New Rochelle. Our marriage wasn't particularly unhappy, but it certainly didn't have any of the warmth and love of a real marriage. I soon realized that Irene didn't love me. She was still in love with the agricultural student she had been engaged to. Maybe she had married me be-

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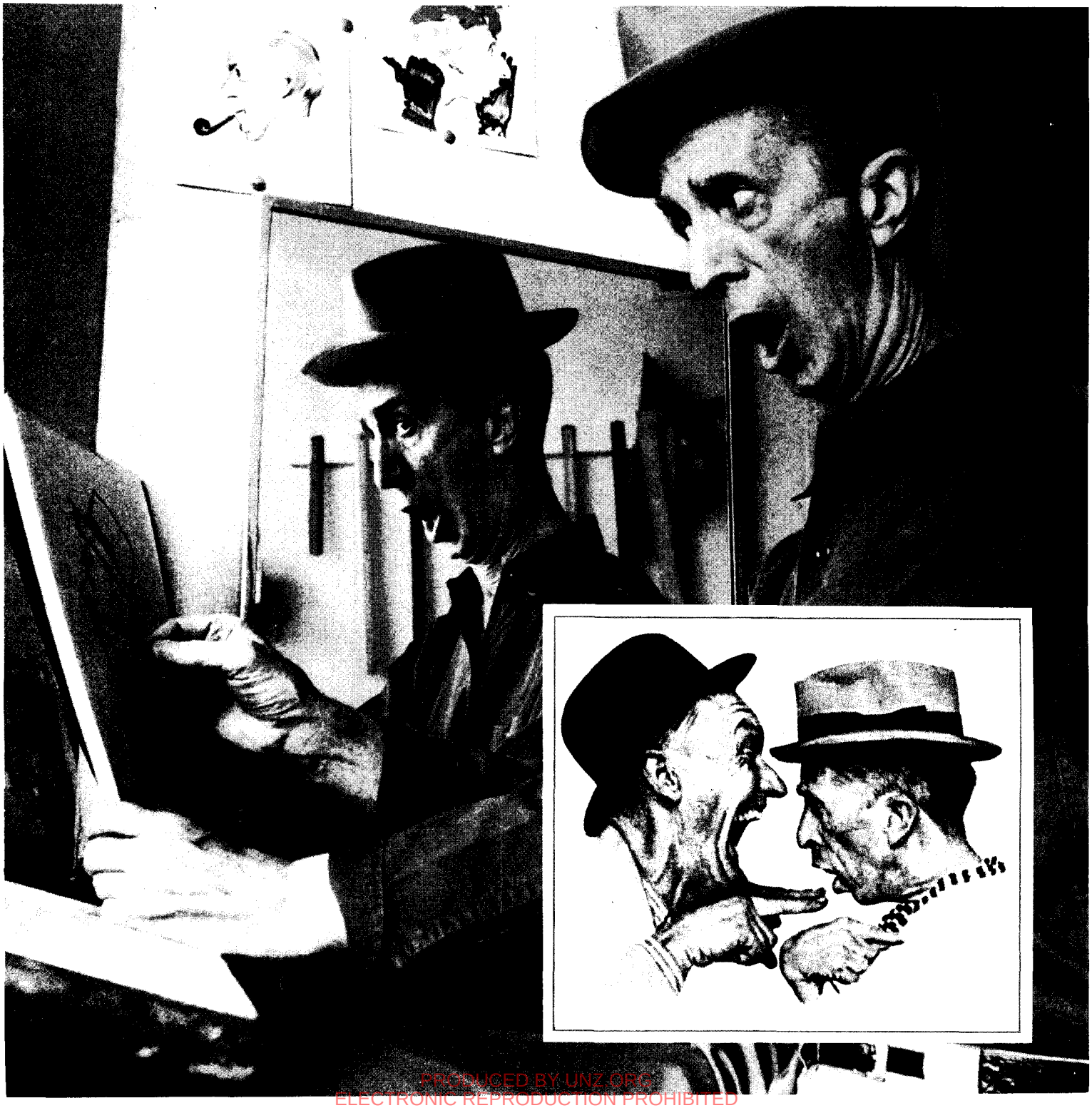

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JANET GUTHRIE: FULL SPEED AHEAD

Three years have passed since Janet jolted the racing circuit by staking a claim on Indy's Gasoline Alley. Now she's back in the driver's seat with winning on her mind.

by Holly Miller

Janet Guthrie has been traveling in fast circles for the last 15 years. Actually, the "circles" have more often been ovals, the road predominately rocky, and the trip generally uphill. Time spent in the pits has been lengthy and all too frequent. But that's behind her now.

The race car driver from Miami who took a giant step for womankind back in 1976 by staking a shaky claim on the Indy 500's Gasoline Alley is finally riding in style. Her vehicle for success is a sleek, black $175,000 Lola T-500—an improved version of the car driven by Al Unser in his three 500-mile United States Auto Club Championship victories last year. Not bad for a driver who arrived for her rookie season at Indy three years ago without luggage (hers was lost by the airlines) and with all hopes hinging on a sluggish auto which required engine changes as often as some cars need fuel, and whose best speeds were several miles off the pace of the pack.

When Janet made her preliminary prerace call at the Indianapolis Speedway this winter, the resulting hoopla befitted the return of a conquering hero. Or heroine.

Squired by car owner and self-made millionaire Sherman Armstrong, teammate Tom Bigelow ("a super guy," says Janet), and representatives from her sponsoring corporation ("Without Texaco I'd just be a very fast pedestrian"), she was guest of honor at a press conference and then taken on a multistop tour of local television and radio stations. Extending her the royal carpet, Guthrie fans dubbed their favorite driver "queen of the road," while critics conceded the title Janet the First—first woman to pass Indy's rookie test (1976); first woman to qualify for the Memorial Day classic (1977); first woman to finish the event (ninth place in 1978); and first driver to enter the field in 1979.

What's missing, of course, is the bottom line—first woman to *win* at Indy. And Janet hopes to fill that blank on May 27, at the 63rd running of the race.

"This is my best ride yet. It's better than last year, and last year was better than the year before. Of course, that's the way it has to be; if you don't make progress, you're just going backward."

Concentrating on a first-place finish should be easier in '79 since several major obstacles have been removed from her path. The novelty of being one of the boys when one is a girl never concerned Janet, but it initially enthralled sportswriters. Now the uniqueness of her presence has diminished, and she can get down to the nuts and bolts of racing without being followed, photographed, and interviewed at every turn. Celebrity status was never her goal, anyway.

"To tell the truth, I'm indifferent to the recognition. I wish I could respond to it more, because there are a lot of well-wishers out there. It should be fun, but it's just not important to me. What's important is that I get to drive the race cars, and when I do that, I'm happy; when I don't, all the recognition in the world only makes me feel worse."

Also guaranteeing a smoother ride is the fact she no longer is burdened with the responsibilities of running her own team and acting as owner, driver, and chief mechanic. As part of the Armstrong team, she has car builder-designer Eric Broadley in her corner and tuner-pit chief Paul Leffler in her garage.

"When I was running my own cars, I used to build the engines, do the body work, and design the suspension. I'm glad I don't have to do that anymore. Since I came into championship racing and grand national stock car racing, I've been fortunate to work with

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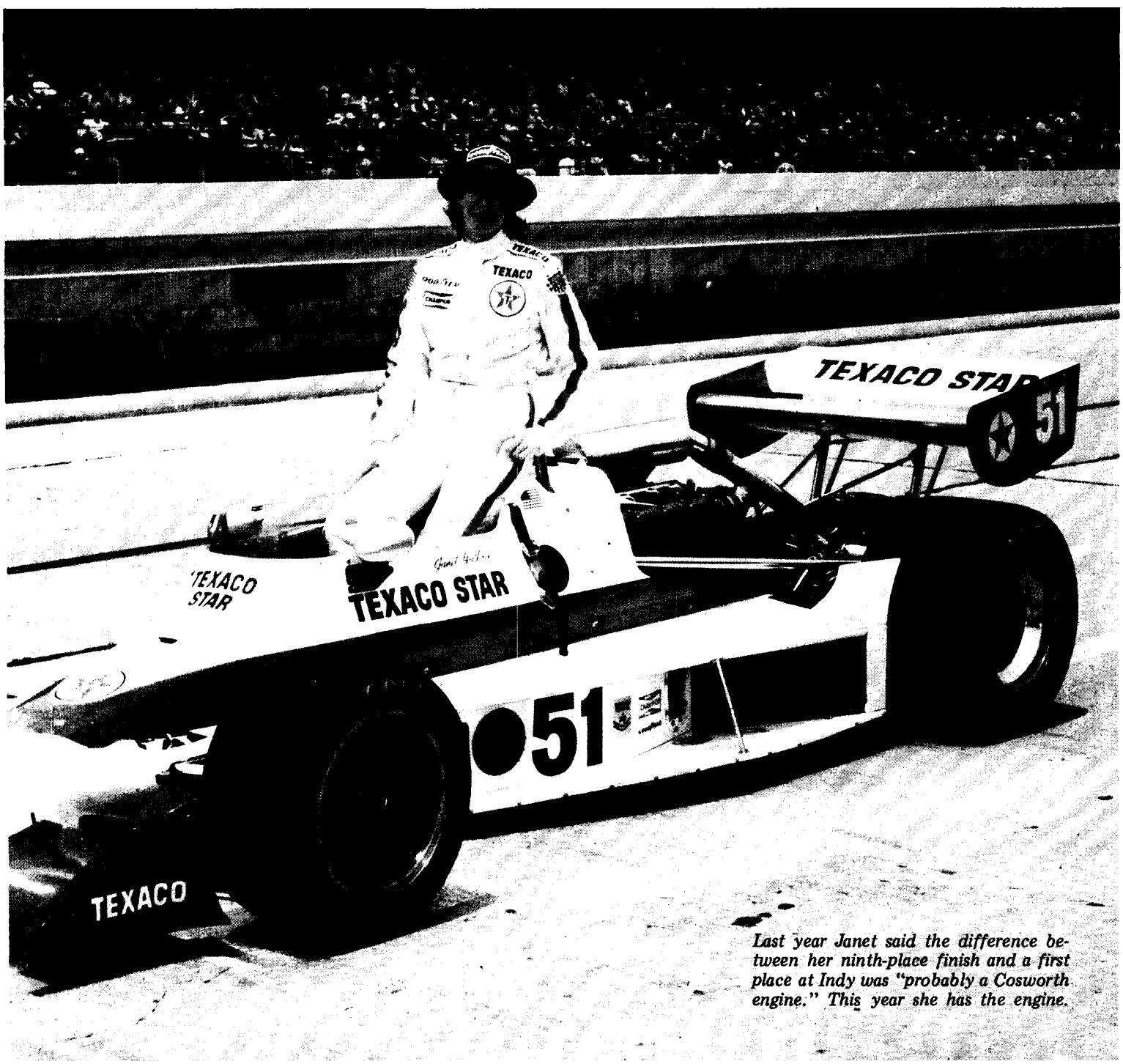
top professional crews. These cars aren't comparable to anything else in the world, and it takes specialized knowledge to deal with them. I'm just a wrench-twister at this level."

But hardly your average fill-her-up-check-the-oil-ma'am variety of wrench-twister. A graduate of the University of Michigan with a degree in physics, Janet has held a pilot's license since she was 17, has logged more than 400 hours in 25 different types of aircraft, and is a seasoned parachutist. While working as an aerospace engineer at Republic Aviation Corporation, she was one of a quartet of women to pass NASA's preliminary tests for the astronaut program, but her lack of a Ph.D. degree eliminated her from consideration. This infatuation with experimentation and high speeds might logically be traced to her father, a retired Eastern Airlines pilot, but Janet refutes the link.

"I come from a very bookish family, and it's always been a mystery to them why I find racing so compelling. Since Dad was an airlines captain, the idea of dealing with machinery is not foreign to my parents, but racing as a main life activity is still a big puzzle. I haven't won them over yet, but they're happy that I'm having some success at last."

Success comes in many forms, both on the track and in the once male-dominated garage area

Continued on page 136



Last year Janet said the difference between her ninth-place finish and a first place at Indy was "probably a Cosworth engine." This year she has the engine.

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The New Voyage of Starship Enterprise

A multimillion-dollar Star Trek *will soon be launched on a bold adventure, traveling the uncharted frontier of the movie screen.*

by David L. Smith

Like the fabled Phoenix rising from its own ashes, "Star Trek," a TV series whose last episode was shot almost ten years ago, is about to be resurrected in a form that will be bigger and better than anything that went before. From 1966 to 1969, Desilu Studios produced 79 "Star Trek" programs for NBC. The cost of production was about $200,000 per episode. Today, Paramount Pictures is producing *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* for 18 million dollars. Why would a major studio risk that much money making a movie based on a TV series that was filmed almost ten years ago?

The answer is that from this meager, almost insignificant television series, a series that barely survived three seasons on NBC,

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has sprung a phenomenon that has converted an estimated 10 million people into trekkies. Avid trekkies include such diverse personages as the late Nelson Rockefeller and famed science fiction writer Isaac Asimov. The series has spawned a veritable "Star Trek" industry. There are more than 50 "Star Trek" books on the market today, and 371 fan clubs. There are maps of the constellations and galaxies visited by the star fleet, walkie-talkies, Spock ears, phasers, bubblegum cards, comic books, and even tribbles—furry little creatures that are supposed to cause their owners to experience great contentment and happiness. Saturday mornings on television you can see a "Star Trek" cartoon series using the voices of the original cast. In 1976, after President Gerald Ford was deluged with mail from hundreds of thousands of trekkies, the new United States space shuttle, our first re-usable orbiting vehicle, was named the *Enterprise* in honor of the "Star Trek" space ship.

Why the "Star Trek" phenomenon? There have been other science fiction series on television, but none has been able to capture the enduring appeal of "Star Trek." William Shatner, who created the role of Captain Kirk, the commander of the *Enterprise*, can't come up with an explanation: "It seems to have created itself. It certainly was not something that was deliberately promoted. It was more of a groundswell." Gene Roddenberry, the mild-mannered, venerated creator of "Star Trek," offers the following: "I think the thing that had the most impact on mass culture and science fiction was getting 'Star Trek' into millions of homes that hadn't even seen a science fiction idea. The second impact came about a year and a half after 'Star Trek' appeared, when *Space Odyssey* by Kubrick came along and said science fiction can be expansive. The combination of those two, 'Star Trek' and *Space Odyssey*, really led to *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*."

After *Star Wars* became the all-time box office champion (it has passed 328 million and is still climbing), Paramount began to listen a little more carefully to Roddenberry, who had been agitating for years to get the series in production again. After false starts, Paramount gave Roddenberry the green light to make a motion pic-

Scenes of Spock's planet, Vulcan, are being shot in Yosemite Park, while San Francisco 300 years hence is filmed on location—with the help of a special-effects matting.

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ture, and Roddenberry lost no time getting the original cast together.

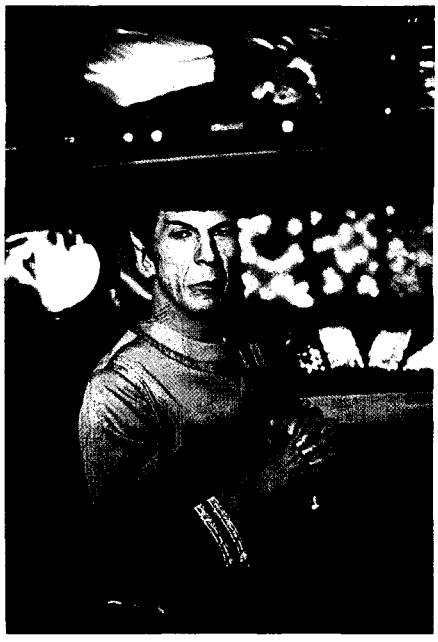
Undoubtedly, one of the primary reasons for the series' success was the combination of actors Roddenberry was able to bring together. They are a tremendously appealing group. Roddenberry states, " 'Star Trek' is unique among television shows in this collection of talent. Without the all-too-usual exception, every one of them is an admirable gentleman or a fine lady. The group has become a 'once in a lifetime' collection of friends."

The series' stars—Leonard Nimoy (Mr. Spock), William Shatner (Captain Kirk), and DeForrest Kelley (Leonard "Bones" McCoy)—echo Roddenberry's feeling. Nimoy says, "The first time we were together, I think we all sensed a very rare chemistry among us." Shatner comments, "I somehow always have felt that we would be back together." Kelley muses, "There seemed to be a certain chemistry that fell into place among us. It all came together, and each of us had, in the beginning of 'Trek,' this feeling of unity, of trying to make it as fine a show as possible."

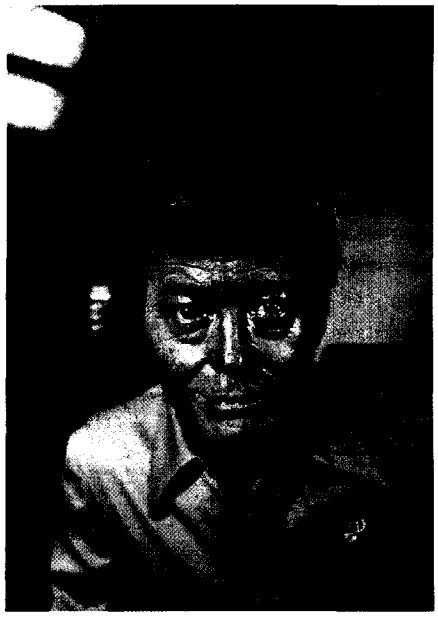
And so, nine years after the last television episode was aired on NBC, they are all back together again. "There is a strange sense of disorientation," Nimoy says. Déjà vu is quick; this isn't. Ten years have passed and we're doing it as if we never stopped." A number of things have changed. Desilu is no longer in existence. Where they had to scrape and skimp using only two sound stages for the TV series, there are now five sound stages reserved for the production of *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*.

On sound stage nine, under heavy security, stands the bridge of the starship *Enterprise*. It is a magnificent, monstrous globe, completely enclosed except for a ramp leading into it. Through the opening can be seen a circular bridge, resembling the old one from the TV series but more elaborate, more detailed.

Outside the globe is a web of wires woven through a multitude of electrical panels. In appropriate places, there are masking tape labels crudely hand-written identifying "warp system engines," "power levels defense," "chamber pressure-engines 1, 2, 3, 4," "radiation emission meters," etc. Each station on the new bridge is completely, technically computerized and operable. Each of the actors was required to learn the correct working of the complex instruments at his or her panel of flashing lights, signals, and screens. (In the TV series, lights flashed on and off regardless of which buttons were pushed.)



When Earth is threatened by an alien force, Spock (Leonard Nimoy) leaves his Vulcan home to join the Enterprise *crew.*



According to the film, McCoy (DeForrest Kelley) had assumed the post of rural doctor before being pressed back to duty.

Leonard Nimoy, William Shatner, and a new addition to the cast, Stephen Collins, who plays Commander Decker, are rehearsing a scene. The interior of the globe is literally jammed with technicians, lights, and a single camera. Milling around outside are George Takei (Sulu), Nichelle Nichols (Uhura), Walter Koenig (Chekov), and Majel Barrett (Nurse Christine Chapel). (Since the demise of the TV series, Miss Barrett has become the wife of Gene Roddenberry.) An attractive olive-skinned young lady is wandering around the set in a long, gray robe. She is completely bald. Her name is Persis Khambatta, a former Miss India who was chosen to play Ilia, the navigator of the starship and a native of the planet Delta, whose inhabitants are supposed to be hairless.

Nimoy looks thinner and more gaunt than in the TV series. Shatner obviously has been dieting and looks to be in top condition. George Takei is giving a few friends a personal tour and an explanation of the set and the mechanics of movie making. Walter Koenig is following his eight-year-old son who has been running with gay abandon up and down the corridors of the *Enterprise*. They are all outfitted in new uniforms, designed by noted Broadway stage designer Robert Fletcher. As is the case with the remodeling of the *Enterprise*, no drastic changes were made in the uniforms; they have the same circular collar design and the same insignia over the left side of the chest. Of the uniforms, Roddenberry says, "They're a little different, but we think we've captured the same feeling of paramilitary casualness." The wardrobe will be much more extensive, of course. The crew will have leisure outfits in addition to various duty and dress uniforms.

Suddenly, a loud klaxon sound pierces the air, followed sharply by a bell ringing loudly. The assistant cameraman jumps in front of the camera with the clapboard to identify the take. The camera is rolling. The scene will be repeated over and over again until finally a bespectacled, silver-haired gentleman standing next to the camera claps his hands loudly signifying a

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good take. This is the director, 64-year-old Robert Wise, a grizzled old veteran from the halcyon days of films.

When Wise announced to his family that he was going to direct the *Star Trek* movie, he discovered that his wife Millicent and her daughter were avid trekkies. The first script Wise read did not have the Spock character in it. Leonard Nimoy was busy doing other things and gave the impression he wasn't too interested in re-creating the role. When Millicent and her daughter discovered Mr. Spock was not to be in the movie, they told Wise, "You've got to have Spock. You can't possibly think of doing *Star Trek* without Mr. Spock." Wise talked with other "Trek" devotees and got the same story. Convinced the film would not be accepted by the public without Spock, Wise went back to Paramount and told them, "Yes, I would be interested in directing, but you've got to get Spock somehow."

Apparently, several members of the *Star Trek* cast, and Nimoy in particular, felt that Paramount, which controlled the TV series, had (in William Shatner's words) "been ripping us off to such an extent that it's humiliating." No one expected the series to be such a big hit in syndication, to run so successfully for so long. The result was that the residual payments made to the actors on the reruns had long ago run out. Shatner said of Nimoy, "He's got his back up, so he's socking it to them a little and God bless him." After he finally signed for the picture, Nimoy made this rather subdued statement, "I would not have wanted *Star Trek* to have been made without Mr. Spock, and I wouldn't have wanted anybody else to be playing Mr. Spock."

Will the movie live up to the expectations of those millions of trekkies who have been waiting breathlessly so long for its release? Both Roddenberry and Wise are confident it will. Roddenberry exclaims, "We're going to show everything we couldn't show before. You'll see a lot more of the inside of the *Enterprise*, for instance. On TV, we were pretty much limited to showing just corridors and elevators. That's really

Kirk (William Shatner) is now an admiral, and his expanded crew includes a bald female navigator from planet Delta.

as much as we could afford to shoot." Wise states, "I know people are going to be looking to see whether we've done justice to it. After the press conference, I got quite a bit of mail from fans and they expressed opposite opinions. One half of them said, 'Don't you dare touch a thing; do it just as it was.' The other half said, 'Thank goodness! Now it can be done right. Now you can do something about those sets and those costumes and those fake-looking miniatures.' So, some of the fans will be happy and some will be unhappy."

Director Wise and "Trek" creator Roddenberry promise special effects never possible on the low-budget TV series.

It's inconceivable that the fans could be disappointed in the sets. The most impressive set, other than the bridge, is the recreation room of the *Enterprise*. It occupies all of sound stage eight. It is three stories high and appears to be almost the length of a football field. It looks like the lobby of a giant Hyatt Regency of the future. Other special sets will include a new transporter room, where people are "beamed" to or from the *Enterprise*. Dr. McCoy's sick bay will be considerably advanced from the TV series. For instance, the most used pieces of medical equipment in McCoy's sick bay on TV were salt shakers. In the first show of the TV series, there was a creature who craved salt. Roddenberry sent the prop man out to buy some exotic-looking salt shakers. It turned out they were too exotic-looking. Roddenberry felt viewers would never be able to recognize them as salt shakers. He told the prop man to go over to the commissary and get some simple salt shakers. Then, as an afterthought he said, "However, those eight devices you have there will become Dr. McCoy's operating instruments." And so, for the duration of the TV series, the most used instruments in McCoy's sick bay were a selection of salt shakers. Such economizing will not be necessary for a multimillion-dollar movie.

If the movie is a success, will there be a sequel? All of the actors have clauses in their contracts committing them to do a sequel. Roddenberry, however, is looking even farther down the road: "If *Trek* is a hit, we'd love to do a series of films. Look at the James Bond films; they've been around since the early '60s."

Therefore, take heart, all you trekkies and soon-to-be trekkies. This may be only the beginning. It appears the words of Mr. Spock may have been prophetic in relation to the longevity of "Star Trek." The "Star Trek" family is apparently heading for a long and prosperous life in fulfillment of the words of Spock's famous Vulcan invocation: "Live long and prosper." ☒

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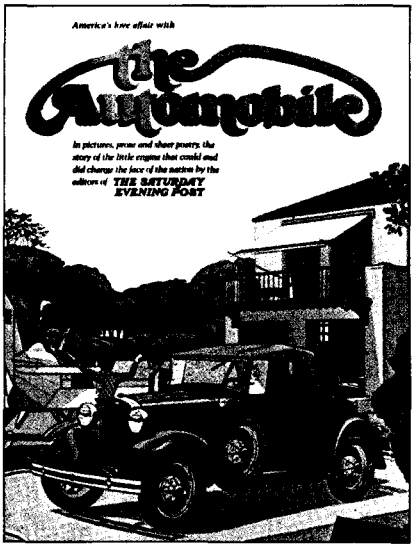
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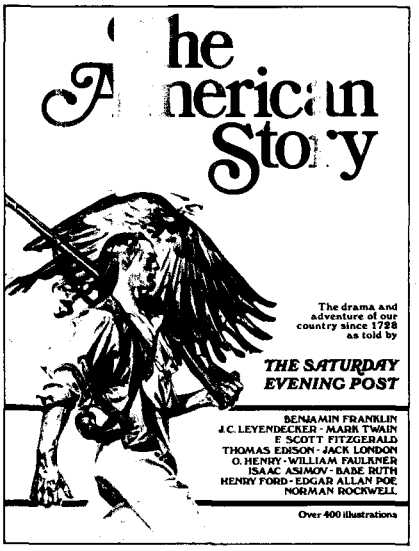
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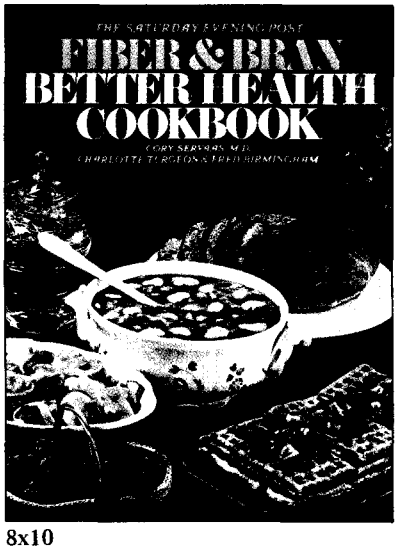

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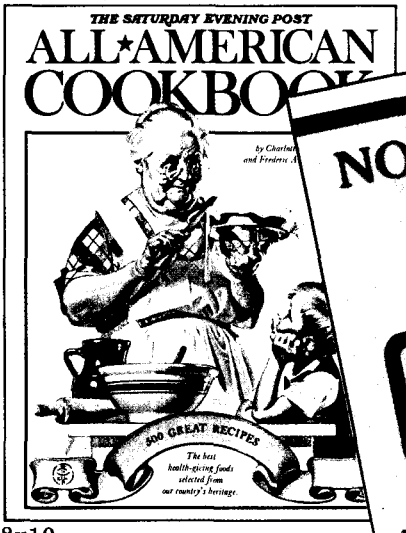

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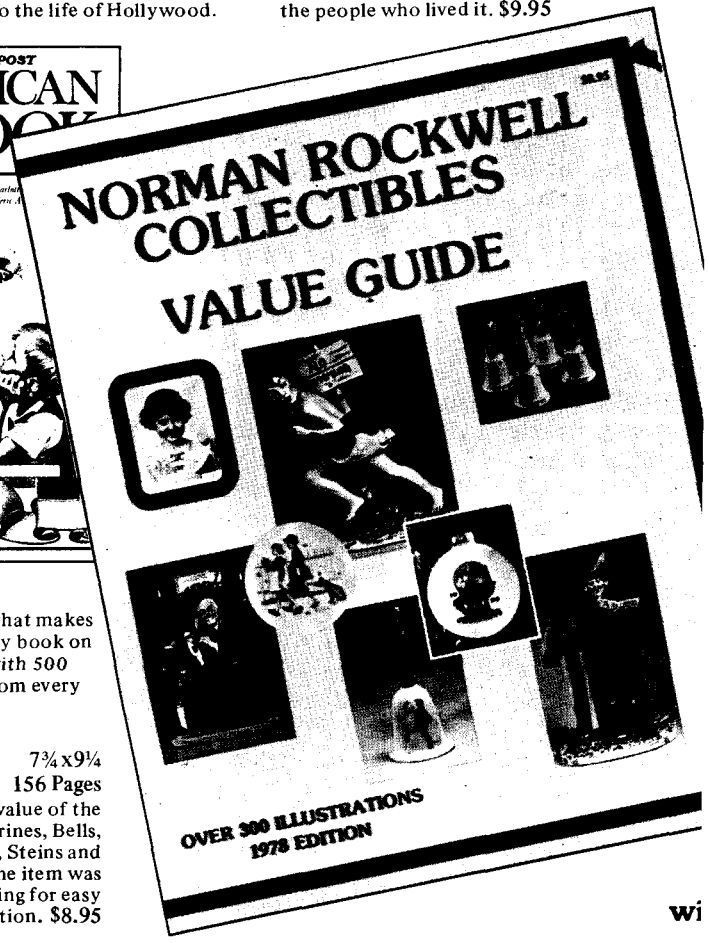

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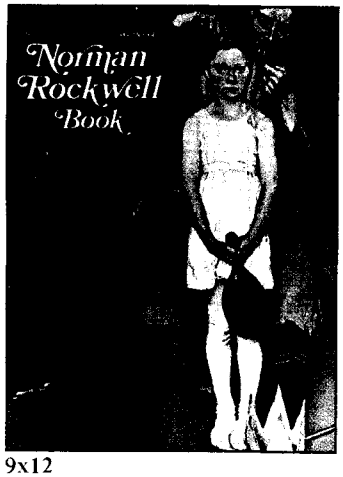

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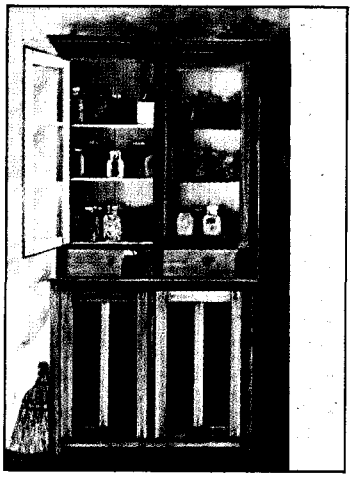

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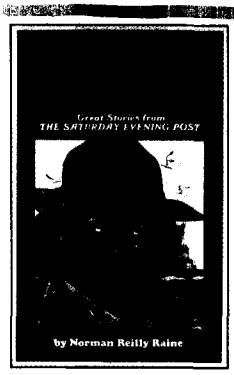

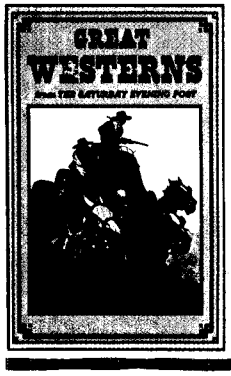

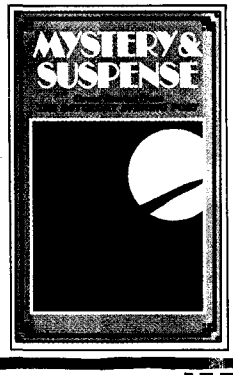

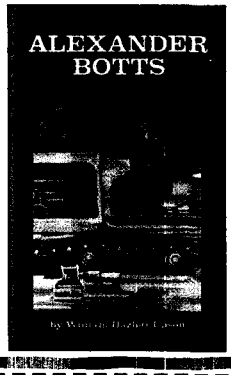

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I CALL ON JOHNNY CARSON

And here's Johnny at home, commenting on Oscar and Emmy awards, the "Tonight" show, the movie he'd like to make, and Ed McMahon.

by Pete Martin

Strange, oddball, unpredictable things have a way of happening on the night they give out the small modernistic golden figurines of a man with his hands clasped. Having him means being named the best this or the best that in the world of film making while the rest of the world watches.

There was the year when Ronald Reagan, then president of the Screen Actors Guild, introduced a reel of excerpts from earlier Oscar-winning features. "This film embodies the glories of our past and the inspiration of our future," Reagan intoned. The theater darkened. The hush deepened. And the film came on upside down.

Former model Joanna Holland became Mrs. Johnny Carson on September 30, 1972. The official announcement was made by Johnny midway through his show's tenth-anniversary party.

There was the night when a nude male "streaked" across the stage behind David Niven, who happened to be at the podium. This prompted Niven to remark, "It's too bad that probably the only laugh that man will get in his lifetime is stripping off his shorts and revealing his shortcomings."

When Oscar happenings happen, 70 million television sets in the U.S.A. tune in. Later, when there's been time to fly cans of TV film to 50 other countries, 200 million more viewers look and listen to the same goings on.

It requires no brains to realize that the ringmaster for what shapes up every year as a 20-ring circus must be unflappable. He must be a man so unfazed by the unforeseeable that he takes the weirdest manifestations of human behavior in his stride.

When the Board of Governors of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences faced the problem of finding such a man this year, their quest ended with Mister Unflappable himself, a man to whom the unpredictable happens every time he wanders out from behind the glistening ripple of stage curtains to emcee his own show. This man is Johnny Carson. His program is the "Tonight" show.

I knew all that when my phone rang one morning in my home in Chester County, Pennsylvania. A voice in Indianapolis asked, "Can you be in California at 10:00 on the morning of February 5 to talk with Johnny Carson?"

I didn't hesitate. I said, "Yes."

I didn't wonder why I'd been given the Carson assignment any more than I'd wondered why I was asked to call on Jimmy Stewart, Jim Garner, and Tony Randall last year—or Ali McGraw when she did *Love Story* or Robert Young when he was Marcus Welby. The fact that Carson was my next assignment didn't puzzle me. Almost every night I lie in my bed with a remote control in my hand and tune in on the "Tonight" show. After that I lie there laughing my fool head off at the monologue with which Johnny opens his show. I figured if I do that, millions of others must do it, too; that makes him a hot prospect for an interview.

The fact that Johnny had been this year's Oscar awards emcee made him even hotter. Before I'd flown to California, I'd put in a few hours in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*'s library studying clippings mentioning Johnny's name. I was lucky to be able to do that. Time was when I'd interviewed people for that paper's Sunday magazine. I don't do it any more, but the *Bulletin*'s librarian is very kind to me. The mental picture those clippings gave me of Johnny was wholly unlike the Carson I'd watched on my TV set at the foot of my bed. One set of clippings was a story about Johnny written by a girl from *Look*. She hadn't liked him. Then there was a *TV Guide* cover story about him. It made him seem prickly.

The *Look* writer put it this way: "Johnny is a master of the put-down. . .of withering with a glance . . .of the acid tongue retort. . . . He rarely consents to see the press. Off camera he is defensive, preoccupied, withdrawn, inept, uncomfortable with people. . . . Each of his short sentences turns on and off like an ice-cold water tap."

He must have changed 200 percent since those stories were written. Or maybe I'm just old lovable

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Pete Martin without a mean or bitchy bone in my body. I doubt that. I doubt it very much. I've written stories for the *Post* about Shelley Winters, Debbie Reynolds, Rock Hudson, and Mike Wallace that none of them liked. Shelley called me long distance to tell me what a four-letter word she thought I was. She was so angry she sputtered and I couldn't understand what she said. Rock didn't tell me what a heel I was for 20 years; then he sent his reaction through an agent.

The man described in the clippings I pored over in the *Bulletin* library was totally unlike the Johnny Carson I met in California and talked with in his home. When my taxi pulled up in front of his gate, he greeted me himself. He wore neat, trim tennis shorts. His face, which looks Irish to me, was split with the infectious grin I knew so well because of the hours I'd spent with it only six feet away from me.

On our way to his sitting room lounge I found the *real* reason I was there. A list of celebrity interviewers' names had been suggested to him; he'd okayed me.

"One of the first jokes I ever wrote had your name in it," he told me. "I was doing local television in the Midwest. I'd written a script for myself about one of those old film fan magazines. 'Take this one,' I said and held up one that looked Hollywoodish. 'Its lead article is "How Far Should Petting Go?" by Lassie as told to Pete Martin. Don't miss it.' That was about 25 years ago."

I told him I had come into his life a long time ago, too. I said I'd bet he couldn't remember when and how.

"Where did we meet?" he asked, puzzled.

I said, "You had a show in New York many years ago on which you gave a $50 prize to people who answered questions like, 'What was Washington's first name?' I said, 'George,' and came away with 50 bucks."

"Yes, I did a show like that called 'Who Do You Trust?' on ABC," Johnny said. "It was a comedy interview show done originally by Edgar Bergen called 'Do You Trust Your Wife?' When Edgar gave it up, it went to New York. I did it for five years. The idea was to get people to play silly games. That had to be sometime between 1956 and 1962, just before I took over the 'Tonight' show after Jack Paar left it."

"Do you know why Jack wept so easily?" I asked him with curiosity.

"I didn't know Jack all that well," Johnny said, "but he was a very emotional man. He took things personally. And he was super sensitive. He wore his heart on his sleeve, and if something bothered him, tears came. For Jack, weeping was a catharsis."

"Aside from featuring my story about Johnny Carson," I said, "my magazine is running a photograph of you on its cover. It's probably already at the photoengravers."

"They should have had the painting Norman Rockwell did of me a few years ago," he said. "The only problem is it's several years old. I got it on the eighth or ninth anniversary of the 'Tonight' show. I'm not sure people would recognize me in it now." (I made a mental note to call Indianapolis and tell the *Post*'s editors about that Rockwell as soon as I got back to my hotel.)

Rarely seen socially, Johnny claims he is embarrassed by public attention. He and Joanna make exceptions, such as occasional trips to the Wimbledon championships.

"One of the things I want to ask you is this," I told him. "How would you react to some of the things that have happened on the Oscar show? For example, take Vanessa Redgrave's political speech last year when some people in the audience booed her. What would you have done if you'd been the emcee?"

"That's hard to say," he told me. "I'd have to have been there to know. It's difficult to sit at home and know. If you're a host or a master of ceremonies, one of your jobs is to read your audience, to feel what kind of mood they are in and what their reactions are at the time. There were pros and cons about what she said. Some people felt she shouldn't have done it. I don't think anyone should use a show that's an industry show, whether it's the Oscar show or the Emmy show or the Tony show, as a platform for a political statement. That's not the place for it. Anyhow, I think I would have tried to handle it in a humorous vein. I might have said, 'I know just how you feel, Vanessa. I'm for the Eskimos' right to eat fish, too.' But you really have to be there when a thing like that happens to have a gut instinct as to what's right to say at the time."

"Suppose you had been the emcee when the naked guy flashed across the stage behind David Niven?" I asked him.

"I was watching that at home," Johnny said, "and the first thing I said to my wife was, 'Obviously he's not up for the best supporting actor award. He couldn't hold anything up.' That's what I would have said if I'd been there in Niven's place. But David

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handled it beautifully. He really did."

"One of the things I am curious about is why they picked you to emcee the Oscar show," I told him.

"I've done a lot of this kind of thing," he said; "I did the Emmy awards for three years. Or they might have picked me because of my experiences with the 'Tonight' show. Hosting that show, you find yourself in a lot of situations. It trains your mind to work fast. If you don't have a gift for ad-libbing, you'd better develop one.

"The Oscar awards is one of those open-end shows. It keeps going on and on until it is finished. That's one of the problems that a host finds it difficult to solve. It's so easy for the Oscar show to become overly long. More than two and a half hours is very long indeed."

I said, "Greer Garson made one of the longest speeches ever made on an Oscar show. How would you handle a situation like that?"

"You can't," he said. "They tell those who win to take only 30 seconds to say their thank-you's. But if somebody wins an award like an Oscar, very likely it's the only time in his life a thing that important will happen to him. So he gets emotional and he starts thanking everybody from the plumber to mom and dad."

"Do you remember the night when Marlon Brando refused to show up to accept his award? Instead, he sent an Indian girl dressed in a leather dress and a beaded headband as a stand-in for him."

"I even remember her name," Johnny said. "Sasheen Little Feather, I think. At least, that's what my memory tells me it was. I believe that's right."

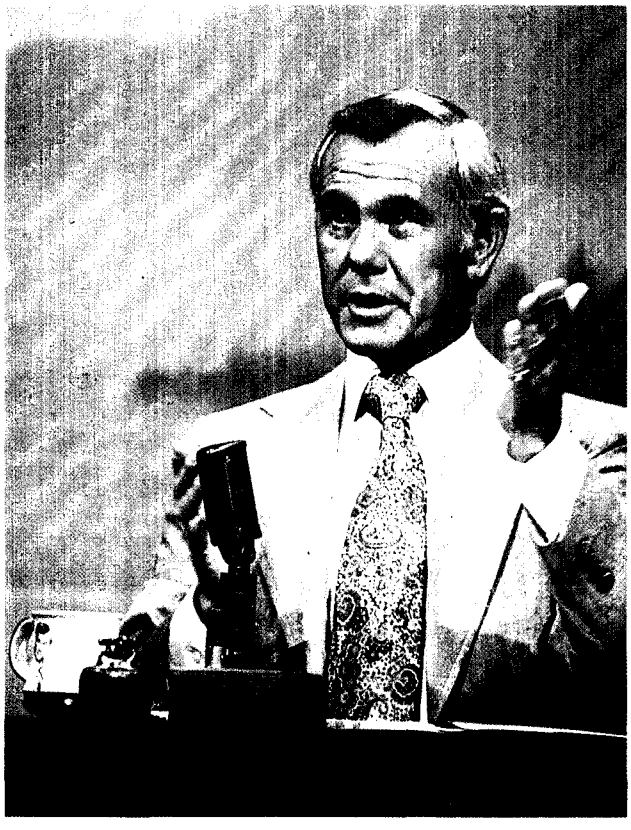
"What would your reaction have been to that?"

"Once more, I don't know from here," he said. "I'd have had to be there and get the feel of the situation. In a spot like that you work from the feeling you and the audience have at that moment. Things you might say if you watched it at home you might not say if you were there."

"Let's go back to the Emmy shows you've emceed," I suggested. "You must remember a couple of spontaneous ad-libs you delivered on those occasions."

"I'll have to think back," he said. "A line I did once on one of the Emmy shows that drew comments was about an appearance of the Johnny Mann singers. They came out and did a medley of what I call Grand Old Flag American songs, George M. Cohan-type things. They then saluted, and finished with a very large American flag unrolled on the stage. It seemed to me very chauvinistic and out of context in an Emmy show. So I told the audience I hoped they'd find war bonds on sale in the lobby, and if they did, please to buy bundles of them. I don't think Johnny Mann liked that, but the audience loved it. It needed a deadpan joshing."

Changing the subject, I told him, "This has nothing to do with Oscar night, but when you rejoined your 'Tonight' show last week after being away from it two or three times, I thought you were great. You had fresh material about Billy Carter and Lee Marvin. It seems to me you're better after a rest than when you work straight through night after night."



The show is taped between 5:30 and 7:00 p.m., with Carson seldom seeing his guests before they meet onstage. Notes prepared by aides alert Johnny to his guests' interests.

"Any performer's energy level is better after a rest," he told me. "My writers are fresher, too. They've had more time to think. When I was doing the show five days a week, it was tough to keep my energy level from dropping around Thursday or Friday. I got tired mentally, and when you tire mentally, you might repeat yourself if you're not alert and don't watch it. The trick in our show is to keep from being boring. If I didn't have time off to do mental and physical rebounding, I'd have quit the show five years ago."

"Somehow," I said, "I don't think of your show as a talk show in the same sense that Dinah's and Merv's and Mike's are talk shows. How do you describe your show?"

"It's comedy oriented," he told me. "It's entertainment. To me, a talk show is more like Bill Buckley's or Dick Cavett's—a straight kind of interview thing. We go more for humor. Not that we don't occasionally touch on serious subjects, too, but that's not what I feel most comfortable doing. I feel at ease just entertaining. I go out there to make people laugh. Although we interview people, I feel awkward with the label 'Talk Show.' We do comedy sketches and blackouts, and I do a monologue every night. So ours is more than just sitting there having a one-on-one interview."

"I think your monologue is the best part of the show," I told him. "Your line—'The President is having a bad year; he has an unbalanced budget and an unbalanced brother at the same time'—was a killer."

"If I didn't have the monologue to look forward

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to, I don't know what I'd do," he said. "It's about the only show on television right now that does a topical monologue every day. We can do it because our show isn't delayed. We tape our show the same day it's seen so we can work out of the morning newspaper stories. I can walk out there and talk about things like the Lee Marvin trial or Billy Carter's latest peccadillo. Once in a while, I might say something the audience might not be familiar with, but most people follow the news on television even if they don't read the papers. They know what's going on."

"How much of your monologue do you write yourself?" I asked.

"For the most part, my monologue is written by my writers. I edit it. I may add to it. I may even ad-lib during the monologue. But it's an everyday thing and no one person can sit down and write a good monologue every single day. I've got to have several good writers. So I can't take credit for the clever lines in my monologue. Of course, lots of times when I step out there, if something I say doesn't play, I go off in a different direction on my own."

"What quality do you look for in your writers?" I asked him.

"Writing comedy," he told me, "is, I think, the most difficult form of writing. To write amusingly you need a mind that works like Stephen Leacock's or P. G. Wodehouse's or Robert Benchley's. The one who does it best currently is Perelman and there's only one like him. They're rare. My writers not only have to be knowledgeable about what's going on, they have to have more than average intelligence. They have to know what's happening politically and socially in the country so they can write what I call observational comments on the human condition without coming on too heavy with it. Then, too, they have to be well read and be able to give the right visual concepts. I don't think we ever get vicious. We are pretty satiric sometimes, and once in a while we will do a line that's kind of a zinger. To me, a zinger is just as sharp as, but has less malice than, a stinger. I think you should be whippy with humor—like a fast ball with a curve on it—as long as you don't get cruel. I admire writers who can sit down at the typewriter every morning and knock out even 10 or 12 or 15 good lines. It's a tough art. Mine also know my style. They know how I'll deliver a certain line of theirs."

A favorite charity of the Carsons is SHARE—Share Happily And Reap Endlessly—which raises funds for the retarded. Here Johnny makes a clean sweep during a benefit performance.

"What kind of style?" I asked.

"I can't tell you," he said. "I really can't. I guess I do it by instinct and by editing. I suppose there is a certain irreverence in my humor. But when somebody asks 'How do you work?' or 'How do you describe yourself?', I find it impossible to do a self-analysis on it. Most comedians do what they do without trying to think it out. Analysis gets in the way."

"I interviewed Jack Benny once," I told him, "or at least I tried to. I found out that it was impossible to put his timing and his facial expressions on paper—and those two things were what made him a comic genius."

"Of course you couldn't do that," Johnny agreed. "Nobody could. I knew Jack very well. He was one of my best friends. Jack was a comedy actor. Not that he wasn't amusing. He could be very amusing, but basically that's what he was, a comedy actor. Over the years, he created a character known as Jack. He built up the image of a mythical tightwad trying to be perennially young. That happened over a period of many years through his work in radio and motion pictures. Jack was portraying that character all the time. You could write a situation for Jack because you knew how the character he'd created would react to what was going on around him. Also, Jack was a wonderful editor, the best comedy editor I've ever known. He knew exactly what was right for him. Jack gave everybody else the laughs. Very often he just sat back and was the butt of jokes. He was smart enough to realize that whether it was Phil Harris or his wife Mary or Rochester who was putting him down, it was always 'The Jack Benny Show' no matter who got the laughs.

"Of course, he wasn't that kind of person in real life. He was very generous and warm. With the concept of comedy he invented, he could walk out in front of an audience, look at them, say one word ('Well . . .'), and get a laugh. Nobody else could. You're right, Pete. There is no way to put that on paper. Groucho was more of a hostile, satiric type with a certain rhythm in his speech that was funny."

"When the Oscar award people offered you the job, did you give it some thought before you said yes?" I asked.

"I did a little," he said. "My concern was that, since it's a motion picture affair rather than a televi-

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sion one, there might be resentment that somebody not involved in pictures would be the master of ceremonies for their show. But they seemed to feel that basically Oscar night is a television show, so they wanted somebody who's used to doing television to handle it. Happily, there didn't seem to be any resentment over choosing me from the people in the business. (Of course, I had to realize that I couldn't be as irreverent about the Oscars as I have been with the Emmy awards; having been in TV for so long makes a difference.)"

"I didn't like it when Oscar night had four or five different emcees," I said. "It was less jerky when a man like Bob Hope kept things flowing."

"They tried multiple emcees with the Emmy awards a number of times," he told me, "but I've always felt that one person in charge could handle it easier and keep it moving better than having three or four emcees."

"I know people who say you're not naughty but raunchy. What does raunchy mean?" I asked him.

"I don't really know," Johnny told me. "Words like that have a double entendre; they mean different things to different people. What's blue and what's obscene and what's raunchy are a puzzle to me. I don't like the word 'blue.' To me it connotes a cheap, dirty joke. Not that, on our 'Tonight' show, we don't occasionally lapse over into areas that make people uncomfortable; I'm sure we do. But, if we do, we don't try to. I remember a few years ago in a TV drama they wouldn't let the actors say 'sexual intercourse.' It was a play about a husband and wife and he was having trouble with impotency and I think she said to somebody, 'Somehow we aren't able to have sexual intercourse.' The network found that abhorrent. I couldn't understand why they could say 'sexual relations' and couldn't say 'sexual intercourse'."

Johnny's opening monologue is written the same day as the show and isn't heard by Doc Severinsen or Ed McMahon until taping. McMahon has been Carson's sidekick for two decades.

"I guess saying 'having sex' is all right," I suggested.

"It might be," Johnny said. "It is only 'sexual intercourse' that seems to bother them. Somebody said in a recent issue of a magazine that Norman Lear and Lee Rich and some producers were talking about the problems of writing for television and they mentioned something that was forbidden on the 'Gunsmoke' series for 20 years. You could show cowboys going up to the second floor of the saloon to kill somebody, but you couldn't show them going up those stairs with a girl and going into a room. It was forbidden if they might be going up there to make a little love, but if they were going upstairs to blow somebody's head off it was fine and dandy. So everybody's definition of what's obscene or makes him uncomfortable is different. When I'm on the air, I try to edit myself and not say things I think people will find offensive. But I've discovered that no matter how careful I am, I can still say something that offends somebody.

"I made jokes about our show, like I'd say we give a great night light if you don't turn off your set when you have to go to the bathroom or 'Our show may be more effective than the pill when it comes to population control.' Somebody in the audience took offense at both those. I didn't think either one was blue or obscene but there were people who objected. I realize that television goes into the home for free. It's unlike motion pictures that people have to pay to go to see. If you watch it regularly, there are more violence and more sexual carryings on in daytime soap operas than there are in all nighttime television shows put together. In soaps, they talk about infidelity. They get into abortions. They get into homosexuality. They get into people sleeping with people and having affairs. But that doesn't seem to bother anybody.

"Still, television has grown up a little over the years. I remember when you couldn't say the word 'pregnant' even in motion pictures. Now you'll hear 'hell' and 'damn' on television. I caught George Scott in *Patton* on my TV set a few nights ago and he said 'bastard'. I think there might have been a 'son-of-a-bitch' in there, too. But they drew the line at a four-letter word meaning 'human feces'. They still do. I think that's right. I'm certainly not an advocate of the use of absolute freedom of speech in the field of entertainment. Nobody is for making a motion picture with people yelling foul words every other sentence. I've certainly never held any such view.

"Along with freedom comes a certain responsibility. You've got to self-edit yourself as newspapers do. Motion pictures should have license to do what they want to do because no one has to go to see them. You have to pay money to see one, and if you know that a movie is X-rated or R-rated, you don't have to see it if you don't want to. Television is different. It,

Continued on page 96

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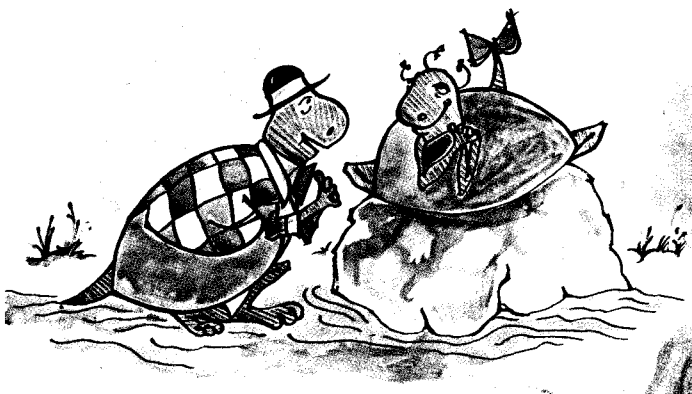
A WEDDING CELEBRATION

None is likely to forget that lovely evening when Paulette gave her love and gave her word to Terrance Alfred Turtle the Third.

by Nancy L. Wilson

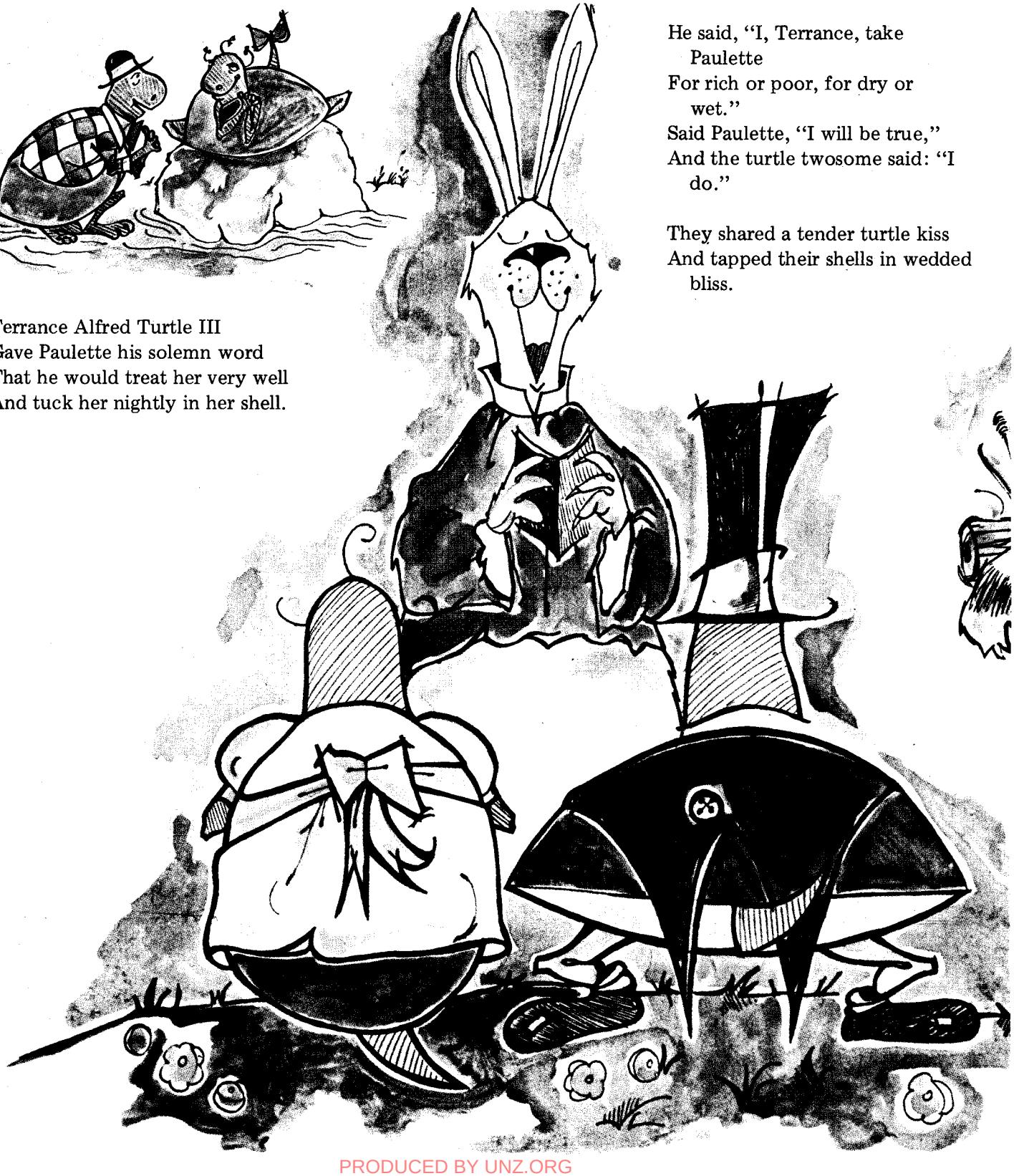
Illustrated by Nancy M. Olds



Terrance Alfred Turtle III
Gave Paulette his solemn word
That he would treat her very well
And tuck her nightly in her shell.

He said, "I, Terrance, take
Paulette
For rich or poor, for dry or
wet."
Said Paulette, "I will be true,"
And the turtle twosome said: "I
do."

They shared a tender turtle kiss
And tapped their shells in wedded
bliss.



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The moon came out from behind a
cloud
And shone its light on the happy
crowd.

The fireflies, there by
invitation,
Flickered wildly in celebration.

The bubbling brook played a
wedding tune,
And a song was sung by Ray
Raccoon.

Buster Beaver and his wife
Drank a toast to a happy life
For Terrance Turtle and his bride,
And Paulette Turtle's mama cried.

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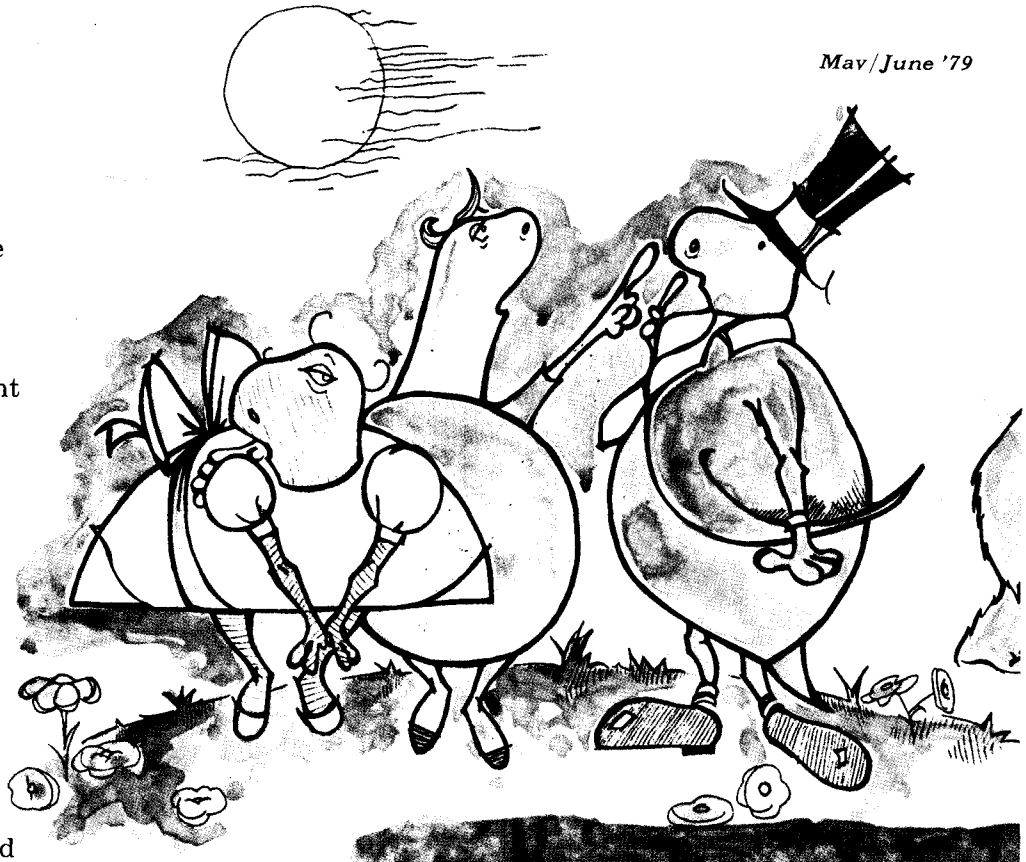
She warned young Terrance to be
good
And treat her baby as he should
(For never had a turtle daughter
Learned so well what Mama taught
her).

A lucky one was he to get
A bride as charming as Paulette,



And Terrance grinned and beamed
with pride
Upon his blushing turtle bride.

A daisy, plucked from the lapel
Of his handsome, scrubbed, and
polished shell,
He handed to his sweet Paulette
As they sang a turtle love duet.

And then the band began to play,
From treetops near and far away,
A symphony of nighttime sound,
With crickets joining from the
ground.

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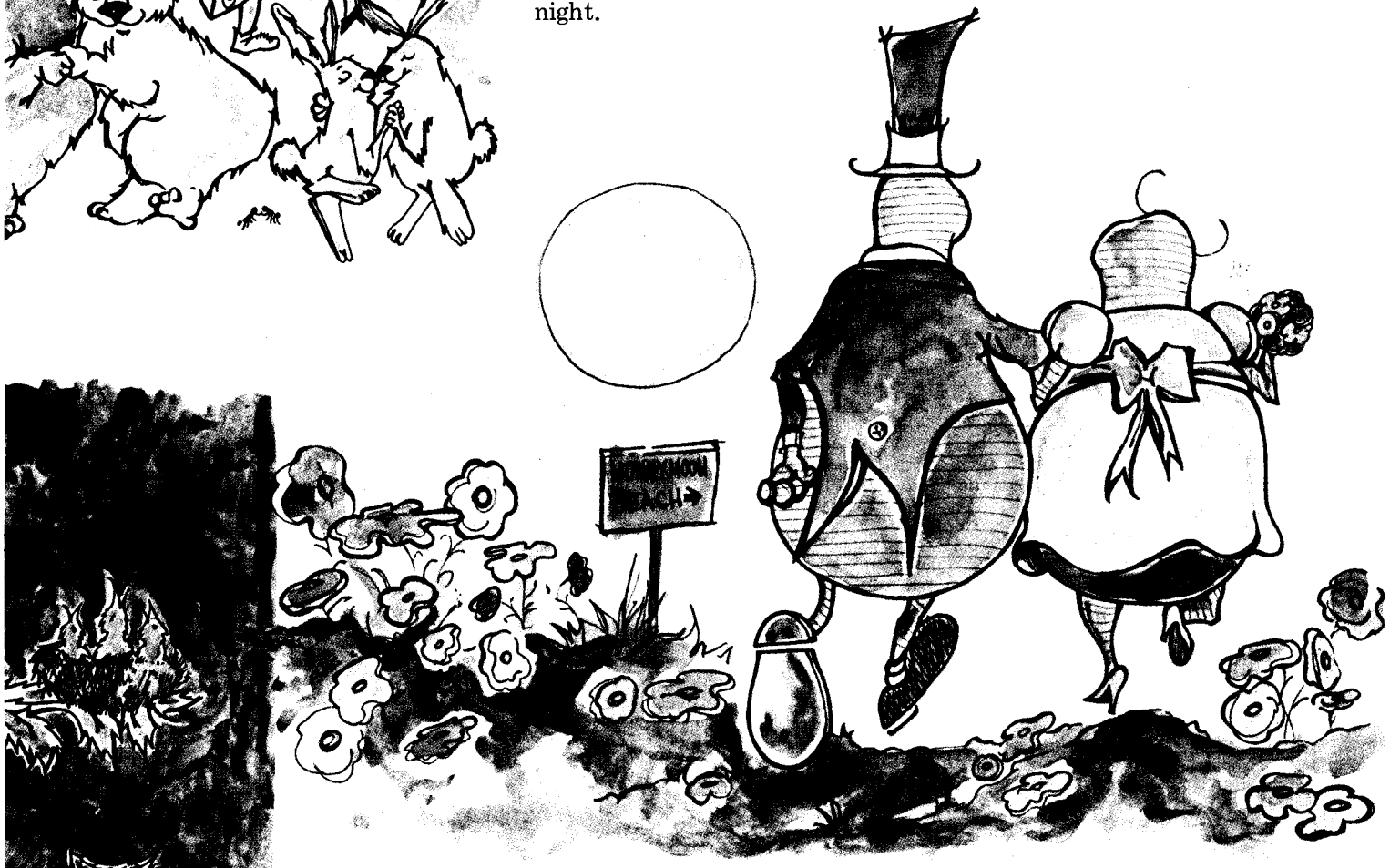
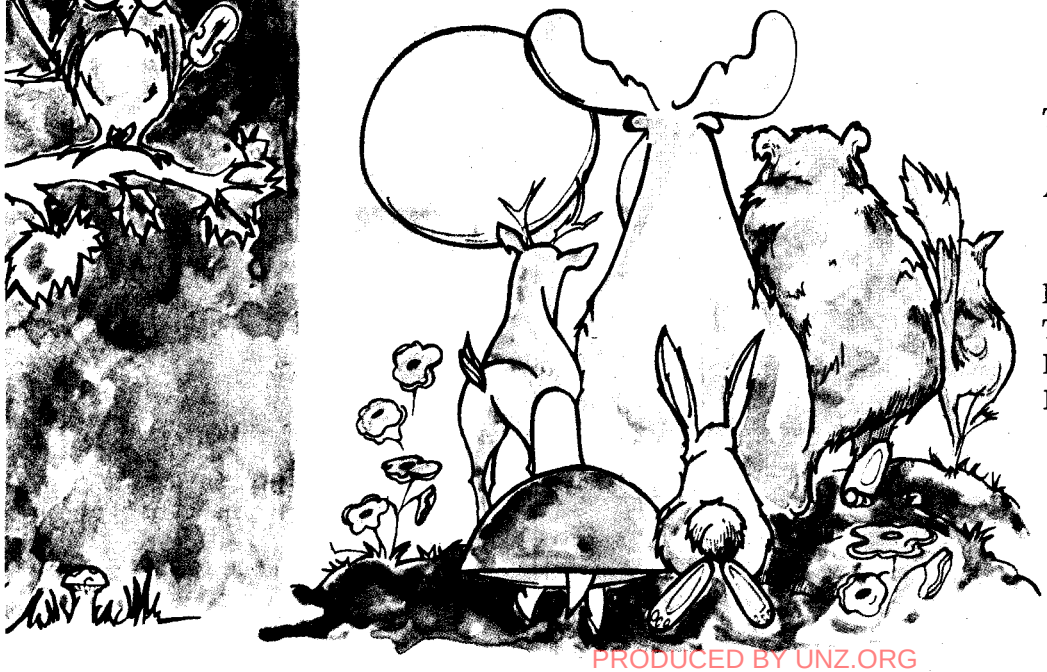
The rhythm of the riverside
Brought special guests from far
and wide
To share the joy of the happy
pair
And celebrate in the evening air.

The guests were served a dew
delight,
And dancing went on through the
night.

As the moon sank low in the
morning sky,
Paulette and Terrance said
good-bye.

They crept off on their honeymoon
To the private beach of Ray
Raccoon.





The music stopped with the rising
sun,
And the guests departed one by
one.

But none are likely to forget
That lovely evening with Paulette
For never had a turtle daughter
Learned so well what Mama taught
her.

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POST SCRIPTS

Coming Distractions

The teacher had asked her fifth-grade students to write a composition on the advantages of youth. One lad wrote the following:

"Adults are always telling us that youth is the happiest time of life—but I'm looking forward to the pleasures of adultery."

—Honey Greer

Road Scholar

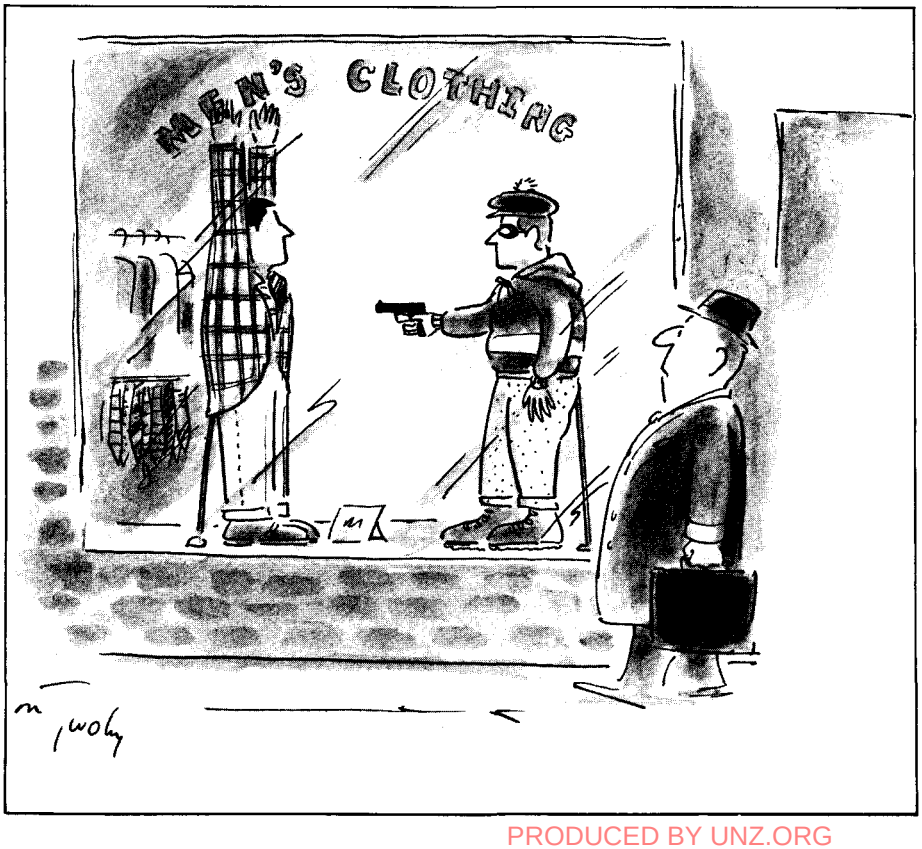
I'm a whiz on current events,
I know the politicians' names.
I'm aware of proposed controls
on rents
And the costs of Olympic games.
I follow busing and equal pay,
The plight of the lettuce pickers.
I'm informed on the topics of
the day:
I read bumper stickers.

—Carole Carter

The Buck Stops Here

When you see the new dollar being
minted this year,
Be ready for quite a surprise.
It's so newfangled, its edges are
angled
And 'twill only be half
of the size
Of the old silver buck they decided to chuck
(The cartwheel this coin
will replace).
And on the head, not a man, but
instead,
Is Susan B. Anthony's
face.
As this is the first time it's ever
been done,
There's something we'll
all need to know;
That is, as a lady now graces the
coin,
Do we call it a buck or
doe?

—Clem Neibel



Infer-National Nouns

A man and his wife were vacationing in Italy, with the husband translating the native tongue for his wife. At one point she asked him what *bella donna* meant, and he replied that it was Italian for "beautiful lady."

"That's interesting," she said, "because in English *belladonna* stands for a deadly poison." The husband pondered for a moment and said, "Yes, it's strange, isn't it? I never really noticed how much the two languages had in common before."

—Perry Cooper

Local News

It has been reported that yesterday a man was struck by a similarity between Jonesburg and Smithville. No doubt the councilmen of the two towns will meet to discuss what can be done about striking similarities before someone is seriously injured.

—Wesley Keltcher

Tommy's Touché

Tommy chuckled when the teacher read the story of a man who swam a river three times before breakfast.

"You don't doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?" asked the teacher.

"No, ma'am," replied Tommy, "but I wonder why he didn't make it four times and get back to the side where his clothes were."

—Lucille J. Goodyear

Wonder Wife

The question is: Was she a wife
With *rights*, now romance is
flagging.
She has incontestable proof
If someone saw her nagging.

—Russ Bedord

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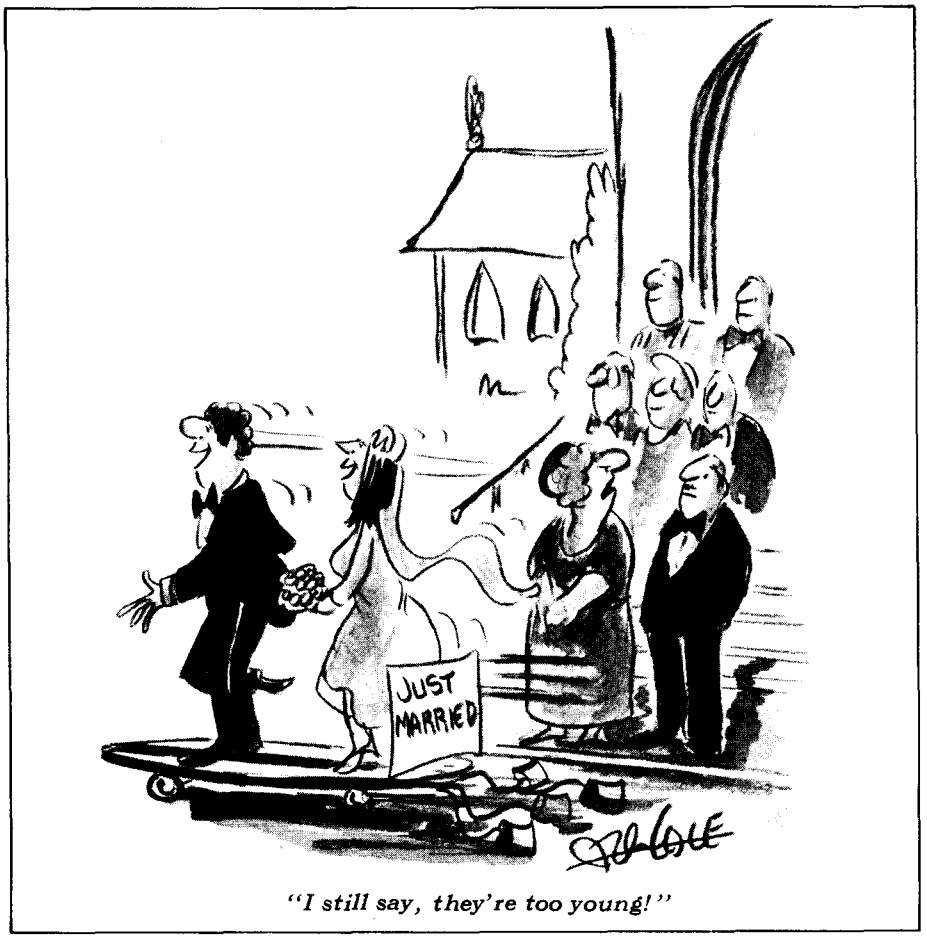

"I still say, they're too young!"

What Sweep Revenge

Three men boarded the Edinburgh Express in London and settled themselves in a small compartment. They were strangers, and none seemed willing to speak.

They rode in stony silence for about another hundred miles. Then one of the trio, a gentleman in his late 50's, spoke up:

"Name's Hathaway Parkinton-Jones. Brigadier General, Retired, Coldstream Guards. Married, two sons, both barristers."

The express roared on for another hundred miles before the silence was again broken. This speaker was also in his late 50's and was also the very model of a proper English gentleman.

"Name's Reginald Cooper," he said. "Brigadier General, Retired, Queen's Own Fusiliers. Married, two sons, both surgeons."

The third occupant, a nondescript little man, was not impressed with his fellow passengers. As though anxious to get it over with, he said, "Name's Jenks. Chimney sweep, retired. Single, two sons, both brigadier generals."

–Leonard J. McEnnis, Jr.

Rocking and Rollers

There's a new nightclub in town where the senior citizens like to boogie. It's called the *Slipped Disco.*

–Walton L. White

If the Shoe Fits

The driver stopped his car for the young, ragged-looking hitchhiker who was wearing only one shoe.

"Lose a shoe, son?" asked the man sympathetically, as the hitchhiker climbed in.

"Nope," came the grinning reply. "Found one!"

–Doris Dolphin

No Bones About It

The butcher in a meat market was weighing up a roast when his customer observed, "Say, you're giving me a lot of bone there, aren't you?"

"Oh, no, I'm not," answered the butcher. "You're paying for it."

–Henry E. Leabo

None Better

A youngster was visiting a young patient in a hospital out West. They talked about the routine at the Catholic hospital. "Why are some of the sisters wearing white and others wearing black?" the visiting boy asked.

"Well," came the reply, "the ones in white give you your medicine and the ones in black pray for you when the medicine doesn't work."

–Dorothea Kent

"He's a grouch and a hypocrite."

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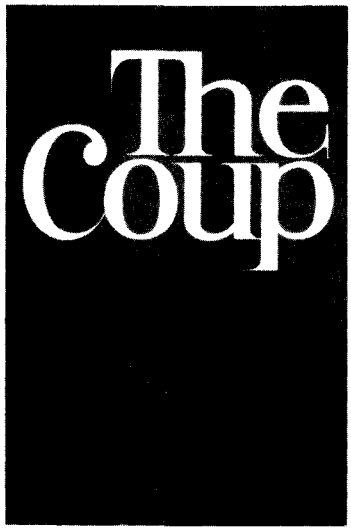
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

The Coup

by John Updike
Knopf, 299 pages
$8.95

by David Brudnoy

The geography of the mind is man's most vibrant, never more so than in the brilliant, imaginative literature that from time to time creates for our delectation some delicious landscape, some bizarre Oz or Wonderland, some loony race of beings just barely recognizable as our own, however peculiar in habit. To read John Updike's hilarious, mopey, acerbic novel, set mainly in the African "republic" of Kush, is to enter that territory of the supreme imaginative sensibility: For Kush is and at the same time is not quite of this world, and the genius of its creator is that it is at once a savage satire of contemporary Third World shenanigans and a morose reflection on human nature itself. Moreover, *The Coup* ranks easily with the handful of the best books of last year and, coming at its tail, is destined to delight finicky readers throughout the better part of 1979.



We are in the mind of Colonel Hakim Felix Ellellou, President "for life" of the former French African colony of Noire, renamed Kush, a land virtually immeasurable in the north, boasting a national airline, Air Kush, that consists of two Boeing 727's; a land that grows and exports wonderful goobers and makes practically everything from the marvelous baobab tree (which figures so centrally in St. Exupery's *The Little Prince*); a land ruled until the Revolution by the king, the Lord of Wanjiji, "whose physical body was a facet of God so radiant that a curtain of gold flakes protected the eyes of those entertained in audience from his glory; and this king, restored to the throne as a constitutional monarch in the wake of the *loi-cadre* of 1956 and compelled to abdicate after the revolution of 1968, has been all but forgotten." Kush is cursed by every imaginable disease and was blessed, our colonel tells us, by his rule at the head of the *Supreme Conseil Revolutionnaire et Militaire pour l'Emergence*, until—but the "until" unfolds in the telling and is best discovered by the reader, who will come to love and loathe our Marxist-Muslim dictator and enter fully into the life of his pathetic country in the space of the first few pages of the novel. Updike brings to his tale the reflections stored up after a three-week visit to Africa, a great deal of background reading about the "dark" continent, no doubt also a decade or so of reading the daily newspaper accounts of developments there, and, as expected by anyone familiar with his writings, a supreme imagination and a happily requited love affair with the English language. The story aside, the writing in this book has few equals in contemporary literature: It is gorgeous prose, as fully and satisfyingly convoluted as the best of Nabokov, but immediately accessible, which Nabokov's sometimes is not.

The problem—let us say The Problem—of Kush is that Kush is by fiat a nation but by history and circumstances more a state of mind, one of those colonies etched out on a map in Paris, then ruled as an afterthought by the colonial superintendants, and finally propelled into the modern world by the temper of the times. In short, Kush has no real reason for being, but it *is*, or rather, its like exists throughout the former colonial world. And in Updike's hands it becomes a kind of synecdoche for the whole former colonial world of almost-nations.

Tribalism coexists with ill-digested Marxism; Islam coincides with juju; frosted cereals compete for the natives' attention with the shifting appeals of this or that faction seeking power. Its leader, our colonel, comes to power by the grace of the king, then topples the king, and in due course, succumbing to the urgings of his mistress (who augments his Islamic stable of four legal wives), the president decapitates the king, the stolen head of whom winds up wired to tape recordings spouting new revolutionary thoughts programmed by the Soviets on behalf of their own candidate for national leadership. (It's all very confusing in the retelling, all crystal clear in Updike's tale.)

"A state such as Kush is too thin to be administered except by gestures," we learn from our narrator. "When we effected the Revolution we discovered a strange thing. There was nothing to revolutionize. Our Minister of Industry looked for factories to nationalize, and there were none. The Minister of Agriculture sought out the large land holdings to seize and subdivide, and found that most of the land was in a legal sense unowned. There was poverty but no oppression . . . . " Never mind, the Revolution would supply its own oppression, and did. Updike makes the case both for and against colonialism, both for and against indigenous rule—not, I think, from a desire to have it both ways but from a firm grasp of the impossibility of ever summing up the transformation of the primitive to the modern sensibility in most of the world's backwaters.

And who finds himself at the head of this muddled experiment in rapid transformation? The "most narcissistic, chauvinistic, megalomaniacal, catatonic schizoid creep this creepy continent ever conjured up," as his American wife Candy tells him in one riotous scene. This lover of the blacks, this Wisconsin maiden railing against her own society and making

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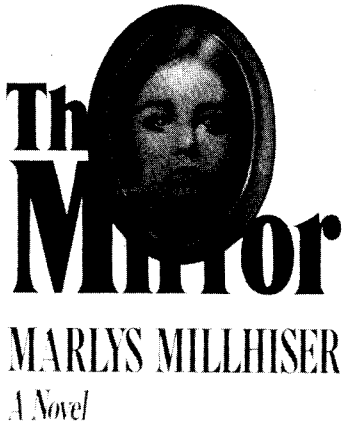
her defection concrete by running off with the young exile before he had a Kush to go back to, is Ellellou's personal alliance with the West, the only alliance with the despised West that he can or will permit himself. For in attachment to the West, Kush will be "X'ed out by Exxon, engulfed by Gulf, crushed by the U.S., disenfranchised by France—not only you, but your entire loving nation of succulent wives, loyal brothers, righteous fathers, and aged but still amusing mothers—all inked out, absolutely, without the merest flourish of compunction. In the vocabulary of profit there is no word for 'pity.' " And there you have it, or part of it: the indictment of the West, the motivating juice for Ellellou's engine of revolution.

And in Updike's Kush live and die, conspire and sacrifice, betray and befriend, the weirdest of the Maker's creatures, only (let us admit) slightly differing owing to color or language or faith, only marginally less civilized than those in the comfortable air-conditioned salons elsewhere: Man. Every venality thrives in Kush, and a few of the virtues, too, tenderly yet bitingly set down in masterly fashion. Kush: A nation so believable the U.N. should admit it to membership now. ☒

The Post Recommends

The Mirror
Marlys Millhiser
G. P. Putnam's Sons
$10.95

What happens when a young college coed of the '70s is transported mysteriously backwards in time to assume the body of a frontierswoman? Likewise, what occurs when the female pioneer is catapulted into the future to inhabit the body of the modern-day coed? The vehicle responsible for the switch is a grotesque antique mirror with obviously terrifying powers. The women in question are related—one the granddaughter of the other. The plot is generally engrossing, though occasionally incredible, particularly when the granddaughter gives birth to a child destined to become her mother. All this might have culminated in a chorus of "I Am My Own Grandma" if author Millhiser had not been clever enough to retrieve the story from its tailspin and guide it to a plausible ending. While the conclusion might tie the loose ends together a bit too neatly, the element of mystery remains intact. The mirror is passed from generation to generation, leaving readers with the notion that somewhere it is still playing its evil tricks on its current owner.



Beautiful Girl
Alice Adams
Alfred A. Knopf
$8.95

For her first collection of short stories, Alice Adams has gathered together 16 distinctly different tales which share a common theme of love. Affection between friends, passion between lovers, and the gentle caring between parents and children are explored with both sensitivity and honesty.

Although best known as a novelist (*Families and Survivors*, *Careless Love*, and *Listening to Billie*), author Adams is no newcomer to the short story form. Her work appears regularly in most top magazines and has been represented in every O. Henry Award collection for the past eight years. Additional honors include a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation and the National Foundation for the Arts.

Many of the stories reprinted in *Beautiful Girl* have a mournful quality about them. A young hippie girl tries desperately to hold on to a transient lover who insists on a "no strings" relationship. A spurned admirer returns after 20 years to discover the object of his long-ago love has become a pitiful alcoholic. A husband, realizing the intensity of his love for his wife only after she dies, spends his private moments imagining dialogue in which he professes his feelings to his departed spouse.

Such is the stuff of Alice Adams' short stories. By carefully selecting her words, using the weather to set the mood (dreary drizzle, intense heat, a soothing disguise of snow), she creates poignant situations which generally culminate in a gentle note of hopelessness. The final feeling left by the stories is not depression, but bittersweet resignation to reality.

The Pendragon
Catherine Christian
Alfred A. Knopf
$10.95

Camelot lives in this novel that merges fantasy with historical realism, magic with human frailty. Catherine Christian achieves a level of intensity hard to surpass in the old epic of Arthur, Guinevere, Merlin, and Lancelot.

The novel moves quickly, enhanced by artistic language and accurate accounts of sixth-century Britain, a dark and dangerous land struggling for identity. Characters we thought we knew suddenly appear as real human beings, complete with passions and flaws uncharacteristic of fantasy.

What might have been just another interpretation of the ancient epic of Camelot emerges as an intriguing, original history of ideas and men.

The Come-On
Margaret Yorke
Harper & Row
$8.95

For every mystery fan who thrives on just-the-facts-ma'am thrillers, *The Come-On* is sheer delight. Veddy British indeed, the story centers around a faded English spinster who divides her time between fetching tea for her ever-ailing mum and playing girl Friday for a partnership of stuffy doctors. One day, however, while cruising the countryside in her flivver, she becomes unintentionally involved in a murder. A sticky wicket results, too delicious to reveal. The only shortcoming of *The Come-On* is its length. Most readers will complete the 172 pages in one sitting and be tempted to start over rather than put the book aside.

As a special service, any book featured in "The Post Recommends" may be ordered by mail directly from the *Post*. Please include your name and address along with $.75 above the retail price (to cover handling and mailing charges). Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Mail to: SatEvePost Book Club, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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CORY SERVAAS, EDITOR
FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

A Nation of Laws

A friend of ours had the dubious distinction of being among those arrested in Moscow a year or so back. We greeted him with sympathy for having had charges "trumped up" against him. But no; he insisted he had indeed violated the laws of the U.S.S.R. He added that it was virtually impossible to exist in the Soviet Union without disobeying the law. We chewed on that for a bit and were chilled by the thought that with enough laws, some of which everyone must disobey, the police state can always punish anyone it likes. If the police can discriminate as to which laws to enforce and against whom, they are in fact placed above the law.

Time was when we thanked our lucky stars for America—a nation of freedom where a few just laws are enforced. This isn't true anymore. Our laws are becoming ever more numerous and complex; and where the law stops, the regulations of the various regulating agencies begin.

Enforcers' Choice

We are already at the point where advocates for illegal activities—for example, marijuana—see their opponent not as the lawmaker who made and could change laws, but the policeman who enforces them. In effect, they are saying many of the laws are foolish; it is up to the police to decide which laws are worth enforcing.

We noted last summer that Senator Lugar of Indiana bemoaned the laws surrounding political campaigns. He was quoted as saying, "Young Republicans of means have complex financial affairs. It is almost impossible to explain it all satisfactorily. For older Republicans of even more means it really is impossible." Senator Lugar is an upstanding, sober public official. He's a good deal smarter than most and has known right from wrong all his life. If he has trouble interpreting and living with federal laws, God help the rest of us.

Last year a doctor on the White House staff prescribed a drug for a young assistant. He had disobeyed local laws in that he had used a phony name on a prescription to protect the identity of the patient. The incident became national news, and the doctor eventually was forced to give up his job. In the swirl of reports in the press it turned out that a Washington reporter had witnessed the doctor partaking of illegal drugs at a Washington party. This was highly newsworthy and justifiably so. In fact, though, the social event had taken place several weeks earlier. Many Washington notables, including several highly placed members of the press, had used the same drug at the same party. Just so common and acceptable has violation of the law become. But notice the police-state element. The White House doctor had been living under a teetering rock. Once his number was up, reports of his other indiscretions came crashing down on him. We remembered our friend who had lived in Russia: "They can arrest anyone they want, everyone has done something against the law."

No End in Sight

A thoughtful person is bound to conclude that we have too many laws and that they are unevenly applied. All the while, the most liberal of our political thinkers are calling for more laws and regulations. Among those we have heard about recently are laws and regulations governing children's TV programs, medical facilities, protection of endangered plants—the list could go on and on. At the final extreme we could require government to collect all we produce and redistribute it. Often forgotten is that the government employees who would have to undertake these momentous tasks are mere mortals, like us, prone to mistakes and favoritism.

We are thrusting more and more power and responsibility into the hands of the executive branch of government. All the while, we complain about government getting too big and police becoming too oppressive. We have seen enough police states to know how stifling they are. It is time to perceive clearly that police states come about sometimes from the actions not of ogres but of well-meaning people who expect too much of government without assessing the cost. ☒

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Bully for Sears

Sears and Roebuck opened their corporate windows lately and shouted, "We can't take it anymore, we're confused." It's a fact of life that employers are heckled by abrasive, highly paid government lawyers about alleged discrimination on the basis of sex, race, or religion. Almost every company is confused and gropes through the thicket of federal regulations.

There are lots of government agencies in the act. It's not just the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC). There's the FTC, the Labor Department, the IRS, the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, and a host of others. The feds set employee quotas and give guidance for hiring women, blacks, Chicanos, and veterans. Those quotas may look fine in Washington—although federal departments have great difficulty complying with each other's regulations. In Peoria the quotas for makeup of the work force look absurd.

Every large employer knows that the regulations of the various agencies are contradictory and often pull in opposite directions. *A company the size of Sears can't abide by one set of rules without breaking another set.*

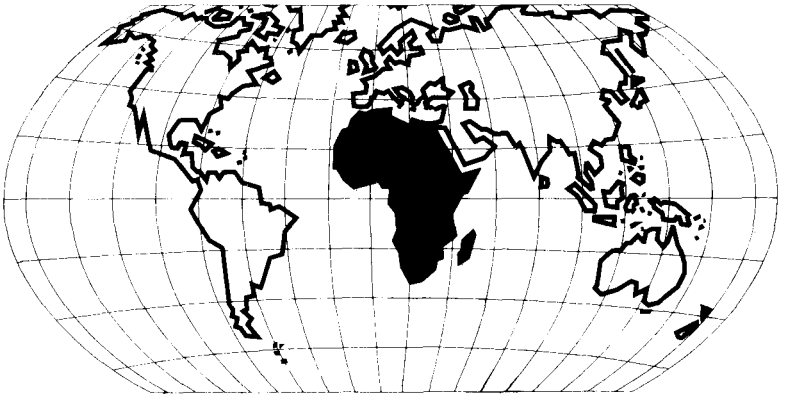
These artificially set quotas for the makeup of the work force have little to do with real equal opportunity. Common sense says that the best qualified should get the job. A rule like that is easy to enforce and is in the best interests of the employer and the employee. It avoids the silly, like requiring that half the refrigerator delivery men be women.

Routinely, government bureaucrats have been taking on the "biggies" like Sears and AT&T. Frequently there's an out-of-court settlement and some group is compensated a bit for being mistreated in years past. The company passes these costs on to the consumer. Indeed, this government heckling doesn't hurt the company too much as long as the competition is heckled equally. All of us pay for this nonsense except the flourishing bureaucracy in Washington.

It would have been easier for

Continued on page 138

The melting pot of international politics



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Voice in the Earphones

continued from page 61

the July day when it happened.

The other passengers confirm Shorty's story of what happened. They were well out of Denver toward Kansas City when the stewardess opened the door of the pilot's compartment and stepped into the passengers' part of the ship. She was as white as her blouse, they said. She sat down unsteadily beside Shorty in the front seat. Apparently only Shorty heard what she said. She pointed to the front compartment.

"My God, see what's in there!" she gasped, and fainted dead away.

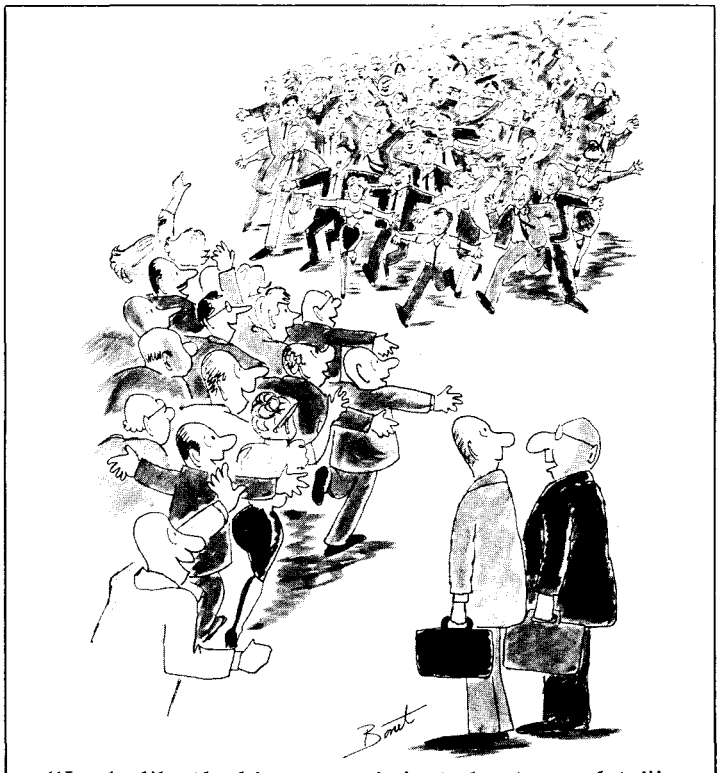
Shorty himself didn't know exactly why he did what he did in the next few minutes. Why he took the stewardess's keys and went into the pilots' compartment, instead of giving the stewardess first aid, is something that could be explained only in terms of some larger pattern of which that act was a part. The important thing is that he did go through the door forbidden to passengers. He locked the door behind him and looked along the passageway, which he had never seen but which Bill had seen so often, past the radio equipment, past the baggage compartment, to the cockpit where pilot and copilot sit surrounded by windows and instruments.

At first he comprehended only that there was something vaguely wrong with what he saw. It came to him slowly that there was no pilot and no copilot, and no hand was on the controls, and no eye was watching where the ship flew.

Still slowly, like a man lifting an unknown weight, he mastered other details: one pilot stretched out on the floor, the other slumped down behind his seat. Shorty touched them, fearing he might be touching dead men. He listened to their hearts. He propped them up, then stretched them out and poured water from a vacuum bottle on their faces. You have read the story in the newspapers, of course, and you know that pilots and stewardesses were suffering from a violent attack of food poisoning, from a lunch they had eaten before flight. But Shorty did not know that. He knew only that both pilots were unconscious, and he could not revive them, and he was alone with the controls of a transport plane high above Kansas.

The sensible thing, he admitted to himself, would be to go back and see whether a doctor or a pilot was among the passengers. He tried to weigh the possibility of there being a doctor or a pilot against the possibility of panic if there was none. And partly because of that judgment, partly because he was at last where Bill had sat on so many flights, he decided not to go back to the passengers—not for a little while.

He sat down in the pilot's seat, trembling, but not with fright. This thing with the little steering wheel on the end must be the "stick" Bill had mentioned so often. There was one for each pilot, and two pedals like clutch and brake in front of each stick. He tried to see how many of the dials and switches on the instrument panel he could identify from hearing Bill talk about them. One he was sure of—down at the lower left center, a handle marked *Automatic Pilot*. He judged that was what was keeping the plane level and straight. Things would be all right until the gas gave out. Here was the radio headset. Acting on a sentimental little impulse, he put on the earphones and picked up the microphone Bill must have addressed so often.



"Looks like the big merger is just about complete!"

Bill would have said something professional like "Pilot to tower," he knew, and given the flight number and position. But the only thing Shorty could think of to say, in a high, embarrassed voice, was, "Hello there. Hello, Kansas City."

Nothing happened for a minute, and then a voice came into his earphones. He felt like a boy caught playing with forbidden toys. But the voice was calm and matter-of-fact. "Hello, old fellow," it said. "Been wondering where you were. Anything wrong?"

Shorty thought at the time that the voice would be engraved in his memory like chisel cuts in stone, but later he had trouble describing it for me. The radio didn't leave much color in it, of course, and it was like any other airways voice—flat, calm, sparing of words, the kind of rhythm men develop from dealing much with elements and refusing to get excited over mere man-made things. All afternoon Shorty kept trying to identify it with some person he knew, but not quite succeeding. It was a friendly voice, for all its impersonal quality. It invited confidence. And before Shorty really thought about what he was doing, he was pouring the whole story of his situation into the microphone.

When he stopped, there was a long, low whistle from the earphones.

"My kid Bill ought to be here," said Shorty. "He was a flier."

"Yes, I know," said the voice. Then it was silent so long that Shorty said anxiously, "Hello?"

"Well," said the voice thoughtfully. It took a long time to say, "Well."

"What shall I do?" asked Shorty.

"If I were you," said the voice, "I'd fly her into Kansas City."

"But I don't know how," said Shorty.

"I'll teach you," said the voice.

"You'll do what?" gasped Shorty.

"Put your hands on the stick and your feet on the pedals," said the voice. "Don't be afraid. They won't bite."

Shorty swore to me that is what happened up in the plane. That is how he came to do what he did. He says he didn't feel frightened at first; he felt foolish, like a man on a quiz program. Then he wondered how soon he would wake up. It took a long time, Shorty said, before the reality of the situation swung around in his mind and hit him like a fist.

And by that time the voice in his earphones had taken over and wasn't giving him a chance to be frightened.

"Don't be scared of the instrument board, either," said the voice. "You won't need most of the things on it.

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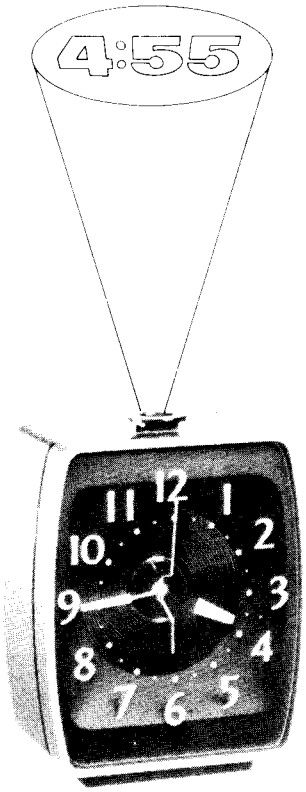

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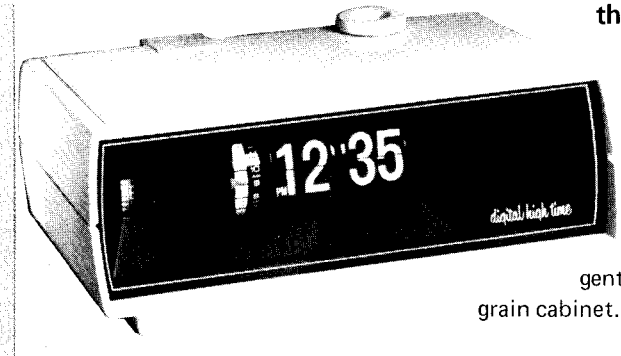

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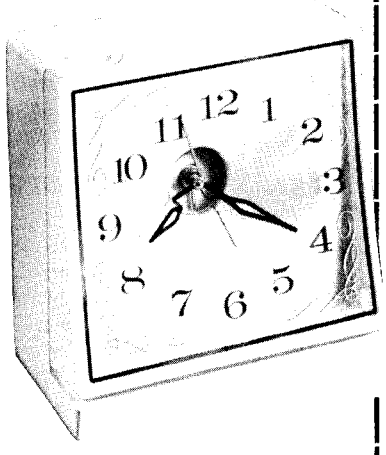

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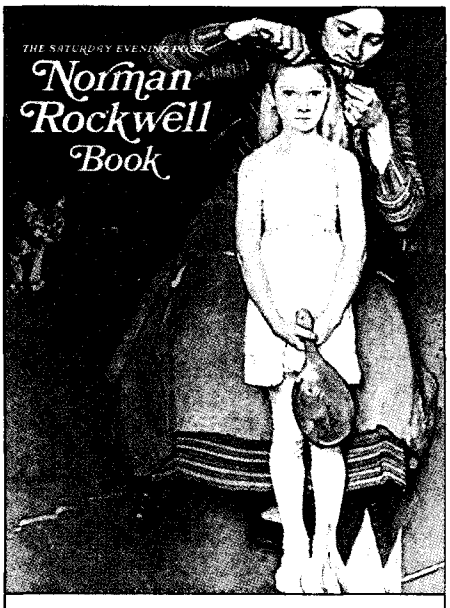

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They're luxuries. See if you can find a dial marked *Altimeter* and tell me what it says."

"Eight," said Shorty.

"That means 8,000 feet," said the voice. "Now look for a handle marked *Automatic Pilot*."

"Here it is," said Shorty.

"Turn it to *'off'*."

"Take off the Automatic Pilot?" gasped Shorty.

"Sure," said the voice. "You're going to learn to fly this crate, aren't you?"

Shorty's hand shook as he took off the Automatic Pilot. The left wing dropped slightly.

"Keep the stick center."

The wing went up.

"How did you know?" asked Shorty incredulously.

"Everybody does it the first time," chuckled the voice. "Now let's try a few things. Landing's simple, but you'll have to know how to bank. Let's try a left bank first. Put the stick a little left and a little forward. Push the left pedal a little. Just a little."

Bill had talked about that, Shorty remembered. He had said that the pedals worked just the opposite of a bobsled crossbar.

The big ship came around. Shorty took one hand off the stick and wiped something wet out of his eyes. In that instant he understood more of what flying had meant to Bill than ever before.

"Level it off," said the voice. "Press the right pedal a little. Stick back to center. Pull it back a little to put the nose up. How was it?"

"A little jerky," said Shorty.

"You probably lost some altitude, too," said the voice. "That's because you didn't keep your nose on the horizon."

"My nose?" asked Shorty.

"The plane's nose. Now let's try another left bank." The voice seemed to hypnotize him into it, Shorty said. "Now another," it said. "Better? . . . You know," said the voice, "you might fool me and come in on the other side. Let's try a right bank. Just the opposite. Right pedal, and so on. Come on, now; let's do it."

"That was pretty bad," said Shorty. "I remember, Bill said a right bank seemed harder than a left one at first."

"That's right. Now let's practice another one."

"What do you suppose the passengers think?" asked Shorty.

"What they don't know won't hurt them. Are you flying along the railroad tracks now?"

"Pretty close."

"East or west? Look at your compass. Top of the instrument board."

"East."

"Good. How are you at glides?"

"I never tried one," said Shorty.

"Better try two or three. About all there is to landing is a good long glide. Push the wheel a little forward and try one. Not too far forward. What does the altimeter say now?"

"Seven and a half. Does that mean 7,500?"

"Yes," said the voice. "Now look around and find the switch that lowers the wheels. You'll need that."

Shorty said he surrendered himself to the voice like a man floating downstream. What it told him to practice, he practiced. What it told him to push and pull and press, he did. Once there was a prolonged pounding on the door behind him. "Shall I open the door?" he asked the microphone.

"I wouldn't," said the voice in the earphones. "Why take a chance? You can fly this job, Pappy. You don't need help."

That was one of the sweetest moments in Shorty's life.

"They told me I was too old to learn to fly," he confessed. "They even kicked me out of the Kansas City airport."

"They won't today," said the voice.

Shorty said he wished he had a 50¢ cigar. That was the first moment in his life when he had felt like smoking one.

As they flew on across Kansas, Shorty said he got a kind of physical pleasure out of living he hadn't experienced for 30 years. His senses seemed peculiarly alert to the blueness of the air above him, the sweep of the Kansas plain, the wind waves in the wheat and prairie grass below him. He saw another plane, headed southwest along the distant horizon, and felt the warm sense of brotherhood that ships feel at sea. Bill had told him about that feeling, but he hadn't understood it.

He even began to feel like talking—more so than he had ever felt with anyone except Bill, when Bill was a boy. With his customers, with the few neighbors he knew, he always tried to say as little as possible and to cover up his awkward English and his funny accent. This fellow talking into his earphones actually seemed to want to hear him talk. Shorty told him about himself, and about Bill, and about some of the things he could see from the plane. When he saw what looked like wheel tracks curving across the prairie, it was the most natural thing on earth to ask the voice what they were.

"That's the old Santa Fe Trail," Shorty's earphones said. "That's the road they took before there were railroads. They went to the old Spanish cities in Mexico and brought wagonloads of goods home to sell. That's one of the most famous roads in America."

"Why, that's what I do," said Shorty, becoming excited. "That's how I do it. I

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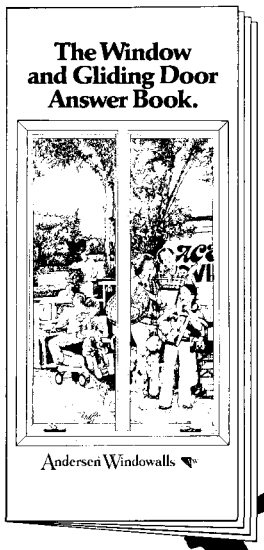

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get the stuff down south and bring it up here to sell. I used to sell it in wagons, too. Can'aloupes and wa'ermelons and frooze." Unconsciously he dropped back into the old immigrant English.

"Sure," said the voice.

Impulsively, Shorty told about the quarrel with Bill and how sorry he was that Bill's last words had been spoken in anger.

"I don't think Bill held any anger at you," said the voice.

"How well did you know Bill?" asked Shorty.

"Pretty well." There was a little silence, and then the voice asked, "How do you feel, old fellow?"

Over to the north was the yellow River Kaw, and the Lawrence hill was rising out of the endless plain. The hill, crowned by shining university buildings, had always seemed very high and insurmountable to Shorty. From this angle it looked different.

"You're going to take her down now, old fellow," said the voice. "You're going to make a good landing. Your kid Bill would be proud of you."

Shorty said that was the last time he felt any indecision about it.

"Better start to lose altitude now. Take her down to 2,000. Slow. Plenty of time. Slow. . .slow."

Shorty pushed the stick forward. . .slow. . .slow.

The smoke of Kansas City was on the sky, and the taller buildings were beginning to separate from the horizon. When Shorty first saw the field he wondered how a plane could hit anything so small, but when he approached it a second time with motors throttled down as far as they would go, landing flaps down, wheels reaching for the ground, he felt a great surge of strength and knew he could do it. He banked around, feeling all the firmness and power of the ship as it turned into the wind. A sea captain's phrase went through his memory—"a taut ship"—and he knew suddenly what that meant.

In that instant, too, he understood something else about flying: You fly, the plane doesn't. Or at least there is a time of merger when you and the plane become one and fly. He wondered how often Bill had felt this same oneness with his plane. He felt very near to Bill at that moment, perhaps closer than ever in life. It was almost as though he and Bill were one.

Then he was steering into the white stripe of the runway, pulling back the stick little by little as the voice in the earphones told him to, cutting the airspeed, trying to bring the tail down level with the nose, trying to hold the wings level, knowing that the next ten seconds would tell whether it was a good landing or a crash.

Even in those seconds he remembered a plane he had once seen overrun a field and stand awkwardly, with nose buried in a swamp and tail high in the air, until everything above the ground burned away. Bill's plane.

Then the wheels hit the ground. The left one hit first—left wing low, he guessed—and the plane gave a great awkward bounce, turned a little off the runway, and settled down. Shorty cut the ignition and let the ship roll. He didn't feel up to taxiing it. After it stopped rolling, he put his head down on the stick and closed his eyes.

When the field attendants rushed out in their little cars to bawl him out for not taxiing to the landing apron, his first impulse was to crouch down, so they wouldn't see him, or try to vanish in the crowd before anybody saw who he was. Then he remembered some things that had happened during the afternoon, and he sat up straight.

The attendants saw his civilian coat in the window and stopped growling and were silent in astonishment. And then he had his little moment of triumph. Little Shorty Frooze who sold cantaloupes. Little Shorty who was kicked off the airport because he was a nuisance. He sat up as straight and tall as he could. He leaned out the window and spoke to them in what he imagined to be the authoritative voice of an airlines captain.

"We have sick men aboard," he said. "Take care of them before you touch anything else in the plane."

And that is all of Shorty's story except one very important incident. When they had shaken his hand and snapped his picture, he said he wanted to go to the tower to thank the person who had helped him bring in the ship. They laughed at the joke, and then saw he was in earnest.

The airport manager took him aside a moment. "Mr.—er—Frooze," he said, "you know, don't you, that we've been trying to contact your plane all afternoon? Nobody in the tower has been talking to you."

Well, you explain it. What happened in the blue air over Kansas I have told you just as Shorty told me. It doesn't seem possible that he could have imagined it all. On the other hand, it doesn't seem possible that he could have remembered enough from Bill's old aviation chatter to bring in that plane without help. Shorty swears someone was talking to him, and he thinks he knows who it was. I don't for a moment believe it was who he thinks it was, but strange things happen. And the important thing, after all, is what Shorty thinks, because he has stopped grieving over Bill now, and walks with his head up, and doesn't hide from people, and looks at the sky with the squint of a flier. ☆

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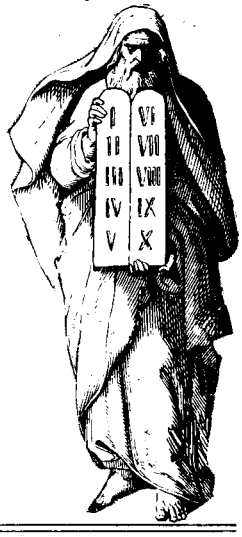

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Johnny Carson

continued from page 79

like newspapers, comes into the home. So they both have to have standards about what's permissible and what's not."

"What you tell me about soap operas in the afternoon interests me," I said. "I'd have thought that your being on late at night when children are in bed would give you more freedom."

"Being on from 11:30 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. does give us a little more freedom," he agreed. "The truth is I have very few problems with the network about what we can do. I've been in television so long I police myself instinctively. What's more, I think we do a pretty good job at it."

I said, "To me you look better when you stand up there doing your monologue than you do when you sit down behind your desk."

"People have kidded me about the way I stand," he said. "Maybe I picked it up from my parents who told me 'Stand up straight' when I was a kid. I don't know. It's just the way I feel comfortable when I stand. I have more freedom when I'm not behind my desk. I can use body language a little."

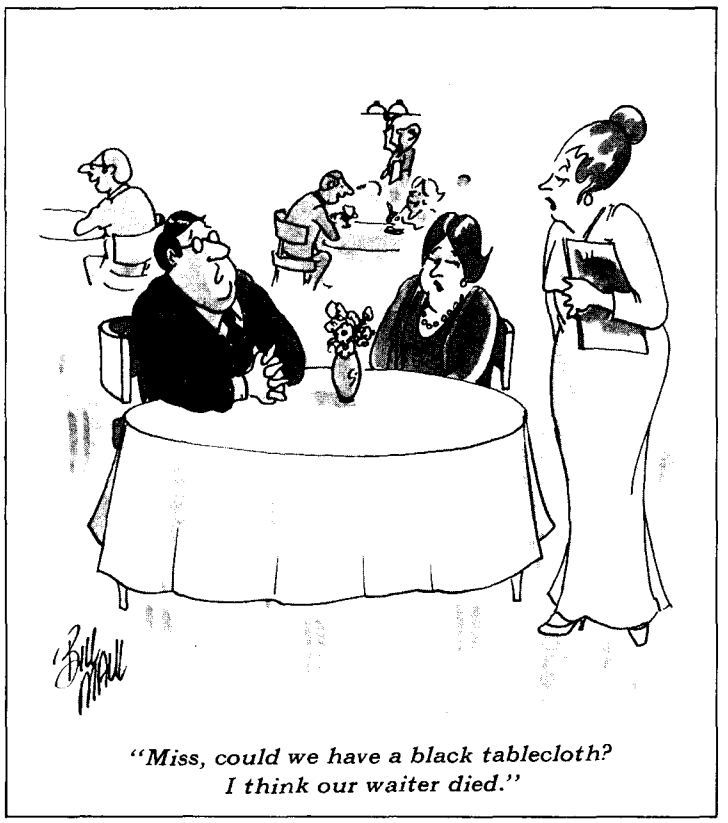
Speaking of body language reminded me of something. "What's that little golf stroke gesture you make at the end of each of your monologues all about?" I asked.

He grinned; then he said, "I don't know how that started. I guess I did it years ago at the end of a monologue when I had just taken up golf. Then it got to be a habit. I don't play golf any more, but one night when I finished up on TV, I made a little swinging gesture and somehow it became an identifiable tag meaning my monologue was over."

He changed the subject himself this time. "I've enjoyed your stuff for many, many years," he told me. "I used to have a *Saturday Evening Post* route when I was a kid. I carried them in one of those white canvas bags. What did it sell for in the late '30s . . . 10¢, I think?"

"I don't remember," I said, "but I do remember fighting with my sister over who could read it first when it reached our home. By the way, why did your show move to California from New York?"

"The main reason, Pete, was this. We started coming out here from New York for a couple of weeks two or three times a year to do our show. Then we started making four trips west of three weeks apiece. The next thing we knew, we were doing three months a year in California, because the facilities were here to do our show. I hate to use this because it's become a cliché, but the entertainment coming out of New York, especially in television, is not what it was 20 years ago—not the same quality. There were lots of shows emanating from New York then. Mighty few now. To simplify the reasons, we found it much easier to function out here as far as our show is concerned. If I say, 'We want to do a sketch tomorrow and I need a certain thing built for it,' they can go right across the hall and build it. We didn't have those facilities in New York when we worked there."



"Miss, could we have a black tablecloth? I think our waiter died."

"Do you think up the various characters in the skits you do?" I asked.

"I've been doing some of them for years," he told me. "Somehow they've just grown. Take the old lady we call 'Aunt Blabby.' I was doing her in Omaha in 1949. She played a variety of roles. She'd arrange flowers. She gave lectures on how to set a table. When I got older myself, I played her a little older. My Carnac character I did years ago in a daytime show for KNXT in Los Angeles. We called it our 'Backward Quiz.' He'd give the answers first and then the questions. Our other characters, like Floyd R. Turbo, the redneck who usually takes the wrong side of any argument, developed out of me sitting around one day with my writers and just talking. That's the way our characters usually start. Then I try to figure out how to play them.

"The trouble with our skits is our time is so limited. We never have the rehearsal time you get on a weekly show. And when I say 'rehearsal' that's a loose word. There's so little time for run-throughs. We stick a skit together; then we'll do it once or maybe twice in the afternoon. That's all the rehearsal time we have . . . ."

"Have you ever been in a movie?" I asked.

"With the schedule I'm on with the 'Tonight' show, the longest period I've ever had off was three or four weeks. People send me lots of movie scripts but you can't make a movie in three or four weeks. Movies would have intrigued me more 20 years ago than they do now, but I'd still like to take a crack at one."

"It could be a challenge to you," I said.

"That's the only reason why I'd do one," he agreed. "Anyone can make a movie and everyone does. A lot of them are terrible. Making movies is a very rough thing to do. You don't know after you have made a movie if it's any good. What I get in television that you don't get in movies is immediate feedback. I go on at night and get the audience's reaction right away. I know whether I am good or bad in a second or two. When you make a movie, your audience is nobody except the camera crew. If you're making a movie comedy, you can't tell whether it's funny until after it's pieced together and edited and the music is put in and it's released to the public. Even then you may have to wait six months to find out whether you have a winner on your hands or whether you should have gone to the toilet instead. We're going to have good nights on our 'Tonight' show and we're going to have nights that are not so good. We even have some nights that seem brilliant. The only rule we go with is whether it holds up over a period of weeks or months. Based on that yardstick, we do all right."

"I like Ed McMahon very much," I said. "He must be a good guy and he's very loyal to you. But it seems to me that sometimes his laugh is almost too loud."

"He doesn't mean it to be," Johnny told me. "Some people think Ed laughs because he's supposed to. The truth is he has a very deep and a very hearty laugh

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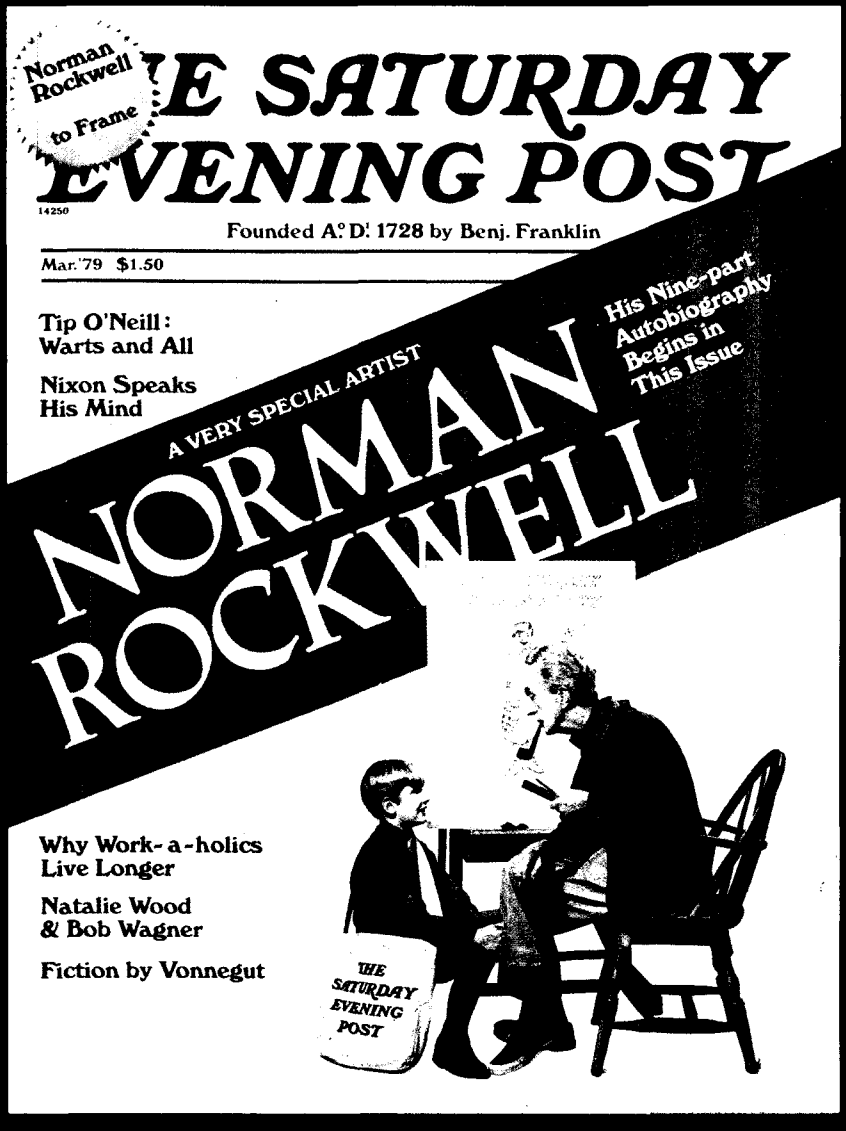
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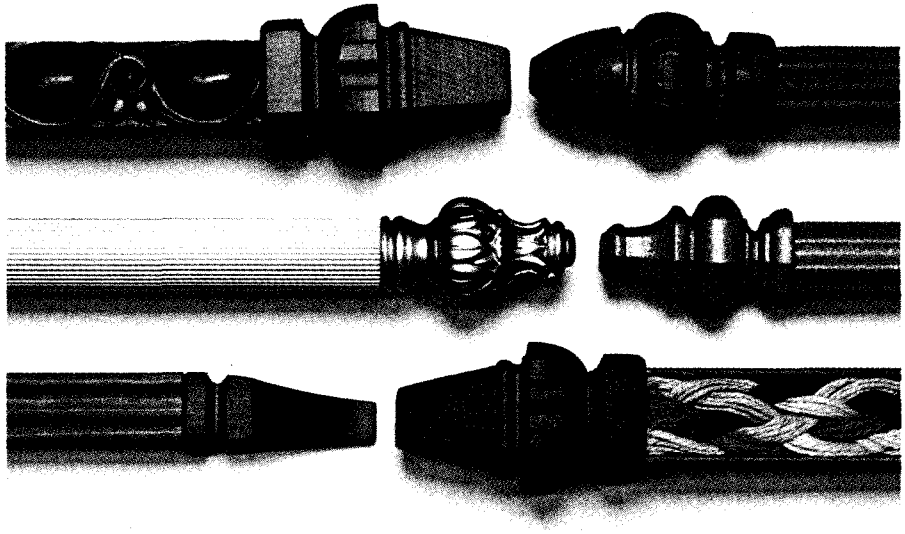

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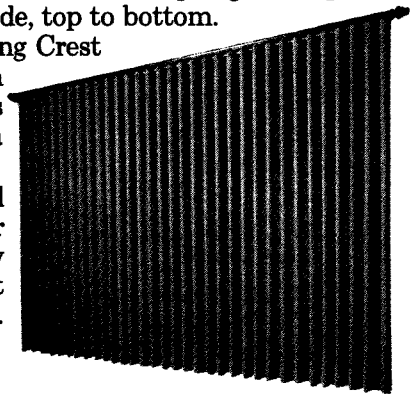

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naturally. It booms out of him because we've worked together so long that we enjoy each other. He has a good time with what's happening. Most of the things we do, he hasn't seen, so his is a natural reaction. Ed has been accused of laughing at things just to make me a good audience. That's not true. He doesn't often hear any of my stuff until the audience hears it, and he never sees my monologue. For that matter, the producer never sees my monologue either until I walk out from behind the curtain and do it. Nobody sees it except myself and my writers."

Reaching over, I flicked off my recorder. "I've plenty of material," I said. "My trouble will be what to throw out."

"Someone once said, 'It's easier to give a long speech than a shorter speech'," Johnny told me. "Anybody can get up and talk for an hour. The trick is to get up and talk for 10 minutes and say something."

I said, "For years I've noticed that almost every year somebody has said, 'I give Carson about two more years.'"

"They've been saying that for 10 years," he said. "Maybe 12. I don't know how long I'm going to keep on. But if I don't do what I'm doing, I'll stay in the entertainment business. I already do a certain amount of concert work. I play Las Vegas a few times each year, I play the Keith Center in Toronto, and I make a few other personal appearances. And I'd like to write a book about my experiences. I think it would be interesting if I sat down and put it all together."

"If you do, don't forget me," I told him. "If you need a helper in your corner, I'm available. In the meantime, how do I go about calling a cab?"

"Don't bother," he told me. "I'll run you back to your hotel."

Walking toward his front door, I noticed an elaborate set of drums. If Gene Krupa could have seen them, he would have drooled. In his living room, my eyes were caught by some of the best artwork I've seen outside an art gallery. There was a tremendous Degas painting. There was a better Sisley than I'd seen anywhere else. Heading doorward, we passed a telescope so big, so professional looking it would have taken care of the needs of the University of Virginia observatory when I was a small boy in Charlottesville. Johnny patted it affectionately as we passed it.

When he dropped me off at the Beverly Wilshire hotel, the doorman knew him and said, "Hi, Johnny." Johnny "hied" him right back. I beat it to my room to call Indianapolis and tell the *Post* about Norman Rockwell's Carson painting. Then I sat there thinking about the man I had just left. I'd liked him before I'd met him. I liked him even more now. I thought of the

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predictions of failure made for him over the past 12 years by members of the press whose beat is covering show business personalities. It was clear to me that his insistence upon keeping himself "a very private person" annoyed them. It was also obvious that they had shown their disapproval of his attitude by predicting, "We give Johnny Carson and his show two more years . . . maybe less," and by thinking of disagreeable adjectives for him like "defensive, withdrawn, uncomfortable with people."

The catch is that each "It's too bad about Carson" forecast had been followed by figures telling how many million more sets are tuned in on him each year and how much more generous his network was in paying him for his yearly stint. With each gloomy look-see at Johnny's future, those figures grew larger.

The way I see it, Johnny and his show can go right on being on tap for your entertainment and mine as long as he wants to stay in there swinging. I don't claim to be able to look into other people's minds, but it's obvious that Johnny enjoys doing his show even more than others enjoy seeing him do it. As long as he gets such a large charge out of it, the chances are it will give audiences a bang, too.

He'll know when he stops doing that before his fans know it. Then he'll call it a day and play tennis, beat his drums, look through his telescope, exercise in his gym—or even make a movie. ☆

Envy the Entrepreneur

continued from page 59

my research, every single one had used a consultant at one time or another.

Entrepreneurs seldom rely on internal people for major policy decisions because they conclude early that employees have an ax to grind. Outside financial sources are even less common sounding boards. They are too conservative. They say "no" most of the time. So entrepreneurs prefer outside professionals, including other entrepreneurs, consultants, professors, or other successful businessmen.

13. Entrepreneurs are best as *doers*. While entrepreneurs are not poor managers, because they eventually succeed at accomplishing tasks through other people, they all have difficulty delegating responsibility. The basic reason for this failing is their outstanding ability as doers. Entrepreneurs do best not by maximizing capital but by maximizing their own talent. Managing money and making financial bets are not as much to their liking as finding market niches or exploiting new technologies.

14. Entrepreneurs are *moderate risk-takers*. Contrary to popular belief, en-

Continued on page 105

Get Carried Away

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When I Busted Out

continued from page 65

cause my prospects were better. Not that she wasn't an awfully nice girl; she just made a mistake. After a while her mother and two brothers and sister came to live with us.

When the first draft call of World War I was sent out, I was declared exempt. I don't remember why; maybe, with all my wife's relatives, I had too many dependents. Still, I felt guilty, so when the authorities organized a harbor patrol in New Rochelle to guard the approaches to Fort Slocum, a big enlistment center, I joined up.

Headquarters of the harbor patrol was an old bug-infested yawl anchored in the middle of Pelham Bay. One night a week I would report to the yawl with my friend Clyde Forsythe, the cartoonist. Our captain would assign us to a rowboat loaded with rifles and pistols, and we'd row with muffled oarlocks about the bay, listening for the swish and clank of German submarines surfacing. All we ever intercepted was a rowboat carrying two women on their way to cheer up the boys at Fort Slocum.

In the daytime, of course, I stuck to my easel. The papers were full of war news, and every headline suggested an idea for a cover. "*French Population Cheers Doughboys*"—I did a magazine cover showing a little French girl inserting a poppy in an American soldier's buttonhole. "*Sergeant Awarded Croix de Guerre, Bussed by French General*"—I painted a startled doughboy being kissed on the cheek by a French general. Four other illustrators read the same news item and did covers on it. When four magazines came out in the same week with covers of a French general kissing a doughboy, everybody called up everybody else and threatened to sue.

I was pretty well satisfied with myself, knocking out covers and illustrations for the *Post*, *Country Gentleman*, *Leslie's*, *Life*, and *Judge*, enjoying my fan mail, and making quite a bit of money. Then, one day in June 1917, I decided it was my duty to enlist. The doctors at Pelham Bay Naval Enlistment Headquarters rejected me because I was 17 pounds underweight for my height and age, so I caught a train to New York, to try again at an enlistment center at City Hall.

The yeoman who weighed me there had been a student at the Art Students League. "You've overdone the starving-artist bit," he said. "We'll have to talk to a doctor."

He led me into a dark little office and explained my problem to a doctor who was sitting with his feet up on a desk and smoking a cigar.

"How much under is he?" asked the doctor, looking thoughtfully at my nakedness.

"Seventeen pounds," said the yeoman.

"Won't do," said the doctor. "We can waive ten pounds but not seventeen."

The yeoman glanced furtively around. "How about the treatment?" he whispered.

"He don't look big enough," said the doctor in a reflective manner.

"I want to get in," I said, shivering as chill drafts ran up and down my bare legs. "What's the treatment?"

"Bananas, doughnuts, and water," said the doctor. "You eat seven pounds' worth, we waive the other ten pounds, and you're in." He pulled open a file drawer. It was filled with bananas and doughnuts. I eased onto an icy chair, my teeth chattering. The yeoman drew a pitcher of water at the wash basin in the corner. The doctor heaped bananas and doughnuts around it. "Go to it," he said.

I began to eat and drink. After a while I staggered to the scales—five pounds to go. So I ate some more and drank some more. The doctor's cigar went out. The yeoman watched me intently.

"I'm going to burst," I said. "I'd better quit."

But the doctor and the yeoman had now adopted my enlistment as a personal cause; it wasn't just one sailor more or less, it was their battle against the Kaiser and all his forces of darkness.

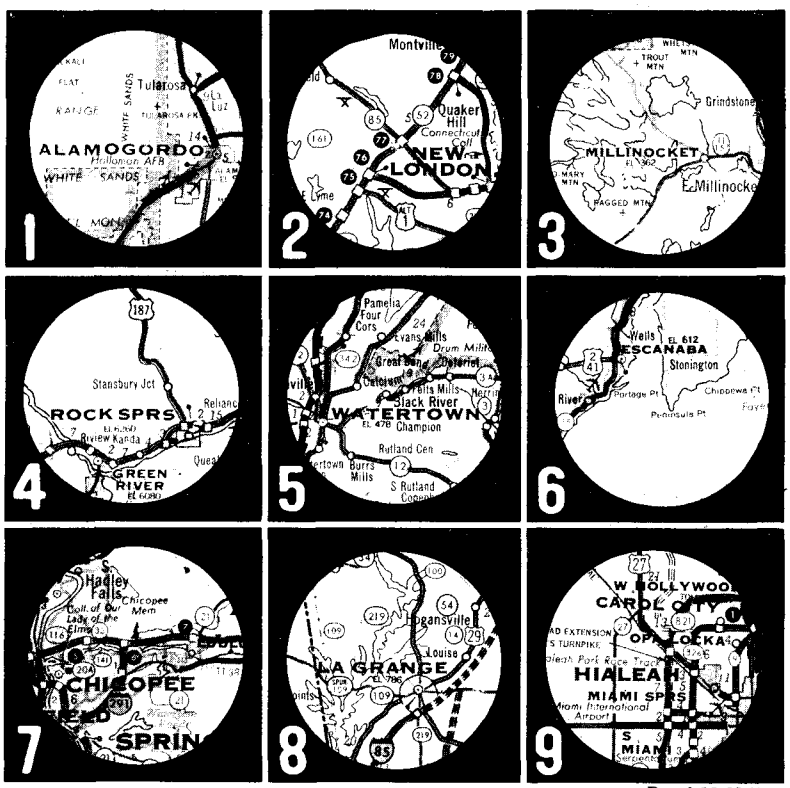
"Come on," said the doctor, peeling a banana, "four more doughnuts, and bananas, and more water."

I stuffed. And stuffed. And stuffed. The yeoman weighed me again. "We've won!" he shouted. I could hardly walk; the seven pounds of doughnuts, bananas, and water sloshing about in my stomach threw me off balance. But I managed to struggle into my clothes and totter home.

A few days later I was ordered to report to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where I would embark for the base at Queenstown, Ireland. We sailed that night, but a warning that German submarines were lurking off the coast brought a change of course. The next morning we docked at Charleston, South Carolina. Flu was raging through the camp; men were dying every day. Being shorthanded, the authorities assigned new arrivals to guard duty and burial squads. I got a piece of both.

Guard duty was cold, damp, and frightening, but uneventful. I just

Cont. on following page



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 110)

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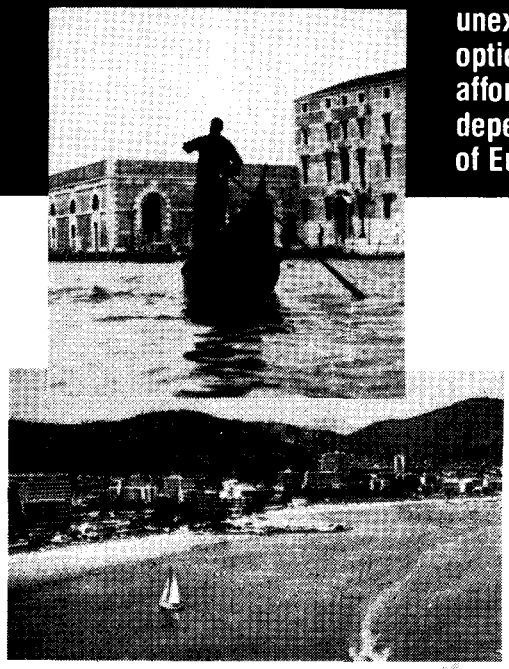

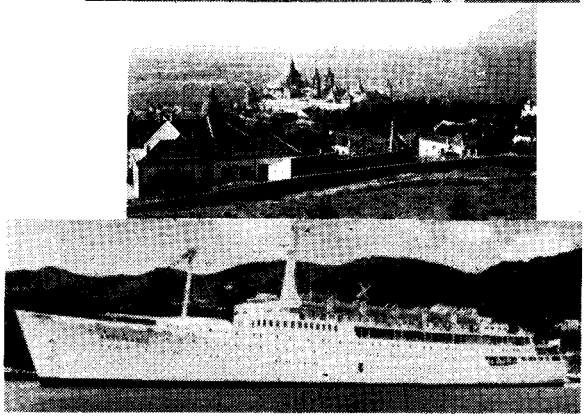

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stood in a mud puddle for four hours, scared of snakes, Germans, and my fellow guards, who would shoot at anything that made a noise. At dusk 12 of us were issued guns and marched off to the cemetery, behind a wagon laden with rough pine coffins. As each one was lowered into a grave, the officer said, "Readyaimfire," and we fired—bangety, bang, bang, bang . . . bang. That last bang was me; I hardly knew the butt of a rifle from the barrel.

The next day I was assigned to the camp newspaper, *Afloat and Ashore*, to draw cartoons and make layouts two days a week. The rest of the time I could do my own work, as long as it was in some way related to the Navy. I painted a *Post* cover of one sailor showing another a picture of his girl, and a cover for the humor magazine *Life* of a group of smiling soldiers, sailors, and marines. I drew countless portraits of officers and enlisted men. Of course, doing portraits of officers made my life less complicated. If I wanted a pass to town, I'd just ask one of my sitters. He could hardly refuse; I might have elongated his nose or weakened his chin.

A few months later all the men in special services were alarmed to hear that a new commander had been appointed to the Charleston Naval Base. A sailor named O'Toole was discussing the situation with me one afternoon when the studio door was flung open, a voice yelled "ten-*Shun!*" and in walked the new base commander, a big, handsome, beefy-looking fellow in dress uniform. His smartly dressed wife accompanied him.

"Carry on, men, carry on," he said. I went back to work on a portrait, and O'Toole fussed with a pile of old canvases in the corner. The new commander looked at the portrait on my easel, asked about my work, and left. O'Toole said that the new commander could be "got round," but the wife worried him.

The next day I was transferred to the commander's personal staff and went to live on the U.S.S. *Hartford*, which had been Admiral Farragut's flagship during the Civil War. Now it was moored in Charleston harbor as the official headquarters and residence of the commander of the Charleston Naval Base.

The *Hartford* had been refurbished since its fighting days in Mobile Bay. A grand, red-carpeted staircase swept down to a ballroom decorated with hand-carved scrollwork. The staterooms, which were officers' quarters, were hung with velvet tapestries. I shared a plush stateroom with a tenor and O'Toole, whom I had placed as chauffeur on the base-commander's staff by drawing a portrait of the ensign in charge of transportation. When the commander entertained visiting dignitaries, the tenor sang and I displayed my work before the assembled guests.

I soon learned that one of my jobs on the *Hartford* was to paint portraits of Captain Mark St. Clair Ellis and his wife, who was very wealthy. I did two portraits of Captain Ellis, one in uniform and one in civilian clothes. All his ribbons had to be just so. He wanted his eyes to have just the right sparkle—lively, but dignified and stern.

I was just finishing the second portrait when the false armistice burst upon us. Everyone knew the real thing wasn't far off, and most of us applied for a discharge. To prevent a stampede, the Navy ruled that no honorable discharges were to be granted. All leaves were cancelled, too.

Well, I wanted to get out real bad. So I told Captain Ellis that the only place in the country where truly beautiful frames could be bought was Knoedler's in New York. "I can pick out just the right ones," I said, "big, ornate, gold-leafed. They'll make the portraits look marvelous."

He sent an aide to look up the rules on discharges. The aide reported that under the temporary order prohibiting honorable discharges, there were only two ways to get me out of the Navy at once: a dishonorable discharge or an "inaptitude" discharge.

"Give him that inaptitude thing," said Mrs. Ellis.

"Good heavens!" said Captain Ellis. "He can't go through life with an inaptitude discharge! What'll his friends say—that he's a moron?"

"Don't be silly, Mark," said Mrs. Ellis, and she worked at him until he consented.

On November 12, 1918, one day after the real armistice, I was discharged as unable to adapt myself to the duties of a "Landsman for Quartermaster" in the United States Naval Air Reserve. My service record reads: *Discharged with Inaptitude Discharge. Rockwell is an artist and unaccustomed to hard manual labor. His patriotic impulse caused him to enlist in a rating for which he has no aptitude. Moreover, he is unsuited to Naval routine and hard work.* And below this is the terse comment:

I concur in the above statement.

(signed)
NORMAN ROCKWELL

The next day I visited Knoedler's in New York and asked them to ship three of their gaudiest frames to Captain Mark St. Clair Ellis at the Charleston Naval Base. Then I went home to New Rochelle, kissed Irene, and rushed out to

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

Recently one of our very young puppies fell into an abandoned 20-foot well. By some miracle he was unhurt and, as the well was dry, our only problem was to get him out.

We were afraid to climb down the well because of the possibility of a cave-in. So we lowered a shallow basket on a rope, hoping he would climb in and we could pull him up. The basket just scared him; even when we put food in it, he ignored it.

Finally we thought of a way to get him into the basket and complete the rescue. Can you guess how we did it?

We put one of the other puppies in the basket and tied him securely so that he couldn't get out. When the basket was lowered, the puppy in the well immediately crawled in with his brother and was hauled to safety.

—Mrs. John T. Smith.

The Post pays $100 for authentic contributions to this department. All must be typewritten. Only those accepted will be acknowledged, within a month. Where several contributors relate similar experiences, payment will be made for the first received which meets editorial requirements.

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look at my studio, which occupied the upper floor of a garage on Prospect Street. I fumbled my key into the lock, pushed open the door, and there it was, all 25 by 30 feet of it. My studio! I was home again.

My first thought was for the art directors. I hadn't seen any of them for over a year. Did they remember me? Would they give me work? I have never practiced the art of gentle bribery with art directors—entertaining them at expensive restaurants, sending them gifts at Christmas. Still, after a year in the Navy, I felt that it would do no harm to be especially nice. I had been out of circulation a long time. Besides, it was about time I raised my prices.

So I invited one of the art directors to dinner. Irene and I were living then in the smaller half of a two-family house. After we had finished dinner, the art director, Irene, and I sat in the living room, which Irene had fixed up prettily but simply. I gave the art director a cigar. Puffing away, he surveyed the room—the armchairs covered in gay prints, the sideboard with its modest display of silverplate, my pipe rack—a comfortable, unostentatious room.

"Well, Norman," he said, "now that I see how simply and inexpensively you live, I don't agree that you should ask such a high price for your work. It's not necessary. You don't need it. Don't corrupt your little home with riches."

It was a long while before I asked another art director to my house for dinner. *I'll entertain the art directors out*, I thought; *it'll be safer.* I reserved a table at Bertolotti's, a fashionable Italian restaurant, and then bought tickets for the bald-headed row at the Ziegfeld Follies.

Accompanied by George O'Connor, my brother-in-law, whom I'd asked along because I didn't really know how to give someone a good time, I met the art director at Penn Station. I'll call him Mr. X. He was a tall, handsome fellow, and well turned out.

At Bertolotti's our guest rapidly drank absinthe toasts to me, George, his editor, his magazine, the President of the United States, the Statue of Liberty, and "the grand old flag." George and I took it easy with whiskey highballs. When we left the restaurant Mr. X was apparently under control, though he did abuse the waiter over the amount of the check (I paid, of course). Then, during the first act at the Follies, he left his seat. A few minutes later an usher ran up to me and whispered that I'd better come to the foyer because my friend was in trouble.

I found Mr. X struggling with two policemen and shouting for justice, justice, justice! One of the policemen told me that X had accused the men's-room

Continued on following page

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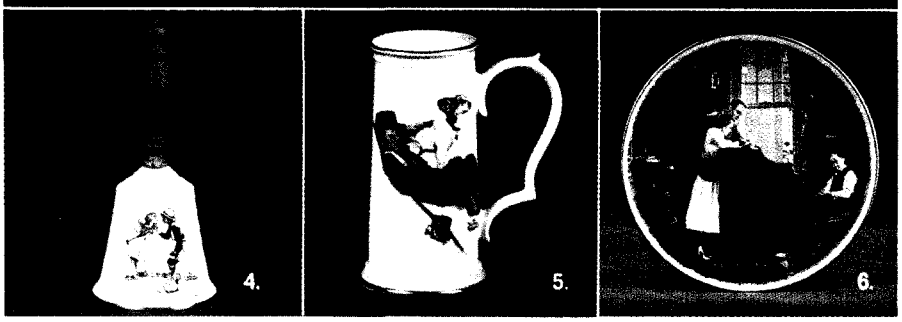

4. Rockwell 1979 "Love's Harmony" Bell, an Annual Collector's Edition, reproduces his "Beguiling Buttercup" painting. 8½" high. $24.50.* **5.** Rockwell 1979 Stein reproduces "Adventurers Between Adventures," from an Annual Collector's Edition. 8" high. $27.50.* **6.** Rockwell Wedding Plate depicts "The Marriage License" scene, each plate individually numbered. Diameter 10½" $27.50.*

*All prices suggested retail, subject to change without notice.

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GORHAM ORIGINALS IN STERLING, CHINA, CRYSTAL

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attendant of stealing a $20 bill out of his pocket. When the attendant denied it, X knocked him down and jumped on him. The policemen wanted to put X in jail, but I said that I could take care of him.

George and I dragged X down the street to a restaurant to get him some coffee. When we put him in the revolving door of the restaurant he sat down, braced his feet, and refused to move. Nobody could go in or out. A crowd gathered.

"Break the door down," a man yelled. He shook his fist at X, who didn't budge.

It was a long while before I asked another art director to dinner and the theater. I had a reason. I decided that I would let my work speak for me. If it deserved a high price, I'd get it. If it didn't, I'd take a lower price.

I've never had an agent, partly because I want to show my work to the buyer, so that I can see directly what he thinks of it. Showing your own work can be hard on shoe leather and sensitivity, but I think it's the best way. That's how I got my first cover assignments from the *Post* in 1916. At first I dealt with the art editor. Later on he introduced me to the big boss, George Horace Lorimer.

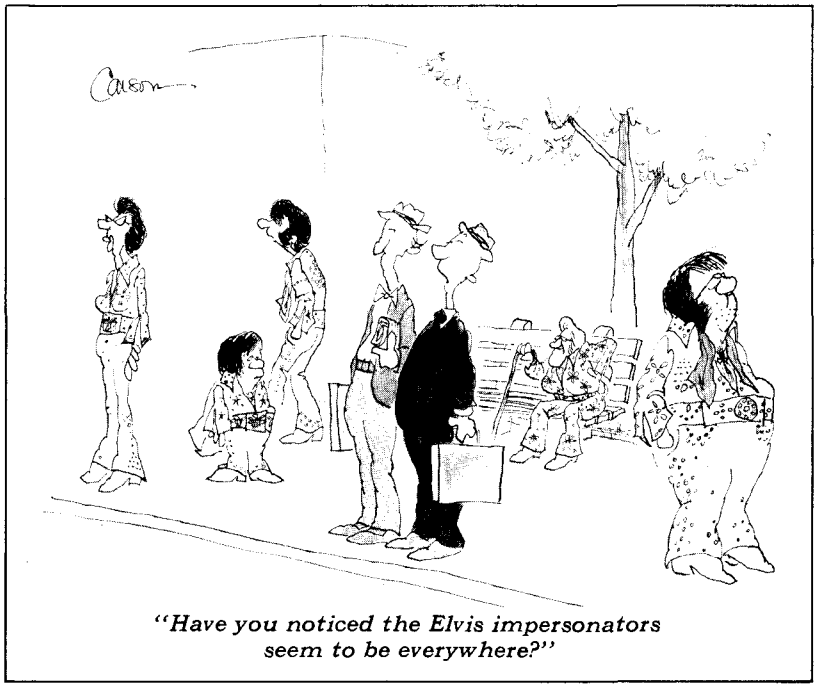
Mr. Lorimer had taken command of *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1899, when circulation was down to almost nothing. In short order he made the *Post* the first great mass-circulation magazine and in the process became famous as an editor. He ran the *Post* with an iron hand, making the final decision on every story, O.K.'ing every cover, approving every article assignment. The *Post* was his magazine, and he thought it was the greatest one ever published.

Mr. Lorimer had such a strong sense of what the public liked that he relied on his first impression of art and stories. I'd show a cover to him. He'd pace up and down before it two or three times. Then he'd say, "Good," and scrawl OKGHL on the side of it. That was that. "If it doesn't strike me immediately," he used to say, "I don't want it. Neither does the public. They won't spend an hour figuring it out. It's got to hit them."

Mr. Lorimer never O.K.'d more than three of my ideas for *Post* covers at one time. If I showed him six, he'd accept three. If I submitted eight, he'd accept three. After I caught on, I used to sketch out five ideas, three I liked and two I didn't like. Mr. Lorimer would accept the three good ones and reject the others. I don't think he would have O.K.'d all five ideas if they had been submitted by Rembrandt.

I always acted out my ideas for Mr. Lorimer. It was strenuous, but I felt it was the best way to get across my meaning. Say I had the usual five ideas, one of an old cowboy sitting on a slab bench and dreaming of past exploits, one of a boy playing a flute while a ring of little animals danced around him, and three others, two of which I didn't care about.

I would lay the five sketches on Mr. Lorimer's desk. "This one's an old cowboy," I'd say. "See his chaps, his spurs, and his ten-gallon hat? Been on the range roping cattle, branding calves, for 40 years. Fought Indians maybe. Gambled, brawled, spent many nights under the stars around the campfire."



"Have you noticed the Elvis impersonators seem to be everywhere?"

Then I'd slump into a chair. "But now he's old. All he has left is his memories. He's dreaming of the old days now." I'd assume what I imagined was a sad, dreamy expression.

"I've got the perfect model," I'd say, speaking out of the corner of my mouth so as not to disturb my expression. "You know him, Mr. Lorimer. He's got these huge, drooping mustaches and big, sad, dog eyes with heavy lids. Real doleful. What do you think?"

"Good," Mr. Lorimer would say, and he'd write OKGHL on the margin.

Then I'd point to another sketch. "Springtime. A little boy perched on a stump playing a flute." I'd sit on the edge of a chair, pull up my legs in a graceful pose and make believe I was blowing a flute. "The kid's happy, it's spring. The sun is warm on his neck; the bees are buzzing in the flowers. Little animals are dancing in a ring around the stump, a rabbit, a duck, a frog." I'd kick up my heels and dance around the chair. "It's spring! Everybody's joyful."

"Good," Mr. Lorimer would say, scribbling OKGHL on the side of the sketch.

Then I'd mix in the two ideas that I didn't like, acting them out listlessly, without running commentary. "Bad," Mr. Lorimer would say, with a note of triumph in his voice. Finally I'd dramatize my third good idea, Mr. Lorimer would O.K. it, and I'd leave, worn out but happy.

I was first introduced to Mr. Lorimer about six months after being discharged from the Navy. He called me Norman from the start; I called him Mr. Lorimer. Our relationship was cordial but businesslike. Then, in 1924, the wealthy Patterson and McCormick interests founded *Liberty*, a national magazine to compete with the *Post* and *Collier's*. The backers launched *Liberty* with great fanfare, hiring famous editors and enticing celebrated writers and artists away from *Collier's* and the *Post*.

The art director of *Liberty* came to my studio in New Rochelle and told me he would double whatever the *Post* was paying me if I would work exclusively for *Liberty*. I refused his offer.

He said that he had been ordered to stay with me until I came around and sat there all afternoon, urging me to accept. After a while Irene dropped by. I explained the situation.

"Of course you should go with *Liberty*," she said. "Has Mr. Lorimer ever doubled your price? You've been working for him for eight years now, and all you get is measly little raises."

At suppertime I still hadn't decided what to do. Irene left; the art director said he'd stay with me all night if necessary. At ten o'clock I excused myself, saying I had to go to the washroom, and sneaked off home and went to bed. But I couldn't sleep; early in the morning I caught a train to Philadelphia. Mrs. Bessie Riddell, successor to Mr. Dower as art editor, took me into Mr. Lorimer's office.

"Mr. Lorimer," I said, "when I left the studio last night there was a man

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there from this new magazine called *Liberty*. He said he'd double my price if I'd work for them."

Mr. Lorimer stood up. "Well," he said, "what are you going to do?"

I looked down at the desk, waiting, but Mr. Lorimer didn't say anything more. I noticed that he had his thumb pressed on the desk so hard that it was white. I looked up. His eyes were piercing. "Why, of course, Mr. Lorimer, I'll stay with you," I said.

"All right," he said, "I'll double your price."

He would not have given a cent more to keep me, but after I had proved my loyalty to his magazine he showed me that the *Post* valued my work. The *Post* was his life, and he expected others to feel the same way. Those artists and writers who accepted *Liberty*'s offers were henceforth anathema to him. He refused to use their work or even look at it. They had been traitors to his magazine.

After the crisis I became almost intimate with Mr. Lorimer, in a sort of father-son way. Whenever I went to see him we'd chat for half an hour or so. He was very patient with me. As my work increased in popularity, I took to signing my name larger and larger on my paintings. It was unconscious; the signature just seemed to grow by itself. First, Norman Rockwell, then *NORMAN ROCKWELL*, then *NORMAN ROCKWELL*.

Finally Mr. Lorimer suggested that I try to curb my signature. "Make it as large as you like," he wrote, "but not larger than the title of the magazine. We must preserve proportion. You appear on the *Post*, not the *Post* on you."

I worked for Mr. Lorimer for over 20 years. Then, all of a sudden, he resigned from the *Post*. But I'd better tell that story in its proper place.

(To be continued)

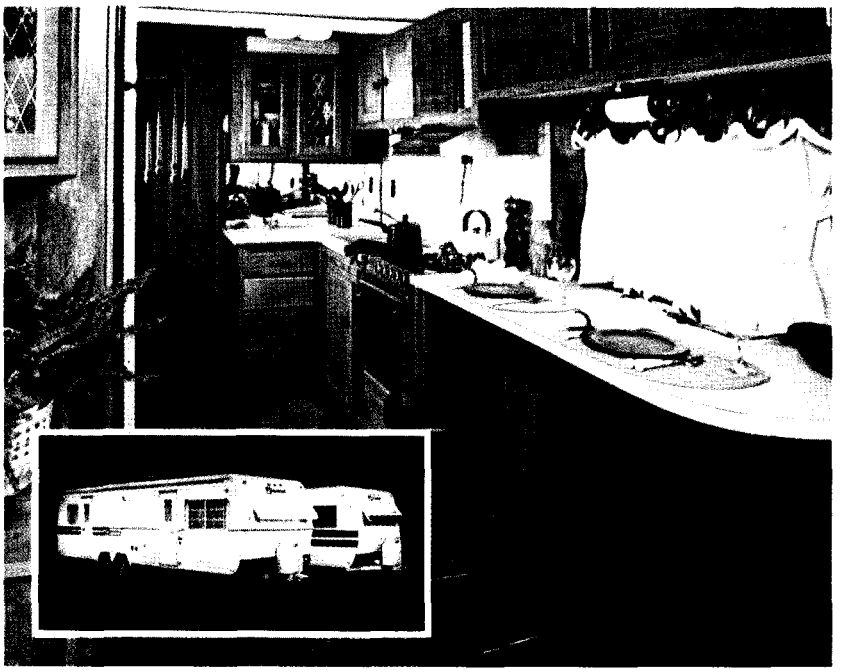
Envy the Entrepreneur

continued from page 99

trepreneurs are not high risk-takers. They are, in fact, moderate risk-takers. They set realistic and achievable goals. They do take risks, but these are more calculated risks. They are extremely aware of the consequences of failure.

15. The only necessary and sufficient ingredient for a business is *a customer*. A business starts with an order. An order comes only from a customer. All of business revolves around a customer; it all begins when someone offers to buy something. Entrepreneurs start with customers; a business starts with an order.

Score: 11 or more correct = Successful Entrepreneur; 10 to 11 = Entrepreneur; 9 to 10 = Latent Entrepreneur; 8 to 9 = Potential; 7 to 8 = Borderline; 7 or fewer = Hired Hand.



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FOOD

PEANUTS, Y'ALL?

The protein-packed peanut has roots which wind back to the 16th century. Today, the once lowly legume is a welcome addition to every dinner course from appetizer to dessert.

by Charlotte Turgeon

Call the marvelous little peanut by any other name—earthnut or goober or (if you really insist) *Arachis hypogaea*—and it is still one of the truest wonders "discovered" on this continent.

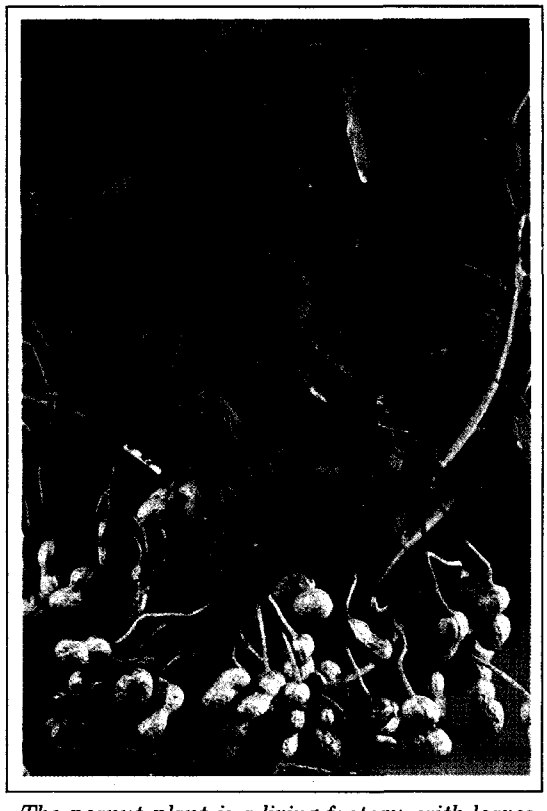
Eat peanuts straight for protein and good flavor; make candy with 'em; bake breads, cookies, cakes, puddings, and pies with 'em; serve 'em as a vegetable in soups, sauces, pâtés, vegetarian meat loaves, or salads. Make oil from them. Take the peanut plant and bring forth fertilizer, washing powder, plastic, linoleum, highly polished synthetic marble, wallboard, and other useful items.

And above all, don't ever try to take peanut butter out of your kids' lives. Deny them that favorite (what kitchen is without its handy jar?) and we'll have a revolution on our hands. A new Children's Crusade will march on Washington and demonstrate for more Goobers' Rights.

For that matter, without the peanut where would Billy Carter be? Alone at the gas station.

Like peanut butter, the story of the earthnut deserves to be spread more widely.

It was in the 16th century that the Spanish conquistadors set out across treacherous seas in search of gold and other riches to fill the royal coffers. Some found their way to Peru and discovered wealth that exceeded their fondest hopes, but they also found something else—something that in the centuries to come was to prove far more valuable to mankind than all the silver and gold they brought back in their holds. They found a nut that grew just under the ground—easy to plant, easy to grow, and easy to harvest. It likes a warm soil but will adapt to both tropical and temperate zones. It also likes gentle rains but if a drought occurs it lies quietly dormant until the invigorating rains come. The soil of southern Spain and Portugal proved good for peanut growing and before long peanuts were a valuable trade item with Africa. The Africans quickly adopted them as a staple in their diet. They didn't know that goobers, as they called them, were power-packed with protein, thiamin, riboflavin, calcium, potassium, iron, and magnesium. They just knew that they liked the taste, that peanuts could be grown in great quantities, and that they satisfied hunger pangs. When slave traders came to Africa in search of human cargo they brought along peanuts to feed them and that is how peanuts came to North America. Colonial slaveowners would not demean themselves to eat such lowly food, but they saw to it that there was enough to feed both slaves and animals, particularly when it became apparent that peanut-fed hogs transformed into hickory-smoked hams were particularly delicious and brought high prices when sold to England and France.



The peanut plant is a living factory, with leaves that dry for fodder and underground pods that become irresistible as a fiber food. The pods double as nutrient absorbers while in the soil.

It was not until the late 19th century that peanuts came into their own. It took one man—a genius—to discover the potential of peanuts. George Washington Carver was born in 1864 of a slave mother who was brutally separated from her infant child by marauders. She disappeared forever but the child was found by the mother's owner, a Mr. Moses Carver, a kind and prosperous farmer.

From the time little George was able to walk he was fascinated by everything that grew in the earth. He would dig up flowers and grasses just to see how they grew and then replant them. He had se-

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cret gardens where he tended sickly plants, and by the time he was seven or eight he was known in the neighborhood as the Plant Doctor.

In a few years young Carver found himself at Simpson College in Indianola, Iowa, where he excelled in all his studies. It was there he discovered that he could paint and a whole new world was opened to him. His specialty was painting plants and flowers and for this he gained widespread recognition. But Carver was a practical man and knew he could not earn his living painting pretty pictures, so he enrolled in Iowa State College where he studied agricultural sciences. Following graduation he became a member of the faculty, as assistant botanist, specializing in mycology—the study of fungi.

Before long, George Carver was called to Tuskegee Institute where Booker T. Washington was trying so hard to upgrade the lives of Southern blacks. The botanist left his comfortable home, his friends, and his experimental station because, as he wrote Mr. Washington, he wanted his life to be of the greatest good to the greatest number of his people. Appointed head of the agricultural department at Tuskegee, he was given a laboratory (where he was to accomplish most of his great achievements).

A few years after his arrival at Tuskegee the boll weevil began its dreadful march from Mexico across the border into the South. Carver knew that this meant the end of cotton, the only paying crop in the South. He also knew that this would mean greater poverty and even starvation for black people. A new crop had to be discovered. He knew about the soybean but he also knew that people didn't like to try something new. Every shanty had a peanut patch just because children liked to eat them. People were used to peanuts and knew how they grew.

Besides being a teacher, an artist, a musician, and a poet, Carver was also a remarkable cook. He was looking for sources of cheap, nourishing food that would be temptingly good and he was looking for a marketable product. He found all that and more in the peanut. He learned that peanuts weighed in equal amounts with steak had a lot more protein with all the necessary amino acids, contained more carbohydrates than potatoes, and were richer in polyunsaturated fats than the best butter. He extracted oil which could be turned either into margarine or into milk that would not curdle when heated or combined with lemon juice or vinegar. The milk could be turned into butter or cheese. Even though these discoveries were not put into production and were skeptically received by many, nevertheless, they proved that peanut growing was a sound investment and it did not take too much persuasion to turn cotton land into peanut land.

In 1890 a St. Louis physician was looking for a highly nutritive, easy to eat, easy to digest food for his geriatric patients. He knew about peanuts and devised a method of crushing them with a little peanut oil to make them smooth. His patients loved the stuff and before long it became well known. By 1920 it was in nationwide production and today in virtually every kitchen in the country there is a jar of peanut butter.

For a long time peanut butter was considered just kids' food. Any mother who packs a school lunch box with two peanut butter sandwiches made with whole wheat or good unbleached flour bread and tucks in a small thermos of milk and an orange or a tangerine has the satisfaction of knowing that she has given her child the perfect meal. But peanuts are not just for children. They are great for grown-ups. We in America are increasing our consumption every year in every course from appetizers through dessert. The next step might be to persuade the tobacco growers of America to emulate George Washington Carver and arrange another crop change. If peanuts could be planted instead of tobacco there would never have to be a hungry child in any part of the world. But in the meanwhile, let's try a few recipes.

Health food and high fiber enthusiasts have brought new dignity to the humble peanut. "We used to feed peanuts to the pigs, then eat the pigs. . .now they're telling us it's better to just eat the peanuts," says one grower. Most are grown south of the Mason-Dixon line, but with luck they'll grow in almost any state.

Sweet and Sour Chicken Breasts With Peanuts

(4 servings)

1 cup long-grain rice
Lettuce
4 chicken breasts, boned
2 eggs, slightly beaten
½ cup cornstarch
1 cup roasted peanuts
Sauce:
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons sherry
3 tablespoons wine vinegar
4 tablespoons pineapple juice
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup water

Boil the rice for 12 minutes in a large pan of boiling salted water.

Continued on following page

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Hearing.

"I hear you but I don't understand you."

Someone with perfectly normal hearing might say this. Or someone with *impaired* hearing.

That's because *hearing, listening* and *understanding* are not the same thing.

Hearing: The physical act of *hearing* depends on the condition of the ear. An ear in good physical condition hears all the time. But although you hear, you may not be listening.

Listening: Listening implies *paying attention* to what you hear. You may have excellent hearing but *choose* not to listen.

Understanding: Sometimes you hear and pay attention but still don't understand (as with unfamiliar words or phrases.)

How to protect your *hearing*. 1. Never probe your ears with small objects. 2. Have your hearing tested periodically. 3. Avoid airplane flights when you have a cold. 4. Avoid excessive noise, or use ear protectors. 5. If you have an ear infection, seek medical help.

How to *listen* better. Listening requires effort when you're tired, and *extra* effort if your hearing is impaired. Therefore: 1. Avoid meetings and social activities when you're likely to be tired and less attentive. 2. Plan ahead: be well rested before entering a new or difficult learning situation. 3. Focus your concentration. Learn to "block out" extraneous sounds. Watch the speakers lips.

How to *understand* more. Difficulty in understanding may often occur, especially if you have a hearing impairment. Learn to be patient. Give yourself *time* to hear. Frequently you might say "What?" and a second later realize what had been said. Pause a moment before replying and the words may suddenly become clear.

If you think you may have a problem with *hearing, listening* or *understanding*, see a General Physician, Otologist, Otolaryngologist, Audiologist, Hearing Aid Dispenser or Hearing and Speech Clinic.

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Drain and rinse in cold water. Return to pan. Keep covered in a warm place.

Meanwhile, wash lettuce leaves and stack several, one on top of the other. Roll up tightly and cut into thin shreds with a sharp knife. You will need about 4 cups shredded lettuce. Set aside.

Combine the sugar, soy sauce, sherry, vinegar, and pineapple juice. Bring to a boil. Stir in the cornstarch previously mixed with the water. Stir until the mixture thickens. Keep warm.

Remove skin from chicken breasts and cut the meat into ¼-inch slices. Dip into the beaten eggs and then lightly into the cornstarch.

Stir-fry the chicken for 1 minute in 3 tablespoons of hot oil in a wok or skillet.

To serve: Spoon the rice onto four heated plates. Top each serving with one-fourth of the shredded lettuce, the chicken, and the sauce. Sprinkle the peanuts over all.

Iced Peanut Soup

(8 servings)

2 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons diced celery
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons unbleached flour
4 cups chicken broth (homemade or canned)
1 cup smooth peanut butter
½ cup milk
½ cup cream
Salt and white pepper
¼ teaspoon Tabasco (optional)
¼ cup chopped peanuts
4 tablespoons chopped chives

Prepare the vegetables and sauté them in the butter or margarine in a small pan over low heat so that they become tender but not browned.

Stir in the flour and cook for 1½ minutes. Add 2 cups of broth and simmer 10 minutes, stirring frequently.

Spin the mixture in a food processor or blender or force through a food mill.

Pour the mixture into a larger saucepan and add the remaining broth, the peanut butter, milk, and cream. Whisk until blended and season with salt, pepper, and the Tabasco if desired. Stir the mixture over moderate heat for 5 minutes without letting it boil. Pour into a container to cool. Chill thoroughly in the refrigerator.

Serve in individual bowls and garnish with peanuts and chopped chives.

Zucchini Peanut Bread

3 eggs
1 cup peanut oil
2 cups light brown sugar (firmly packed)
2 cups grated zucchini
2 teaspoons vanilla
3 cups whole wheat flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon baking powder
3 teaspoons cinnamon
¾ cup chopped salted peanuts

Preheat the oven to a temperature of 325 degrees F.

Beat the eggs well and add the peanut oil and sugar. Mix briefly.

Grate the zucchini and press to remove excess water before measuring. Stir the zucchini and vanilla into the egg mixture.

Combine the dry ingredients and add them and the peanuts to the egg mixture. Stir until well mixed. Pour into 2 large or 4 small buttered loaf pans and bake 75 minutes.

Pickle Peanut Cocktail Spread

4 tablespoons crisp crumbled bacon
½ cup smooth peanut butter
2 tablespoons watermelon pickle juice
½ cup watermelon pickle, diced fine
¼ teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon white pepper

Mix all the ingredients until blended. Spread on your favorite crackers and serve cold or briefly broiled.

Naturally Good Peanut Butter Muffins

(18 muffins)

1 cup unbleached flour
1 cup whole wheat flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons natural peanut butter (non-homogenized)
6 tablespoons safflower oil
1½ cups milk
4 tablespoons maple syrup

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees F. Brush 18 muffin tins with oil.

Combine and sift the dry ingredients. Place in the bowl of an

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electric beater. Add the peanut butter and oil and mix until pebbly in texture. Add the milk and maple syrup and mix very briefly.

Spoon into muffin tins, filling them two-thirds full. Bake 15 minutes.

Voluntarism

continued from page 56

Conable has said, "We very much need to have a nationwide dialogue on this issue of the survival of private and volunteer efforts to deal with our social needs and problems. We either believe in maintaining a vigorous voluntarism or we are willing for the government to take on more and more, at greater and greater costs. Everybody talks a great line about the values and virtues of the voluntary Third Sector. We need to find out if we mean it."

That seems like a fair challenge. We do need to talk through these issues as a people. We need to have our leaders in the Congress, in the Executive Branch, and in the so-called Private Sector put their minds on these questions. Out of a searching national examination we ought to try to arrive at some conscious consensus about the most suitable policies concerning private initiatives for the public good. And if we are serious about them, then we need to devise the most suitable policies to improve and strengthen the workings of our privately financed volunteer endeavors.

Let me suggest a few interrelated propositions that bear upon that discussion:

• *In education, health care, social welfare activities, and the arts we do not and should not have to make either/or choices between government-run and privately administered programs and institutions, between tax support and private gifts.* They can operate side by side. The competition, fairly carried on, can stimulate better performance by both, and that will benefit everybody. The government does not have to take over all privately run public services, and we would be a poorer country if it did.

The United States has incomparably the best higher education system in the world for meeting the diverse needs of a highly heterogeneous population. The dual private/public nature of that system unquestionably has been responsible for much of the rich diversity of our educational programs and has contributed to improvement of teaching and learning through a variety of experimentation.

Likewise, in the health and social welfare fields there is much to be gained by having alternative ways of dealing with many of our needs and problems, instead of being locked into some

Continued on following page

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unitary system, whether run by the state or, for instance, by the churches. Untidy as it may be, there are also advantages in having tax moneys for a given social purpose applied in a variety of ways, including contract or grant arrangements with private agencies.

America is a pluralistic society; ours is a confusing age of complex problems. We must resist all pressures to deal with them by a single, simplistic formula. Keeping open our options through private, volunteer initiatives is a significant way of protecting our freedom.

• *Volunteer, nongovernmental options make it possible to provide human services on a human scale and in keeping with human values.* One of the most serious problems of modern, urbanized, industrialized mass-production society, regardless of system or ideology, is the problem of the vast, cumbersome, expensive, often unresponsive, and, at times, ineffective or tyrannical bureaucracies. When things (even well-intentioned programs to help people) get too big, it is often difficult to make them work well and with proper regard for the values by which most human beings want to live. Small is not necessarily beautiful or most efficient. Yet big is often not better, but worse; not the least costly, but the most expensive.

Government by its very nature is driven to operate on the basis of bigness and uniformity, through large staffs and by means of sweepingly broad rules and regulations. Life in the real world, however, is a story of individual cases and endless exceptions. Small-scale, locally managed, private endeavors often offer the best ways of dealing with real human beings and their individual problems.

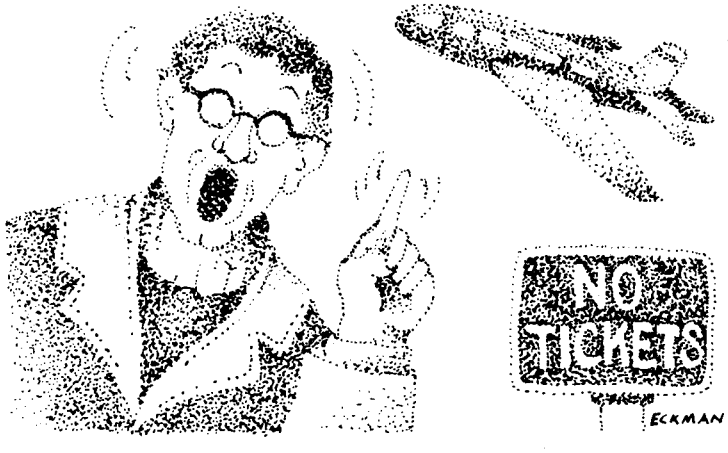
• *Private management of many of our social programs and cultural institutions often (I believe—usually) saves money.* In particular cases this judgment will be argued; some private organizations are incompetently and inefficiently managed. Some incur excessive fund-raising costs. (Nothing, of course, can compete with the federal income tax as a "cost effective" way of getting money out of people.) But the point about private agencies' lower costs has widespread validity. And for good reason. They don't have such high overhead costs, have thinner staffs who generally work for less money. Moreover, private organizations are able to tap the nation's huge pool of unpaid volunteers much more easily and as a matter of course than can most government projects. For many kinds of social services—care of the aged, the handicapped, and little children—large numbers of volunteers are needed. We are not rich enough, and will never be rich enough, to hire enough government employees, operating under civil service rules, to perform all the human care services we need. In fact, you simply can't hire on any dependable basis the kind of loving tender care that many volunteers will provide free.

• *Private agencies can experiment and make mistakes more cheaply and learn lessons more promptly than can government agencies in the same field.* In the natural sciences the experiments that fail are often just as important as the experiments that succeed. In the social realm, we have a different attitude. Where government programs are concerned it is almost impossible to get anyone involved to admit that a failure has occurred or to abandon a project once undertaken, whatever the evidence of its lack of success.

Private initiatives are particularly useful in trying out new ideas, some of which will surely fail. The risks, monetarily and politically, can be limited. Even where a program may have to be run and financed by government eventually, there may be great advantage in using a private, limited-commitment experiment as the guinea pig.

• *For private, volunteer endeavors to maintain their credibility they must have private financial backing in adequate amounts; they must genuinely draw upon volunteers.* Private organizations and institutions should not allow themselves to be coopted by government, to become primarily dependent on government money, to be dominated by the government rule book. Part of their importance lies in their independence of government, in their ability to differ from the policies and methods of government; at times, on their ability to criticize government. To maintain that independence they have to have privately contributed resources; preferably, most, if not all, of their funds should come from individuals, churches, corporations, and foundations. Government policies have and will continue to have a lot to do with whether such private funding is possible.

Will private moneys continue to be available to sustain private, voluntary work for the gener-



The Perfect Squelch

The airline ticket office was crowded with holiday travelers, and its two clerks were having trouble trying to squeeze them into available flight space. Most of the travelers accepted the necessary delay without complaint, but there was one small, strident-voiced man who reacted violently.

He loudly criticized the airline's lack of planes, its management, and the clerk's method of working. He demanded immediate accommodations, and snorted when the clerk quietly explained that he would be given the first available seat on a later flight.

Fixing the clerk with a stern look, he demanded, "Young man, do you know who I am?"

The clerk turned to his co-worker. "Joe, here's a man who really needs help," he said in a tone of concern. "He's forgotten his name."

—*Fred J. Hamm*

Where Do You Think You Are?
continued from page 100

1. New Mexico
2. Connecticut
3. Maine
4. Wyoming
5. New York
6. Michigan
7. Massachusetts
8. Georgia
9. Florida

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al good? The answer is, almost certainly, Yes. But there is a big *if*. If the public can be kept aware of the importance of these nonprofit, nongovernmental agencies, and if the government will continue tax policies that encourage charitable giving.

Year by year over the past decade, Americans have given enormous sums of money to support private public service and charitable activities, but not nearly as much as was needed and could have been wisely spent. We did not keep up with inflation and the growing needs in human services. Relative to need and rising costs, private charity is in a pinch; and that pinch could get worse, particularly for private colleges and private hospitals. Yet the money is out there.

Last year Americans made private charitable gifts of more than $35 billion. Most of that came from individuals. Almost half of the total went to religious institutions and their programs. Foundations gave a bit more than $2.1 billion, less than 10 percent of the total. Corporations, if you count contributions in kind and the released services of salaried company employees who were given time off from their regular duties to help nonprofit organizations, gave even more. Foundations are compelled by law to give away all of their investment earnings each year or a fixed 5 percent of their capital assets, whichever is larger. Profit-making corporations are permitted to give away up to 5 percent of their pretax profits and take the appropriate tax deduction. They are not required to give away anything, and about 80 percent of them make no claim to give anything. On the other hand, a small band of concerned corporations are giving away the full allowable 5 percent of profits.

Nobody, of course, knows what the potential for giving by the American people and their business concerns may be. It is huge. But our giving will grow to meet the needs only as we understand that those needs represent opportunities for all of us to invest our money and ourselves in the strengthening of our whole society and the preservation of our freedom. ☒

> To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and affection of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty; to find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived—this is to have succeeded.
>
> —*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

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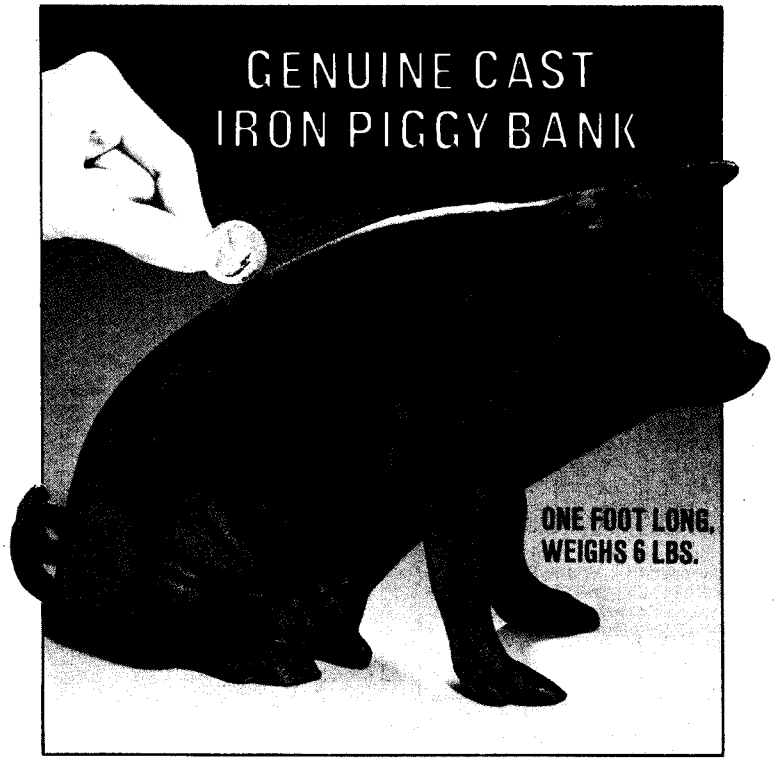

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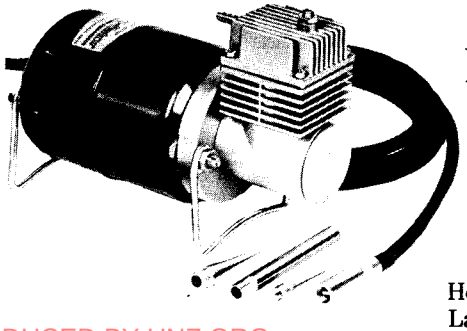

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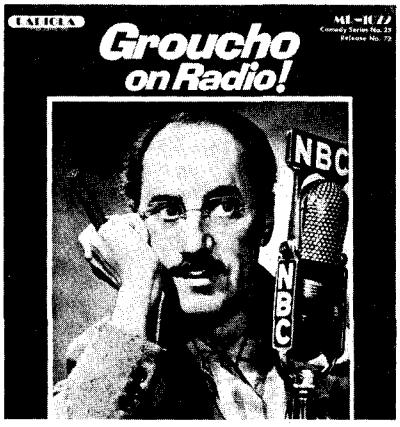

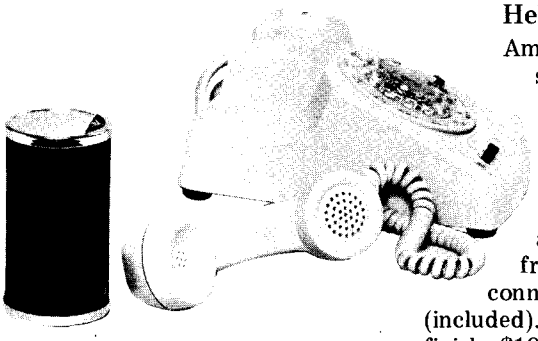

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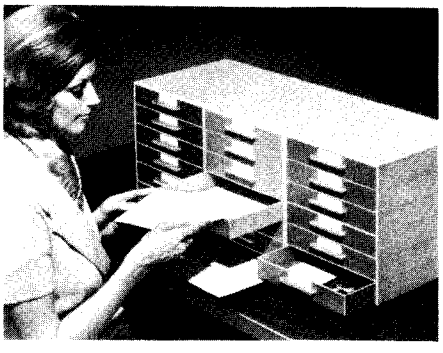

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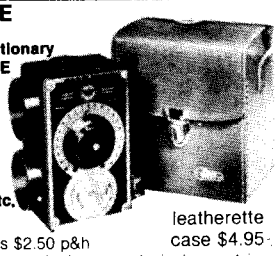

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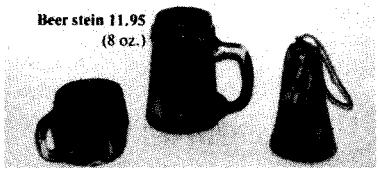

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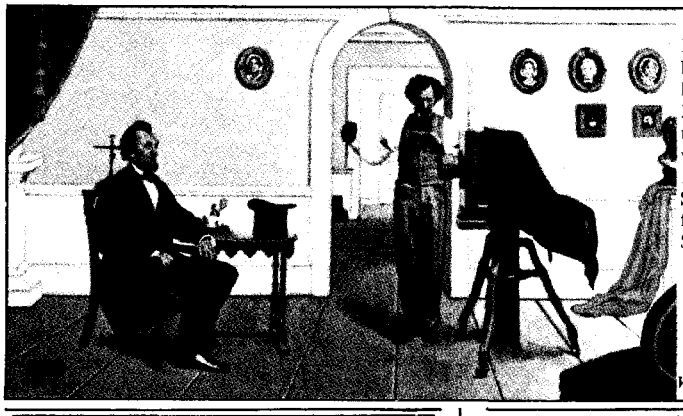

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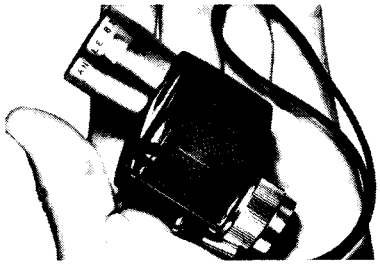

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My Life on the Rocks

Continued from page 32

holic, who had willpower and everything else that goes contrary to being an alcoholic? This little numbskull told me I was an alcoholic. And then to add insult to insult, he said that I was a chronic alcoholic. How much lower can you get? Fortunately for him, as I've told him so many times since then when we've had dinner together, he had the obvious facts on his side. We are the best of friends now, but we were mortal enemies then. I've told him many times he insulted me. He downgraded me because of my concept of what an alcoholic was. I thought that an alcoholic was *the lowest thing that God had ever let* live. I knew that, because I'd seen them on Ninth Street in Washington. I'd seen them in the Bowery. People that didn't desire to do anything but drink. No morals, no willpower. He made me, in my opinion, one of those, and I hated him.

One day he called in Senator Harold Hughes, a recovering alcoholic, to try to tell me that it was possible for alcohol itself to cause you to black out. I didn't believe it. Senator Hughes told me about a three-week blackout he had experienced, which ended up in a hotel in San Francisco. He didn't know where he was and had nothing in the room but a half case of whiskey when he came to. He called the bellboy and asked him where he was. The bellboy told him the name of the hotel. He said, "I don't want the name of a hotel; I want to know what city I'm in." To this day, there are still questions in his mind. "How did I get there? Did I kill anybody on the way? Did I rob any business on the way?" I said, "Well, fine, senator; I can understand your having a blackout from liquor, but my problem is caused by a malignant tumor of the brain."

About that time, my doctor was conducting some experiments. They flew a very expensive piece of equipment from the San Diego Naval Hospital into Washington. It would show my brain on a big screen. You couldn't see anything extending from it. I told them they had the machine on the wrong side of my head. They turned me over and took the picture from the other side. I didn't know it, but this miracle X-ray machine was showing all sides of my brain at the same time. I couldn't see anything. I knew then that the Congress had wasted money when it bought a machine like that which wouldn't show a tumor when one was there.

You have no conception of how hard-headed, how bull-headed, how stubborn I was. I was determined that I was not going to be an alcoholic. I could

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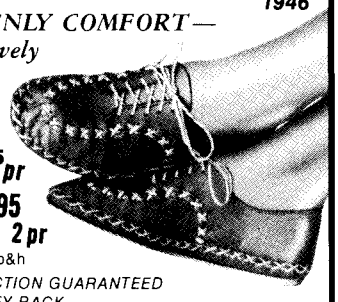

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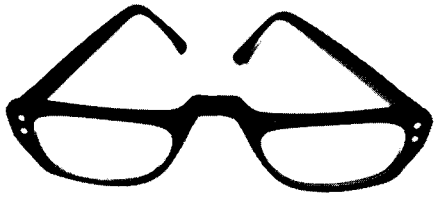

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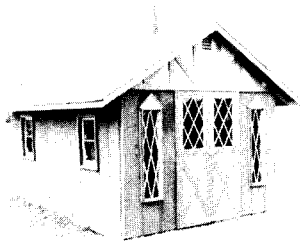

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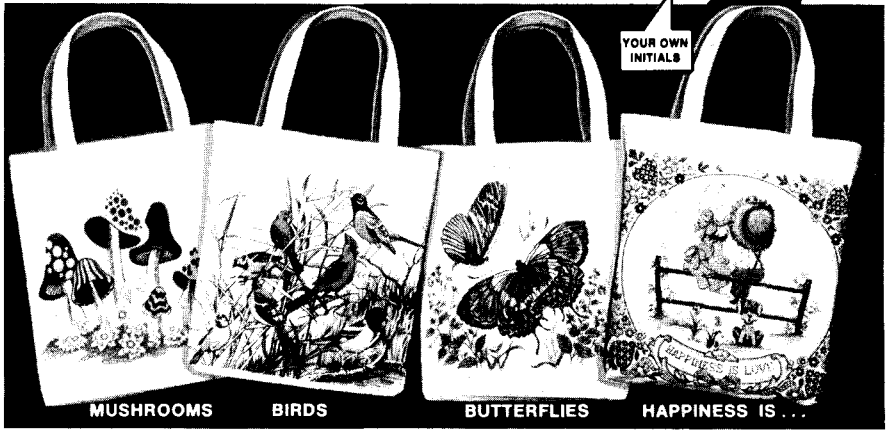

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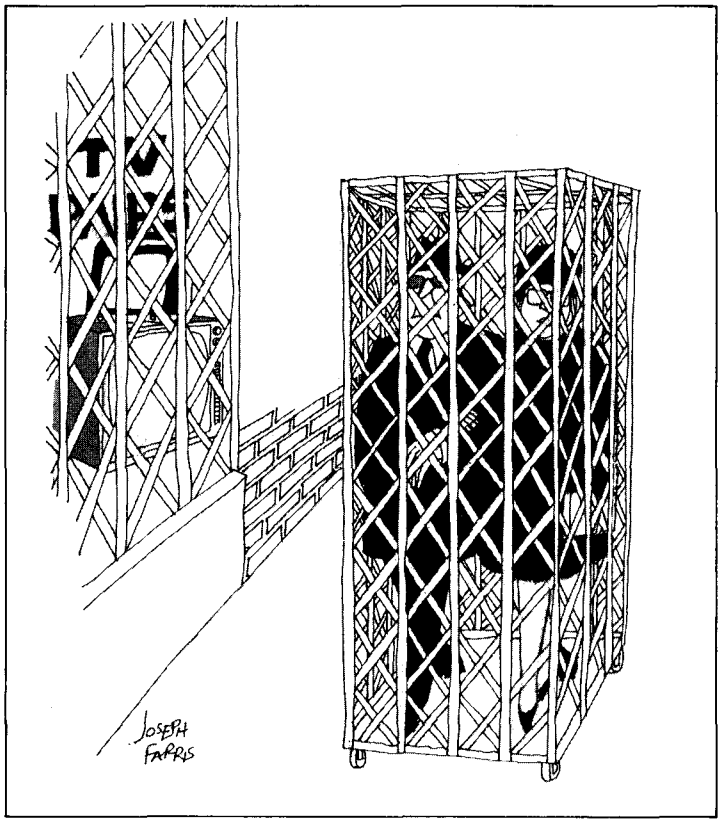
hold onto my self-created diagnosis. I could justify my illness on the basis of something other than alcohol. I couldn't be an alcoholic. I left the hospital after they came in, six of them, all dressed in white uniforms, smiles on their faces to tell me that they had good news. I said: "Gentlemen, tell me very frankly, how long do I have to live? Is it a month, six weeks, two months?" I knew I couldn't live longer than two months. They reassured me, 'There's not a thing in the world organically wrong with your brain; not a thing.' You don't know how offended I was. I knew good and well that these socialized doctors who were not being paid by the patient but by the federal government couldn't do the job anyway. So I asked the orderly to get me my clothes. They wanted to know where I was going. I told them I was going to Little Rock to a hospital where doctors really understood their patients, where they could find that tumor. But I couldn't even get up out of the bed.

In time, I felt too good to be an alcoholic. I hadn't had a drink in 60 or 70 days by then. I went back to the apartment. I was going to go to work. They had been having some meetings down in the basement of our apartment building. Nosey people came in with lots of "do-gooder" stories. "If you don't take a drink, you can look like I look." "All you have to do is go a day at a time without taking a drink." "Just bear in mind that it's the first drink that gets you drunk." They didn't know me. I wouldn't pass out on less than a bottle. I mean black out. I had heard all this stuff before. Somewhere along the line I heard a very cogent remark that stayed with me. It is very simply this: "If you can take a drink and don't have to have another one, in all probability you are not an alcoholic. If, however, you take one drink and feel the urge to take another drink, you may be an alcoholic."

Never once in my lifetime had I ever had the desire to take a drink. I learned later that you must let five minutes go between drinks in order for any obsession to set in. I decided to test this theory. I bought two quart bottles of 100-proof vodka to take one drink. I had to have that one drink. As I look back on it, that's nothing in the world but alcoholic insanity. Why in the world, when I was committing myself to take one drink, would I buy so much? I've learned a lot since I've been sober. I've learned that I was an alcoholic, not a recovering alcoholic. I didn't realize I was an alcoholic until I was sober. I went home with those two bottles and hid one of them. I had never done that before. Polly hadn't had a drink in 22 months or more. Maybe I didn't want her to be tempted. In any event, she says that I drank it. But by then I didn't know. Five minutes after I took that first drink, I had to have another one. Here I had subjected myself to a test I knew I could not fail. I knew I could win it. I was going to show these people who go out to the bar stools and take drunks into their organization that they didn't know their business. They weren't going to build up their membership and take credit for saving my soul.



I was going to show these people, plus that incompetent doctor, who incidentally is now a captain, that I wasn't an alcoholic. I was going to show them. But my test failed. Not only did it fail, it backfired on me. In 24 hours I was back in the hospital.

I was a traveling drunk. I once went to New York in a private plane. A member of Alcoholics Anonymous came after me and finally located me in the Waldorf Astoria. All those hotels up there, but they finally found me. And, you know, coming back on the plane, that fellow from A.A. got me drunk. At least, that's what I told them when I got back. I thought that was the truth; I believed it. When they wanted to know why I got drunk, I said, "That fellow you sent for me got me drunk."

I was back in the hospital, and this nosey guy and the doctor were at the foot of the bed. Now, if you ever make a call on a drunk who's just sobering up in the hospital, don't go in there with a smile on your face. Please, don't go in smiling, because he's dying. He thinks so at least. I knew I was dying. I had to get out of that hospital, because it had been my experience that naval hospitals don't serve alcohol. I wanted a drink, and I was shaking.

The doctor asked me what I was, and I finally admitted, "Well, I guess I'm an alcoholic." "You guess?" he asked. "If it will do you any good, I'll admit I'm an alcoholic," I responded. "It's not me that needs help; I want you to admit it to yourself," he admonished. I did admit it to myself.

Now, I think I'm very fortunate. To begin with, no human being got me sober. There were 36 of us at the naval hospital who were addicted to alcoholism. I was picked out of those 36 to receive a gift, a very sacred gift, a gift from God. My sobriety comes as a gift from God. My ability to stay sober, and the fact that I have stayed sober for many months, is due to God through other people. The fact that I've done what they told me to do, that I've tried to be comfortable, that I've tried to be happy in my sobriety, is a credit to others. My attitude about alcoholism and about the alcoholic has made a 180-degree turn. I find it necessary on occasions to go to an alcoholic center in Washington just to be around a person who's shaking, who's coming out from under a drunk. What there is about it I don't know, but I'm not comfortable if I go too long without being around somebody like that. I see somebody like I was. He's full of questions, as I was full of questions. I wonder how many people out there still drinking do not know that alcoholism is a disease? How many of them know that it is a treatable disease (not incurable, like that which struck my good friend Hubert Humphrey, who did indeed show us how to die)? And, on top of that, how many of them know that the world they create, that world of fantasy from the bottle, is nothing compared to the world of reality when one is sober? So far as comfort, so far as pleasure, so far as happiness is concerned, there is no comparison.

I like to tell that person that, if he is a victim of alcohol, he has a disease. It is nothing to be ashamed of. ☒

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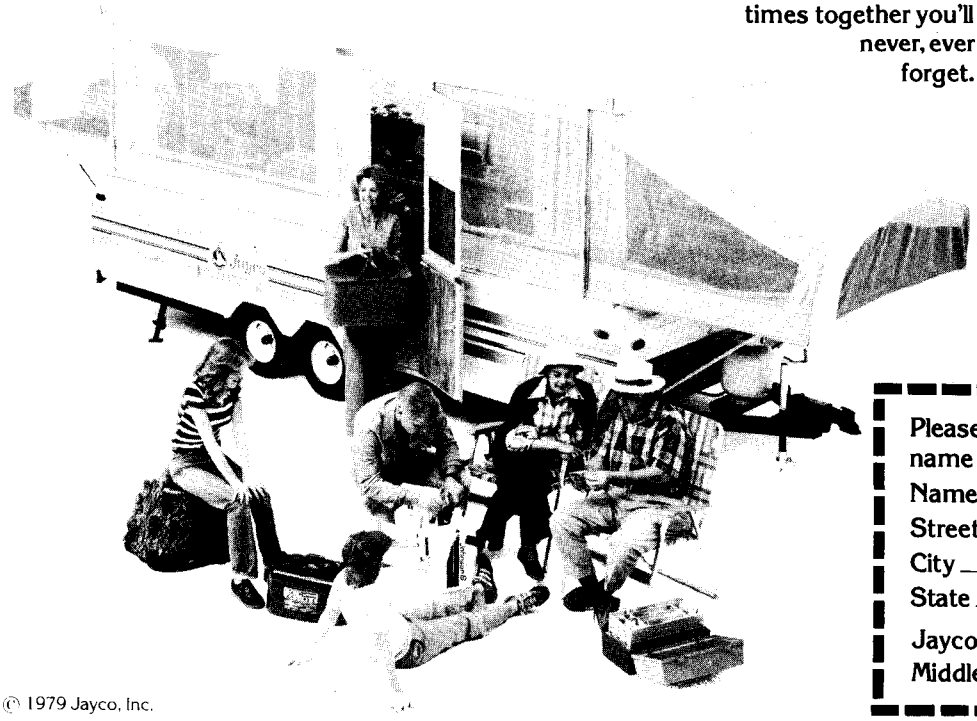

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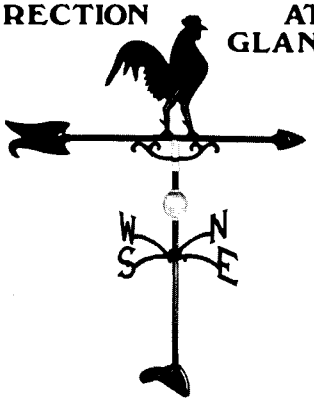

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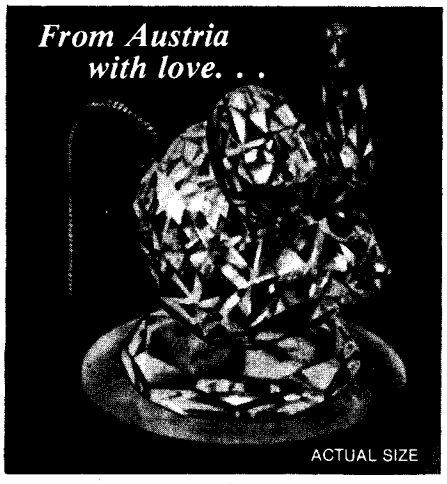

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Where Your Dollar Hasn't Shrunk

In contrast to most other currencies, the South African rand has remained pegged to the dollar, which means better value for your money, whether on business or vacation.

by Gordon van der Merwe

South Africa has redesigned its welcome mat specially for Americans. It now reads: "Welcome to South Africa, the dollar's best friend." Not that the traditional attractions of this lively republic at the southern tip of Africa don't hold good any more. The sand and the sun and the sea have lost none of their sparkle, nor have the wild animals lost their thrill, the mountains and plains their beauty, or the bustling cities their appeal.

The new slogan simply underlines a fact of cardinal importance in these days of galloping inflation, namely that whereas the currencies of certain other traditional tourist stamping grounds have risen sharply, in some cases wildly, against the dollar, South Africa has kept its currency, the rand, linked to the dollar. This means that, within a margin so small as to be insignificant to the majority of us, the dollar is still worth as much in South African currency now as it was a year ago.

And not only has the dollar held its value in rand terms, but in South Africa itself the tourist will still find prices surprisingly reasonable by almost any present-day standards. To quote Martin Spring, publisher of a highly informative South African financial/political newsletter aimed particularly at American readers: "In Johannesburg the five-star Carlton ($29 to $44 a day for single with bath) is tops for service, facilities, and central situation. But the Landdrost ($35) is less busy, more personal. For the man who has brought his wife and wants a little country atmosphere,

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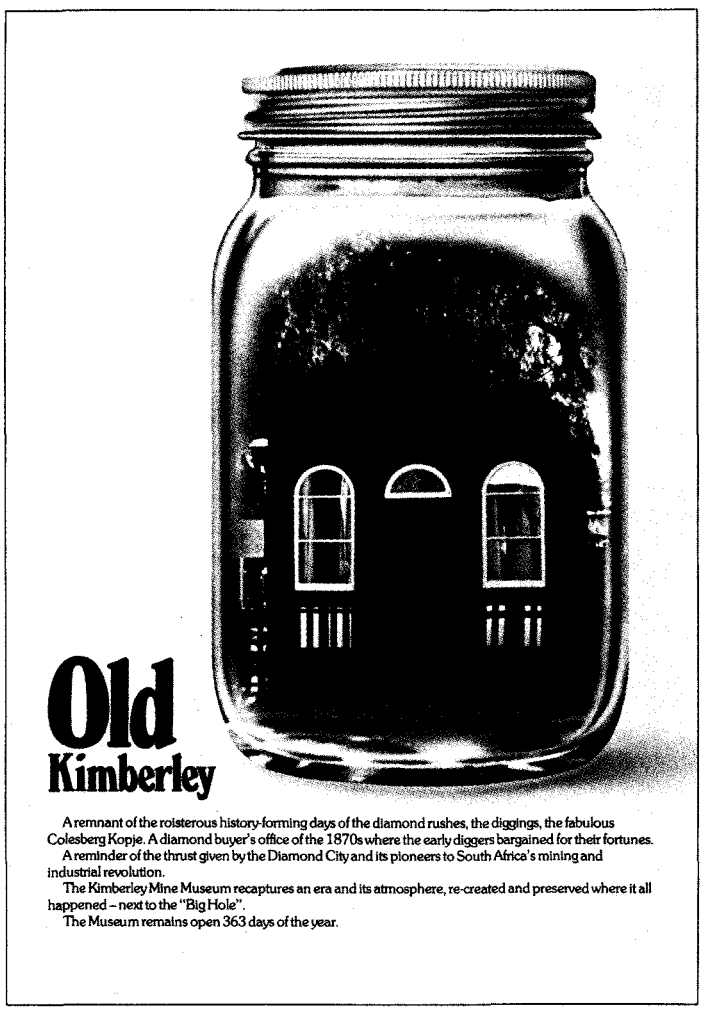
there's the Sunnyside Park ($17)—incredible value and only 10 minutes' auto ride from downtown."

Other establishments to be recommended include Cape Town's magnificent colonial-style Mount Nelson Hotel ($35), which is within walking distance of the center; the Townhouse ($17), situated right in the center and, furnished with antiques, "simply reeking with charm"; the Alphen ($20), which is 10 minutes out of town in a lush wooded setting; or the five-star Hotel President, which combines outstanding service and cuisine with an incomparable view over the Atlantic Ocean. In Durban, top of the list are the sparkling new Maharani ($40) and the Elangeni ($28).

These are a few examples of up-market establishments, with a standard of service, facilities, and cuisine comparable to the best of any of the world's leading cities—but much easier on the pocket. Work your way down the list to budget-price hotels, and the prices become even more surprisingly low.

So much for the roof over your head. When it comes to food, the traveler in South Africa really starts finding things to write home about. To quote financial author Spring again: "Excellent meals including wine may be had for as little as $5, and even in the classiest place you should pay less than $20. Local wines will surprise you . . . . All the recommended hotels run excellent eateries. . . ." An increasing number of hotels are offering the help-yourself, as-much-as-you-like attraction of buffet meals, or *smorgasbord* if you prefer the Norwegian term.

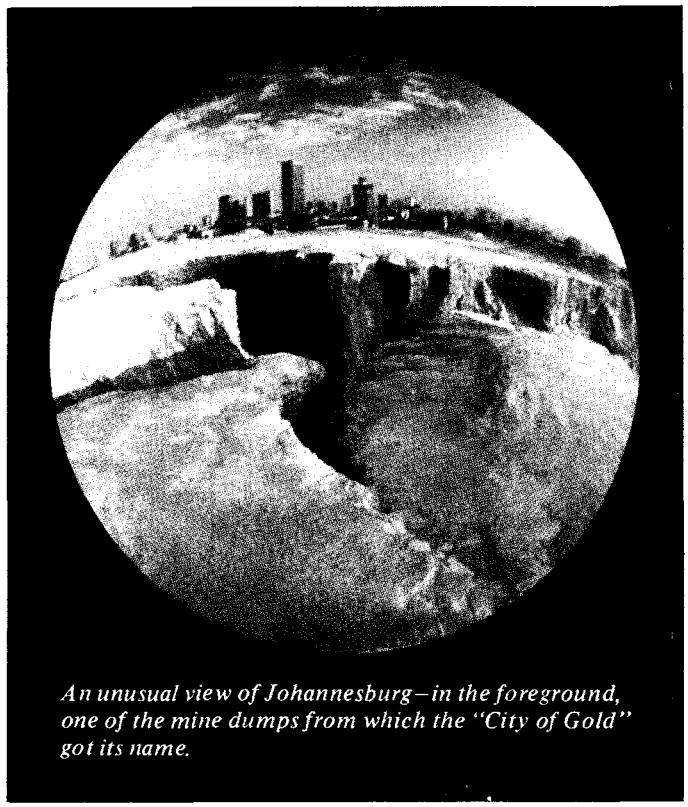


A remnant of the roisterous history-forming days of the diamond rushes, the diggings, the fabulous Colesberg Kopje. A diamond buyer's office of the 1870s where the early diggers bargained for their fortunes.

A reminder of the thrust given by the Diamond City and its pioneers to South Africa's mining and industrial revolution.

The Kimberley Mine Museum recaptures an era and its atmosphere, re-created and preserved where it all happened – next to the "Big Hole".

The Museum remains open 363 days of the year.



An unusual view of Johannesburg—in the foreground, one of the mine dumps from which the "City of Gold" got its name.

One thing that had tour operators worried, especially after the 1976 Soweto riots and in the following two years when the war in neighboring Rhodesia intensified, was that tourists might be scared off. The leftwing bias of the media and its penchant for the sensational combined to create a picture of the southern African subcontinent as a new version of Vietnam. But tourist figures tell a different story.

There was an overall rise of 10 percent in tourism to South Africa last year, and by year-end jubilant officials of the South African Tourist Corporation (SATOUR) were confident of achieving an all-time high of 600,000 visitors. No mean achievement for a country which until a few years ago was considered to be very much off the beaten track and either too primitive or not exciting enough to be worth a second thought. American tourism to South Africa was up 10 percent on the previous year, which equaled the international average, but was a bit behind the European increase of just on 12 percent.

In addition to the financial considerations mentioned above, there are several other reasons for the rise in tourism to South Africa. Obviously, advertising plays a role, as does the comprehensive service offered by Satour and SAA offices in various big centers in the United States (see "Travel Tips"). Also, there is the general increase in mobility, as more people get both the money and the urge to travel, and the increasing opportunity to satisfy that urge—by direct South African Airways Jumbo Jet flights three times a week from New York to Johannesburg, or a variety of alternate routes via Europe or Latin America.

Much of the credit, though, must go to word of mouth which, as an astute lecturer in salesmanship put it to me, "travels faster than a laser beam." An astonishing fact is that no less than 35 percent of the tourists to South Africa come on repeat visits.

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Choose Your Target

South Africa is shaped something like an inverted triangle. Most travelers from America will arrive by air at Jan Smuts international airport, outside Johannesburg, which is slightly above and to the east of the center of the triangle. With over 450,000 square miles—456,007 to be precise—stretching out about you, it would be out of the question to try and see all of this exciting country in a single business or vacation trip, so it would be best to select one or more target areas.

Three outstanding target areas are the northeast, the southwest, and the southeast, or, to give them their geographical names, the "Greater Eastern Transvaal," the coastal region of the Cape Province, and the province of Natal.

Greater Eastern Transvaal starts with Johannesburg and Pretoria and stretches eastward as far as the famous Kruger National Park and the Mozambique border.

For some visitors, Johannesburg and Pretoria alone make their visit worthwhile. Johannesburg, the country's largest city and its financial and industrial capital, offers everything from luxury goods and souvenir shops, outstanding hotels and restaurants, to nearby game parks, visits to working gold mines, a wide range of museums and art galleries and sports facilities. Pretoria, 35 miles away, is the capital city. Sprawling over hilly country, it has a more restful atmosphere than frenetic Johannesburg and is visited for its attractive residential and business architecture.

The Eastern Transvaal proper means mainly one thing to most people: the Kruger National Park. Yet this is only one of the attractions of the region. This game reserve, larger than several European countries, fits Satour's slogan, "big scene, big time, big game, big value, and big welcome." Nearly 8,000 square miles big, it contains 450 species of birds, 300 species of trees, 106 mammal species (see, there's more to it than just lion and elephant), 50 fish varieties, 40 types of frogs, and numerous species of insects and reptiles, from huge crocodiles to 34 different snakes.

But the Eastern Transvaal is more than just lions roaring in the night, hippopotami sunning themselves on the river banks, or elephants lording it over herds of antelope. It is also a region of majestic mountain scenery, with tumbling waterfalls, flowers, and forests, and historic towns and nature reserves like the Blyde River Canyon, where the modern rest camp looks out over a panorama of mountains, precipices, and wooded gorges.

Pilgrim's Rest is an historic town which has been carefully restored and simply breathes the atmosphere of the old Transvaal gold rush days, before the reef had even been discovered which led to the founding of Johannesburg. Further south, the ruins of Eldorado recall the romantic history of the time when this ghost town boasted a stock exchange—certainly the first in southern if not the whole of Africa—and nearly as many taverns as houses.

Target Area Number 2, the coastal region of the Cape Province, is at the other end of the country and would normally be reached by air, although a luxury train journey lasting 24 hours or more (by the Blue Train or Trans-Karoo Express) or a more leisurely auto journey is an interesting alternative well worth considering.

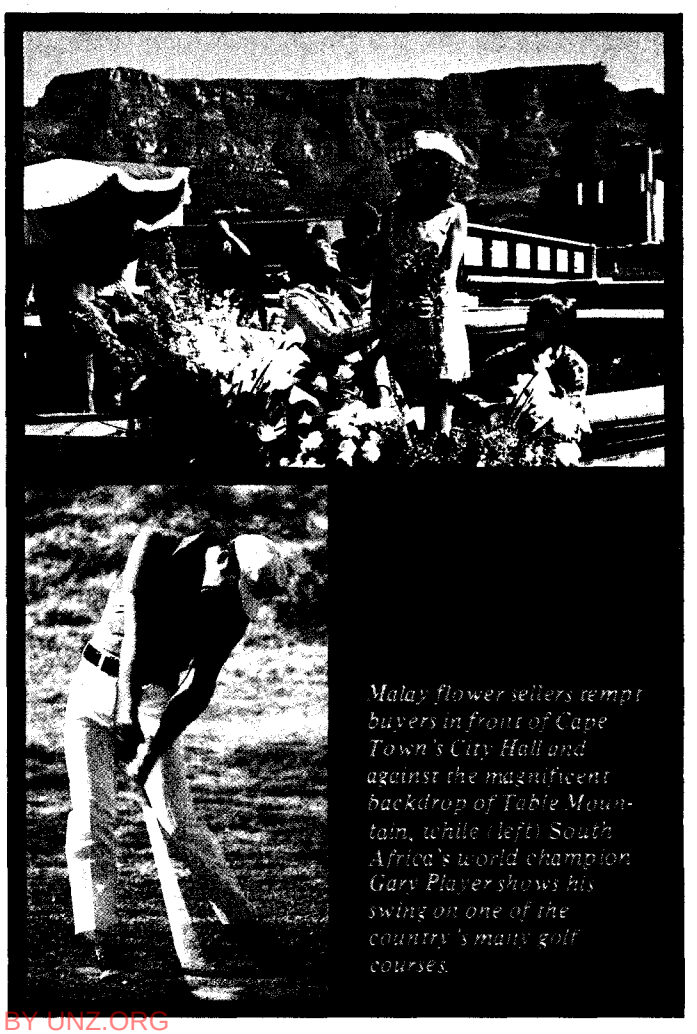
Cape Town, the Mother City and the seat of Parliament, offers the unique combination of a sparkling

More Incentive, Times Three

More and more companies are rewarding faithful employees (and their wives) with free vacation tours. Now a whole new world has been opened for incentive groups from North America with the introduction of South African Airways' new $700 round trip fare between New York and Johannesburg.

In addition, a third direct SAA service has been introduced between these two cities, giving travelers a choice of departure from New York on Wednesday, Friday, or Saturday. The SAA flights are the fastest available between New York and Johannesburg—a full three hours faster than any other. Also, SAA uses wide-bodied Boeing 747 Super B and 747 SP planes, which ensure maximum passenger comfort over long distances.

The remarkably low round trip to South Africa, coupled with low accommodation and travel costs once you get there, means outstanding economy and value for money.



Malay flower sellers tempt buyers in front of Cape Town's City Hall and against the magnificent backdrop of Table Mountain, while (left) South Africa's world champion Gary Player shows his swing on one of the country's many golf courses.

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coastline, scenic drives, craggy mountains—a cable car trip up the 3,500-foot face of Table Mountain is not to be missed—historic buildings, and a famous botanical garden. The quaint Malay Quarter is still inhabited by the descendants of slaves brought from the Far East, many of whom provide that special color to the little fishing harbors round the Cape Peninsula. A day drive or coach tour to the end of the Peninsula will bring your heart to your mouth as you skirt precipices dropping sheer into the thundering waves and leave indelible memories of the point where the Indian and Atlantic oceans meet, or the view of Simonstown, South Africa's main naval base.

Two towns which should be included on your list are historic Stellenbosch, South Africa's second oldest town, which celebrates its tercentenary this year, and Paarl, headquarters of the wine industry.

In recent years an important new attraction has been developed, called the "Cape Wine Route." A map obtainable from tourist offices shows which wine estates may be visited, where tourists may enjoy the beauty of the Cape Dutch architecture, the interest of seeing wine producing at first hand, excellent food in the restaurants which some estates have opened, and the pleasure of meeting genuine farmers.

The next big city eastward along the Cape coast is Port Elizabeth, often called South Africa's Detroit, because it is the main production center for American automobiles in South Africa. Port Elizabeth is 400 miles from Cape Town and can be reached by air, but to fly there is to forego one of the most magnificent drives in the world.

The route from Cape Town starts with the climb over Sir Lowry's Pass, which gives one an unforgettable and often nostalgic last look back at the Mother City, Table Mountain, False Bay, and the wine region. On to Hermanus, an attractive fishing town which is a favorite for retirement and, if you have the time, down to Cape Agulhas, the southernmost tip of the African continent.

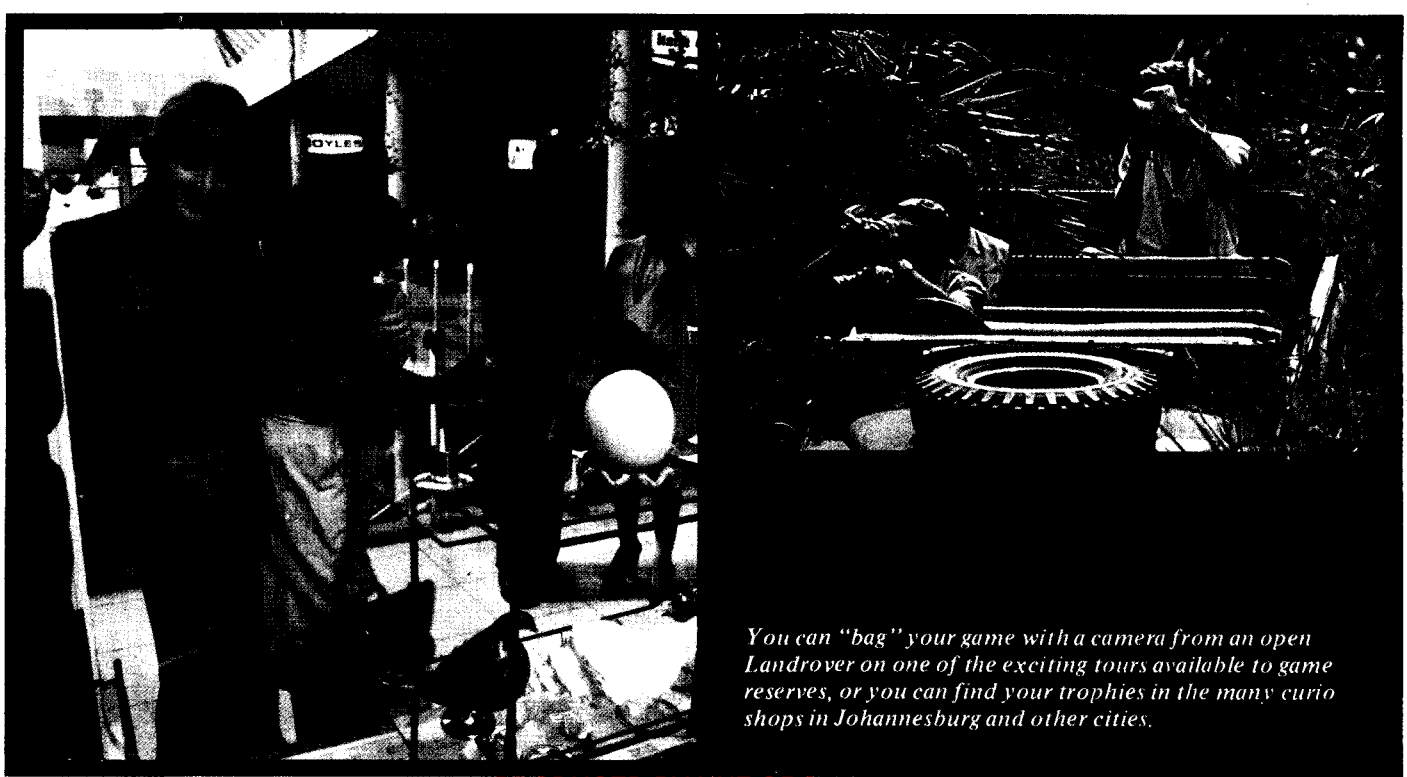
To reach the third target area, the province of Natal, one would either fly to Durban, motor through the scenic Drakensberg Mountains, or take the overnight Drakensberg Express train from Johannesburg to Durban. Durban, South Africa's largest port, has a subtropical climate which makes swimming in the warm Indian Ocean a pleasure even in mid-winter.

Farther inland lie the resorts of the Drakensberg range—the "Mountains of the Dragon," over which early pioneers in some cases carried their tented wagons piece by piece.

North of Durban, after the sugar estates, lie the game reserves of Zululand, the main ones being Umfolozi and Hluhluwe (pronounced Shloo-shloo-we), and coastal Saint Lucia. In the company of a guide, visitors may leave their automobiles and walk through the bush to see the awe-inspiring rhinoceros as well as many other wild animals.

Zululand is one of the finest regions for seeing authentic tribal life, but is also a growing industrial area (the harbor of Richards Bay was only recently started and is a major exporting point for coal and other minerals), and where once Zulu kings trained their armies and fought bloody battles, the government offices of the Zulu nation, KwaZulu, and the University of Zululand now offer training of a different kind.

From a turbulent history the modern state of South Africa has risen as the foremost industrial country on the African continent. But an enlightened preservation and tourist development policy has preserved the splendor of the wild and matched it with the throb of big cities, the charm of historic architecture, and the balm of a sunny climate. The varied peoples with their interesting cultures welcome visitors and underline the fact that here you can truly do a "world tour in one country."



You can "bag" your game with a camera from an open Landrover on one of the exciting tours available to game reserves, or you can find your trophies in the many curio shops in Johannesburg and other cities.

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In Johannesburg, 90 years and gold turned a shanty town into a big city. Today gold comes to the surface with every setting sun.

People came from far and wide in search of the brightest material man has known. Maybe that's why the entire city glitters.

It's like a city of the future growing before your very eyes. (In a climate like this, anything or anyone will flourish.)

See it and you'll wonder why your *own* city doesn't do for your spirit what Johannesburg does for it.

Even before you meet your first South African, you'll know why they're so friendly. Anyone who lives in a city so beautiful in a land so beautiful just *has* to glitter too.

Get a few weeks' worth of it all for yourself one of these days.

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Getting Out and About

Getting there is half the fun, the old saying goes. To which the cynic retorts, "Getting there is only half the worry." So what happens when your jetliner disgorges you at Jan Smuts airport after a 16-hour flight from New York, you collect your bags, and then have the choice of heading east (Kruger National Park, 250 miles), west (Kalahari Desert game reserve, 600 miles), southwest (Cape Town, 900 miles), south (Port Elizabeth and Garden Route, 700 miles), or southeast (Durban, 400 miles)?

The easiest and quickest way about is by scheduled airline service. South African Airways (SAA) operates one of the most extensive inland networks in the world and has built up an enviable record for safety, comfort, service, and standard of food. An attractive spin-off of this is that a businessman in Johannesburg for a meeting or convention who finds himself at loose ends for a day or weekend, for instance, need not spend the time being bored in his hotel room. The frequency of schedules and low additional cost when compared with his overall journey make it possible to get away to some far-flung corner at short notice. There are up to a dozen flights a day to Cape Town, and the round trip ticket would cost about $210, including a weekend's accommodation.

On the ground, SAA's sister organization, South African Railways, offers a standard of long-distance train travel which is a worthwhile experience in itself, though you obviously need more time in view of the great distances. At the top of the scale is the luxury Blue Train, which does the Johannesburg-Cape Town run in 24 hours of streamlined, air-conditioned bliss. The Blue Train offers not only a choice of accommodation from a single coupé to a full suite consisting of lounge, bedroom, and private bathroom, but also piped music and intercom communication with the bar stewards.

Durban, on the subtropical east coast, has a distinctively Eastern flavor because of its large Indian population. This is especially so in the city's Indian Market, which offers spices and exciting curios.

Other long-distance trains like the Trans-Karoo Express (also on the Johannesburg-Cape Town run) or the overnight Drakensberg Express to Durban also offer above-average comfort, food, and service, at below-average prices.

In addition, South African Railways offers an exciting range of luxury motor coach tours, and its coaches—like SAA's planes—can be chartered for special interest group tours or conventions.

All these forms of transport can be combined into a wide variety of plane, train, and coach tours, or you can charter your own light aircraft (fly it yourself if you have a pilot's license) or rent an automobile, with or without a driver. Familiar names like Hertz and Avis are to be seen at every airport and major city, as are many other auto rental firms or agents.

As in England, Americans may find it a bit strange to drive on the left, but apart from the rush hour in the main cities, traffic tends to be light and the country is crisscrossed by a network of high-class motorways, highways, and tarred roads.

Remember that gasoline is sold only from 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Monday through Saturday. So motorists should plan ahead.

Private tour operators offer a wide variety of tours from all main centers to suit every taste and pocket, as is evident from Satour's informative Travel Digest. In Johannesburg, for instance, you can visit a genuine operating gold mine on Saturdays—yes, and go underground—for $15. A $219 package tour will take you to the outstanding Sohebele Safari Lodge, in game reserve territory, for an all-inclusive weekend, including the 1 hour 20 minute flight each way.

Of course, if you usually spend your weekends tramping down the Appalachian Trail, or have developed a mania for jogging, you can really get about on the cheap. A growing number of hiking trails have been marked out, through mountains, forests, and coastal regions. And, seriously, if you are the running type, you may care to note that there is a marathon in South Africa almost every weekend of the year. In fact, there are now group tours coming to South Africa just to run!

South Africa is an outdoor country, so just about every sport is available—oh, well, excluding cross-country skiing, though you can ski in some mountains in winter. Satour has special brochures describing the attractions of the country's golf courses (which did, after all, produce Gary Player), and tennis players will find an abundance of public and private tennis courts, many of them on the grounds of the hotels where they stay.

Nor should one get the impression that the only worthwhile swimming to be had is along the golden beaches of the Cape Province or Natal. Almost every hotel, whether inland or coastal, now sports its own swimming pool. If swimming at 6,000 feet above sea level in Johannesburg is not good enough, for example, you can go a couple of hundred feet higher and use the swimming pool on the roof of the Carlton Hotel.

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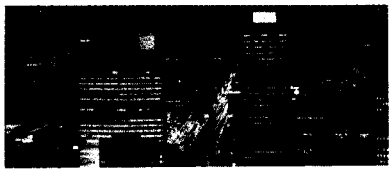
COME TO OUR WORLD IN ONE COUNTRY

How'd you like to go on a world tour for your vacation this coming season . . . and spend only as much money as if you were travelling in one country?



Come on over to sun-drenched, warm and welcoming South Africa.

It won't cost a lot (like it does in Europe or anywhere else) because South Africa is one country left where the dollar still buys you the great life.

And travelling in South Africa is like taking a world tour because this is the land of contrasts. 24 million people speaking over 50 different languages.

Landscapes that change from surf-washed shores to snow clad mountains, deserts to the wild African bushveld, rolling prairie-lands to sophisticated cities.

Here you can go trail hiking, game spotting or night-clubbing. If you're the sporting type; golfing, tennis, yachting or just about anything you care to name.

ONLY IN SOUTH AFRICA CAN YOU VISIT A HINDU TEMPLE IN A CHINESE RICKSHAW PULLED BY A ZULU WARRIOR FOR LESS THAN 50c.

Take the sub-tropical cosmopolitan city of Durban.

Here peace-loving Hindus worship their gods (and make some of the greatest curry anywhere), while just around the corner proud Zulu tribesmen stamp the earth in a ceremonial victory dance.

ONLY IN SOUTH AFRICA CAN YOU SIT DOWN TO DINNER WITH A KING FOR LESS THAN $4

Imagine you're one of the people in the main illustration of this advertisement. It's twilight over the bushveld, there's a giant steak sizzling over an open fire, (we call it braaivleis), the beer's cold, the company great. Then somewhere out there among the thorn bushes an African lion (our king) roars his defiance in the growing darkness.

Isn't that living?

ONLY IN SOUTH AFRICA CAN YOU GO DUNE HOPPING ACROSS THE DESERT IN SEARCH OF THE FABLED UNICORN AT A DAY RATE OF LESS THAN $20

The legendary Kalahari desert, where the gemsbok (our unicorn) runs free and tales of lost cities echo on the wind.

No matter how you travel; by train, by air, by automobile (with a trailer if you like).

No matter where you stay; in 5-star luxury hotels, mountain chalets or thatched cottages by the sea.

No matter where you are in South Africa from the beautiful Cape of Good Hope to the Kruger National Game Park, you'll discover how it's possible to live in the civilisation of the 20th century . . . and leave unspoilt the primeval splendour of a continent as old as time.

You've heard and read a great deal about South Africa during the past few years.

Now come and see the truth for yourself. It's going to cost you a lot less to discover:

OUR WORLD IN ONE COUNTRY.

I want to come to your world in one country

Name .....

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.....

SEP 79

WELCOME TO SOUTH AFRICA THE DOLLARS BEST FRIEND

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A Hole With History

Just over a century ago, children found some attractive pebbles in a river bed near the town of Barkly West. The pebbles turned out to be diamonds, and South Africa's diamond rush was on. At its height, diggers lit cigars with bank notes, and in the feverish quest for gems a hill was wiped from the face of the earth. Still they dug, and when the tide of fortune had passed, there remained the biggest man-made hole in the world—the City of Kimberley's "Big Hole."

For many years people came to gaze in awe at this super-sized hole in the ground, but in recent years the De Beers Corporation has developed next to it an imaginative museum which simply breathes the atmosphere of the diamond rush days. Now one of the most popular tourist attractions in South Africa, the Kimberley Mine Museum is a carefully reconstructed 19th-century village. Several historic buildings have been bodily moved to it, including one of the 128 "pubs" which the city once boasted, shops of the period, and a diamond buyer's office.

Kimberley, which lies a comfortable half-day's drive from Johannesburg on the highway to Cape Town, may be visited by air, or by stopping off on the upward or downward train journey between the Cape and Johannesburg.

Room with a sea view in one of the many excellent hotels in South Africa's seaside cities.

Glittering replicas of some of the world's greatest gemstone discoveries can be seen in the Kimberley Mine Museum, as well as careful reconstructions of houses, shops, and other buildings from the Diamond Rush days, like this "pub," where old-time drinking songs start playing when you move through the door.

Travel Tips

Where to go for advice and service: Full information and assistance in planning your tour can be obtained from South African Tourist Corporation (Satour) offices in New York, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Toronto, and all major European cities.

Travel reservations: All reservations, for individual flights as well as complete tours, can be made at the offices of South African Airways in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston, San Francisco, and Toronto, as well as in many other cities round the world, or through your local travel agent.

Travel documents: American citizens need a visa for South Africa, available from South African consulates in Washington, New York, Los Angeles, and Houston.

Health: Visitors must have an international smallpox vaccination certificate. Drinking water, food, and health and medical facilities are maintained at the highest international standards.

Language: English is the main common language, and the language of commerce. The other official language is Afrikaans (similar to Dutch), and there are more than half a dozen indigenous African languages.

Communications: Direct-dialing telephone and telex facilities are available between South Africa and North America and Europe, as well as many other countries.

Climate: Seasons reversed: December-February hot. Winter nights can be chilly, but the days are mild, so take a warm cardigan or medium-weight coat which can be removed during the day. A shady hat is advised against the fierce African sun—especially in summer, when "paleskins" from the northern winter are likely to be vulnerable.

Currency: The unit of currency is the rand, divided into 100 cents. One rand (R1)=$1.18 approx., with only slight (and tightly controlled) fluctuations.

Exchange control: Visitors may take in or out a maximum of R50 in South African currency. No restriction on the amount of foreign currency taken in, but there are limits on the amount taken out, so consult the Customs authorities at the point of entry if you are likely to have more than R2,000 with you upon departure.

Traveler's checks: American Express and other dollar checks can be freely cashed throughout the country.

Credit cards: All major credit cards such as American Express, Diners, Master Charge, and BankAmericard/Visa are widely accepted.

Auto rental: Well-known names like Hertz, Avis, Grosvenor, and Budget are there, in addition to other local and international operators. Gas stations closed at nights and on Wednesday afternoons and Sundays.

Photography: Kodak is a household name; all brands and sizes of equipment and materials available.

Hotels: Grading by the government's Hotel Board ensures star-rated standards according to international norms. Main cities boast the full range from five-star downwards, but comfortable establishments are common even in remote areas, at surprisingly low prices.

Food: Virtually every nationality is represented, including the ubiquitous hamburger or grilled steak. Kentucky Colonel is also there. Best value for money is the lunchtime or weekend buffet offered by many hotels. Fruit is abundant, and cheap.

Shopping: Excellent clothing to suit every taste. In souvenirs, anything from gold to local handcrafts.

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Great things have been effected by a few men well conducted. . . ."—George Rogers Clark, 1779

Teaching CPR to the Baby-sitter

For years mothers have been urged to leave emergency telephone numbers in a prominent place for the baby-sitter. Unfortunately, many life-threatening emergencies which involve infants and children do not allow time for a phone call. Drowning, electrocution, and food suffocation are examples. Administration of cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) within the first five minutes can save a life in these cases.

If you employ baby-sitters who don't know CPR, have them take a short course from the local Red Cross or American Heart Association. In some communities the parks department, fire stations, and colleges give such training. If none seems to be available, call your local elected officials to prod their interest in providing courses. Time for the courses varies from five to eight hours.

The accepted CPR technique for infants differs slightly from that used on adults (see April 1978 "Medical Mailbox"). Remember when performing CPR on youngsters to compress to the depth appropriate for the child's size and age. Young children

Photo by Greg Vargo

Indianapolis City Council President and the Director of the Parks and Recreation Department learn CPR. The Indianapolis Parks Department will coordinate training efforts of various groups offering CPR courses in the city. Rule No. 1: Don't practice on the living. The victims shown are plastic models.

Shake the infant gently and shout to assess unresponsiveness. Open the airway and listen for breathing while watching the chest. If there is no respiration, position the child for CPR. This can be done by holding the infant on the arm with the head tilted back gently in the hand, or a towel or blanket can be slipped beneath the shoulders for support.

The rescuer should cover both the nose and the mouth of the child with his own mouth and give puff-sized breaths to inflate the lungs every three seconds, 20 times per minute. Breathe only enough to inflate the lungs as indicated by a chest rise. This is done simultaneously with heart compressions. Keep the head tilted properly so that air flows unhindered to the lungs.

Photos by Raymond Bright

Check for the apical beat of the heart by placing fingers gently on the chest slightly to the left of the midsternum (breastbone). Heart compressions should be performed with two fingers at the midsternum at the rate of 80 to 100 per minute with breaths delivered without delay after each five compressions. Infants require a ½- to ¾-inch compression.

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require a compression of ¾ to 1½ inches. The liver is positioned high under the lower sternum in small children, and the xiphoid and chest wall are quite flexible, which increases the danger of lacerating the liver. Be careful to use only the fingertips for infants and the heel of one hand for small children. Also remember that the infant neck is pliable. Don't tilt it so far back that the air flow is obstructed.

For further information about CPR, send a self-addressed envelope to Medical Education and Research Foundation, 1000 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

If baby-sitters should know CPR, so, obviously, should parents, grandparents, and older siblings. Dr. Nicholas A. Pace, General Motors New York Medical Director, has found that children as young as eight years of age are strong enough to give CPR to adults. Most programs so far have attempted to teach all those 13 years of age and older.

You can walk the streets of Seattle these days (so thoroughgoing has that city been in its CPR teaching program) with the wonderful knowledge that if you should have a coronary or other emergency, one out of every four people stands ready to possibly save your life. Cleveland has covered an eight-county area and hopes to have a half million trained by 1980. Tiny Sonoma, California, has a goal of drafting *everyone* 13 years of age and older. Indianapolis' neophyte program has a similar ambitious goal.

The *Post* is preparing an in-depth article on CPR. If your community has developed an exciting CPR program with any new organizational approaches, please tell us about it so that we can pass it along to the whole country.

Aspirin Cream for Arthritic Joints

A double-blind study of orally ingested aspirin and topically applied salicylate cream for the relief of rheumatic pain was conducted on 40 patients. Half the cases were given aspirin cream and two placebo tablets. The other half were given two 5-grain aspirin tablets and a placebo cream. Each patient was instructed to apply the cream to affected areas four times daily and to take two tablets four times a day with meals and at bedtime. All the patients recorded daily pain relief, onset of relief, and degree of pain relief. None knew whether they were taking aspirin or placebo pills.

During the seven-day period of the study, the topically applied aspirin cream was at least as effective as aspirin in achieving pain relief, tended to provide relief more quickly, had fewer side effects, and was less likely to lead to patients' discontinuing treatment. For some patients, orally ingested aspirin can produce such side effects as upset stomach, gastroduodenal bleeding, allergic reactions, heartburn, and ringing in the ears. These persons who need the temporary relief provided by aspirin from aches and pains due to arthritis and muscular exertion can benefit from the use of aspirin cream.

In this study, seven of the patients experiencing *severe* pain were helped more effectively with the topically applied cream.

Continued on following page

U.S. Government medical panel confirms diet aid safe* and effective for weight loss.

Before a U.S. Government medical and scientific advisory panel declares an over-the-counter product "safe and effective," the product has to be tested. Again and again. It has to prove it works—that it's safe—that there are no harmful side effects—again and again.

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How Dexatrim Works

Dexatrim is a timed release weight loss aid containing a powerful appetite suppressant with none of the harmful side effects of prescription drugs. One capsule in the morning works up to 12 hours at a time. So all day long you feel satisfied with smaller portions without going hungry.

Overwhelming Proof From Scientific Community

Here are some of the impressive clinical results:

At an eastern research hospital 33 patients were put on a diet with Dexatrim. Another 33 patients were put on the same diet with one of the strongest prescription diet drugs. Results: The same weight loss for both groups. (As much as 22 pounds in 6 weeks). What's more, the patients using Dexatrim exhibited none of the harmful side effects that often results from prescription drugs.

At a Long Beach Medical Center, 66 patients were put on a diet. Half of those patients were given Dexatrim's ingredients. At the end of four weeks, 32 out of 33 people taking Dexatrim's ingredients lost weight, on the average, much faster than the group on the placebo. In fact, some lost as much as 16 lbs. in 4 weeks.

Dexatrim Users: Consistent Achievement of Weight Loss

Thousands of Dexatrim users have written to us about their experiences.

Here are some enthusiastic comments: Judi Andresen of Minneapolis, Minnesota lost 24 lbs.: "Have tried for years to lose weight and couldn't. Dexatrim helped me take off weight fast...fantastic!" Kim Klarman of Baltimore, Maryland: "I lost 30 lbs... yet with no side effects."

Try Dexatrim Today

After such impressive clinical evidence, isn't it a good time to let Dexatrim help *you* lose the weight you want to lose? It's as close as your nearest drug counter.

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Zinc-medicated Tampons for Venereal Disease

Herpes simplex virus infection is a sexually transmitted disease which produces painful blisters on the genitals of the victim. Active infection is a hazard in pregnancy and has been linked to an increased risk of cancer of the cervix.

Zinc-medicated vaginal tampons, inserted for long periods of time, dramatically reduced reappearance of these infections in a pilot study of college women with first-time occurrences.

Dr. Patrick Tennican, Professor of Medicine at the University of Arizona, said that normally up to an 80 percent return of new blisters can be expected to occur within six months following a primary infection of Herpes simplex. The girls treated with tampons showed only 30 percent recurrence. In the clinical trial, the women replaced the medicated tampons with fresh ones every 24 hours and continued treatment for 10 to 21 days.

Penile Prosthesis for Impotent Males

Baylor College of Medicine professor Dr. Frank Gerow is implanting a penile prosthesis in patients whose impotence is mainly psychogenic. The Houston surgeon said, "This procedure is not a cure, but assists the patient to achieve coitus, in some cases for the first time in his life." He believes that while the prosthesis may not get to the roots of psychogenic impotence, the removal of a symptom can make it easier for psychotherapy to proceed.

The new prosthesis has been implanted in 45 patients, who have been followed for up to four years. The device is an ovoid rod of Silastic elastomer which is surgically implanted into a pocket abutting the septum of the penis. It has been approved by the FDA and is commercially available.

Yellowed Pillow Case

Q. Could you enlighten me on a problem I have? When I sleep, the pillowcase gets a yellowish discoloring which my wife has quite a time trying to wash out. I clean my neck and hair very thoroughly, but the discoloring persists and I don't have oily hair.

A. Dr. Arthur L. Norins, dermatologist, Indiana University Medical School, answers your question as follows:

One of the most likely causes of yellow staining of the pillowcase is colored sweat. This condition is known technically as chromhidrosis. Patients taking certain medications and foods (e.g., curry) have been known to have the material color their sweat. In addition, there are strains of bacteria which can convert colorless sweat into a colored product; topical medications can sometimes help clear this. Some cases of colored sweating are due to chemicals manufactured by the sweat glands and put out into the sweat.

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The Arabs

continued from page 14

asked about the PLO, and I say that is a term I wish to God the Palestinians would change, because it is being misused.

"When I speak to a Jewish person, I speak to him as an American. Jews visit Saudi Arabia, you know that. I am not embarrassed by such questions. It takes a lot to embarrass me.

"If we Arabs made one big mistake in years past, it was not to communicate with you. Now we do. More of us come here, and more of you visit our lands. I really don't know a single Arab who can say he was snubbed in America."

Alireza was born in Jidda, where a sprawling family of Alirezas lives in a huge compound and forms the rich House of Alireza. Until oil days, the Alirezas made their fortune as importers of goods for Saudi Arabia. Today, the House of Alireza wallows in the economic boom, owns insurance companies and tankers, acts as broker and banker, and also represents jeweler Harry Winston. Saudis see no conflict of interest in government officials holding onto their business connections and enterprises, so Alireza makes no financial sacrifice as ambassador.

Alireza's father and the late King Faisal were lifelong friends, and Alirezas are close to the royal family. Alireza was schooled in Egypt and at the University of California, where he met and married Marianne Likowski, whom the Saudis came to call "Oomie." Shortly after being married, Alireza was selected by King Ibn Saud to interpret and otherwise assist him at the first U.N. meetings. Alireza never got back to school.

"Oomie" and child went off to Saudi Arabia where she was veiled and confined for long periods in the Alireza compound. Her life was alternately restricted and hectic, because Alireza would suddenly summon her to Cairo or Paris or New York. In those early years, he sometimes conspired with her to break the Saudi ban on women driving or being seen by men unveiled.

So that Marianne could drive, Alireza dressed her like an Arab man; and when they were almost discovered, "Ali wanted to shrivel up and die. I got to laughing uncontrollably, unbecoming of a 'man' in Arab headdress. . . . Ali could have at least been grateful that the stripped gears hid my laughter."

The Saudi Arabia of that time was incredibly poor, illiterate, and disease ridden. "There were so many things to worry about," she wrote: "malaria, typhoid, smallpox, all children's diseases, eye diseases, skin diseases, parasites external (lice) and internal (a circus of intestinal ones), stomach disorders and dysenteries, insect bites, strange fevers like dengue that depressed one to distraction. . .the people knew little about them except that they got them. . . ."

By Marianne's account, she bore all this, and Ali's five children as well, and had accustomed herself to Arab life, when one day, "From his hospital bed . . .Ali divorced me by saying one sentence in front of an official from the Saudi Arabian consulate in New York. . . . That was all he had to do, as a Muslim, to free himself from me, although it did not free me from our California marriage."

"That's right, Mr. Hartly, I've sent you two *bills, one for each personality."*

Alireza, while married to Marianne, had met and courted Huguette, the Lebanese-born former wife of an American army sergeant, and today she is Alireza's second wife. Huguette and Monica Edwards, her 27-year-old daughter by her first marriage, are Roman Catholics. Living in an Arab household seems to agree with them, however—even in Saudi Arabia, where they must remain veiled in public and are confined to the compound most of the time.

The best reading is that Alireza will be ambassador to the United States for another five years, until the economic boom matures and the Saudis' position in Washington is unquestioned. Then he can return home to the House of Alireza and enjoy his Arab life.

When Alireza hired Fred Dutton (now paid $270,000 a year), he got an amiable, savvy liberal who eventually secured that Saudi contract for Carter's pollster, Pat Cadell, and also arranged for Mike Moynihan, brother of Senator Pat, to do the presswork during the visit of Crown Prince Fahd.

Dutton makes Saudi Arabia acceptable to many who would have otherwise been leery. He spends a great deal of time explaining what Saudi Arabia is all about to senators, congressmen, government officials, fellow lawyers, and an increasing number of journalists curious about the oil kingdom.

Several years ago, it was unthinkable that U.S. senators would meet with Yasir Arafat. The Jewish lobby and right-wingers alike would have liked to eviscerate him. But senators George McGovern, Charles Percy, James Abourezk, Howard Baker, Adlai Stevenson, and Charles Mathias did meet with Arafat in Beirut, and came away saying they had a different impression of the PLO leader than they had had before.

"After talking to the PLO people in Syria, I went from Damascus to Beirut one stormy night to see him," Mathias recounted. "I changed from an American car to a PLO car at the border because I figured it would be safer for me in the PLO car.

"I was taken to Arafat at two in the morning, and we talked for three hours over the whole Middle East problem. It went about as expected. He is very well informed. The last thing he said to me was, 'Now, senator, you're going to go back and vote for aid to Israel. When you do it, just remember, there are other people who want to live, too.'

"Kissinger was always very strong for senators visiting Arab lands. He felt that it was a necessary part of the process. Until very recently, most thought of the Arab world as people who wore bed sheets and rode on camels. That was a very serious underestimation."

A score of other senators visited Arab nations for the first time in recent years. Among them are three of the seven Jews in the Senate—Javits, Ribicoff, and "Dick" Stone—who visited the "confrontation states" (Egypt, Syria, and Jordan) and Saudi Arabia, the seat of Islam and anti-Zionism.

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All three were favorably impressed, particularly Javits. He had long talks with King Khalid, Crown Prince Fahd, and the foreign minister, Prince Saud al-Faisal, who entertained him in a setting where Javits could air his views.

"The dinner was a riotous affair," Javits recalls. "We argued, we ate, and we argued. Naturally, we got to the question: What can be done about the Arab-Israeli dispute? We did not agree, naturally.

"Saudi Arabia is the one Arab country I visited which sees the relationship between a peace settlement and the economic aspect of that settlement. They see how the region would be strengthened by an interrelationship among all its economies.

"I had the distinct impression that the Saudis have concluded that it is time for peace in the area, that the politics of balancing one big power against another won't work anymore. They have concluded that the only way to get stability is to work out some kind of peace with Israel.

"Of course, I reminded them that they bankroll the confrontation states and the PLO, too. But I think they have decided you can't buy stability, and stability demands peace.

"The Saudis are very poised about Jewish visitors. They're not mad or glad, but very poised. Senatorial visits to Saudi Arabia and other Arab nations are very helpful. The give-and-take is good.

"I'm sure there is flak around because of my trip, but I haven't caught it. I'm not a bit apprehensive about visiting Arab countries. I visit Israel regularly, and Israeli officials take you more seriously if you are well informed on the whole area."

Richard "Dick" Stone is as pro-Israeli as anyone around, but as chairman of the subcommittee dealing with the Middle East, he was eager to visit Saudi Arabia. He liked it.

"The hospitality increased during my stay," he says. "After I saw [Prince] Abdullah, head of the national guard, I met with King Khalid. Abdullah came along because he liked our earlier meeting so much. Then Shaykh Yamani [the Saudi minister of petroleum] invited my wife Marlene and me to dinner, and that grew to 15 persons. So did the lunch that Ghassabi, minister of planning, put on for us.

"I was surprised with how spontaneous they were. We learned a lot from each other. I was really taken with them. The Saudis, with their stress on religion and the royal family, are structurally moderate.

"It's good for senators to visit the key Arab countries. My constituents don't complain. They know these visits are part of my work. God, I hope we get peace in the Middle East."

At least 50 congressmen have also visited the Arab world since the energy crisis began, and while none came back denouncing Israel and espousing the Arab viewpoint, their views are undeniably moderated—just as the senators' were. The Arabs always argued that time was on their side, that gradually the American people would understand their side of the dispute with Israel, and that what they regarded as justice would eventually be achieved.

But now the Arabs have more than the clock working for them; they also can afford to send far greater numbers of students to America. The Arab nations, particularly the *nouveaux riches* oil states, send students to become doctors, nurses, engineers, other professionals, and technicians. According to the America-Mideast Education and Training Services, which helps recruit and prepare Arab and Iranian (Muslim but not Arab) students for American schools, there are 21,000 Arab students on American campuses this year, a big increase over the 13,000 Arab students in the U.S. back in 1975.

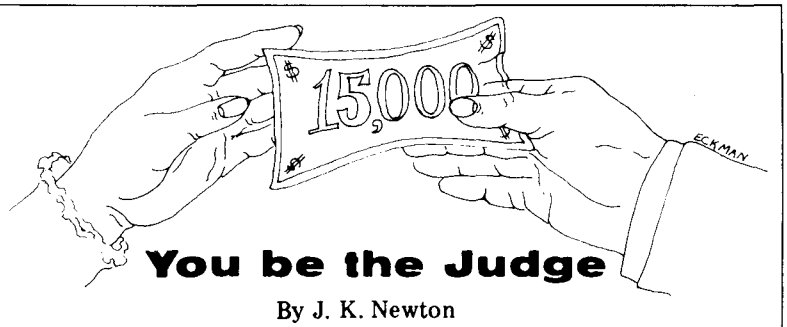
Arabs also have substantial impact on American education through large grants, often to establish specialized Arabic or Islamic studies. The grant that irked Art Buchwald (not an alumnus), then Israeli Ambassador Simcha Dinitz, and other Jewish alumni of Georgetown University was the $750,000 the Libyans gave that school's Center for Contemporary Arab Studies in 1977.

Buchwald, whose connection to Georgetown is through his "avid" readership of the *Georgetown Voice*, the campus paper, wrote a letter attacking Peter Krogh, dean of the Foreign Service School, for condoning the huge gift.

"I don't know what Dean Krogh's definition of morality is," Buchwald wrote the paper, "but it seems to me that Georgetown has accepted blood money from one of the most notorious regimes in the world today.

"Since he doesn't want to freeze out anyone because of ideology, may I suggest Dean Krogh go after an 'Idi Amin Chair in Genocide,' the 'Premier Vorster South African Chair of Apartheid,' and a 'Brezhnev Studies Program in Human Rights.' I'm sure that these countries would come up with the money."

Dean Krogh called Buchwald's letter "quite a cheap shot that is unworthy of the Art Buchwald I have known." Krogh said he didn't know Idi Amin, and that the Umar al-Mukhtar professorship of Arab culture was "not a chair for the advancement of



You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton

"30 Days' Coverage Only 25¢" promised the brochure that Greg Gullible received in the mail from the Grand Ole Life Insurance Company. Gullible immediately completed the form and mailed it along with the 25-cent premium to the insurance company.

The application reached the company on June 13; it was processed and returned to Gullible with an effective date of June 21. Unfortunately, on June 15, Gullible was killed in an automobile accident. When Gullible's mother tried to collect the $15,000 proceeds from the policy, the company refused to pay. She decided to sue.

In court, the insurance company's counsel explained that an insurance application is an offer to make a contract. "A completed application must be unconditionally accepted by the insurance company before a binding contract is made," he said. "Because Gullible died before the contract was complete, we don't have to pay up."

Mrs. Gullible's attorney pointed to the confusion created by the brochure in its explanation of the policy benefits. "The language, 'when you apply. . .you are provided death and dismemberment coverage from accidents,' indicates that a person will be covered from the moment he applied," she argued.

If you were the judge, would you let Mrs. Gullible collect?

The court awarded the proceeds to Mrs. Gullible. It said that ambiguities in a contract are to be construed against the draftsman; in this case, the insurance company. In addition, the court looked to a "reasonable expectation test." In holding for the plaintiff, it noted Gullible could reasonably have relied on the promises in the brochure and expected coverage to begin when the application was dropped in the mail.

(Based on a 1973 Texas case)

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hijacking," as Buchwald charged.

Buchwald aside, there was considerable pressure from Jewish sources on Georgetown president, the Rev. Timothy S. Healy, S.J., to turn down the money. But the Center is well established now, with a faculty and lecture staff of 19, a mix of Americans and Arab nationals.

The Libyan gift was the largest single contribution to the Center since it was founded in 1975 with a $120,000 grant from the Sultanate of Oman, presented personally by His Majesty, Sultan Qabus bin Said, who gave like amounts to Johns Hopkins and the University of Pennsylvania. The sultan presented the gifts in the Blair House across the street from the White House. James Schlesinger, then defense secretary, was present, and a dinner party was given afterwards by Chase Manhattan Bank president David Rockefeller.

Saudi Arabia came through with $200,000 for the Center. The United Arab Emirates made grants totaling $250,000, and the Egyptians banked $100,000 in pound notes for the use of Georgetown scholars and professors in Cairo. Another $100,000 was donated by several American corporations, including Mobil, Texaco, New York Citibank, and Chase Manhattan.

The trumpeting about Washington lobbyists for Arab nations spending millions is greatly exaggerated. Sure, the old smoothie, Clark Clifford, is paid $150,000 a year by Algeria; but most of his work is commercial, and Clifford doesn't go around town promoting the Arab cause. "Intelligent Jewish groups do not complain about furthering relationships with Arab countries," Clifford says. "They know it is a step in the right direction."

Given his pro-Arab views, it is not surprising that J.W. (Bill) Fulbright, now retired as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, represents Saudi Arabia for $50,000 a year, and the United Arab Emirates for $25,000. And when the Algerians needed a Republican to balance Clifford, they hired Richard Kleindienst, former attorney general, for $10,000 per month, plus expenses.

None of these lawyer-lobbyists feels compromised. Dutton and Clifford, according to Justice Department records, contribute to candidates known for their pro-Israeli votes. Kleindienst says, "I am in complete agreement with the U.S. policy of supporting Israel."

Other than those with vested, commercial interests in Arab lands, there aren't many Americans who push the "Arab cause." But the numbers of Arab Americans who now feel ethnic urges is growing. The National Association of Arab Americans claims that there are two million Arab Americans, and it seeks to activate them.

"We're taken seriously now, particularly since we won on the jet plane sales issue," says John Richardson, NAAA's political director. "We are now an organization which can have some influence on Middle East policy, particularly in Lebanon."

One of Washington's most outspoken and controversial Arabs, Dr. Hisham Sharabi, professor of history at Georgetown University, a Palestinian by birth and now an American citizen, is NAAA's president. Actually, NAAA has only 2,500 members, and operates on an annual budget of about $200,000. However, its impact outweighs the small numbers.

The NAAA was inconsequential indeed until 1975, when it got its first audience with an American president, Gerald Ford. Its representatives also argued before Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger against aid-to-Israel bills and further sales of concussion bombs (CBU's) to Israel.

In 1977, President Carter sent official greetings to the NAAA's annual convention, and stressed the organization's "special concern" for a Middle East settlement. While Israel is hardly applauded at NAAA conventions, there is always one speaker who gets up to warn members not to fall into the trap of anti-Semitism.

A bit heady with its jet-plane victory, NAAA then sued the U.S. government

Continued on following page

At last! A remarkable breakthrough for arthritis pain: Aspercreme.

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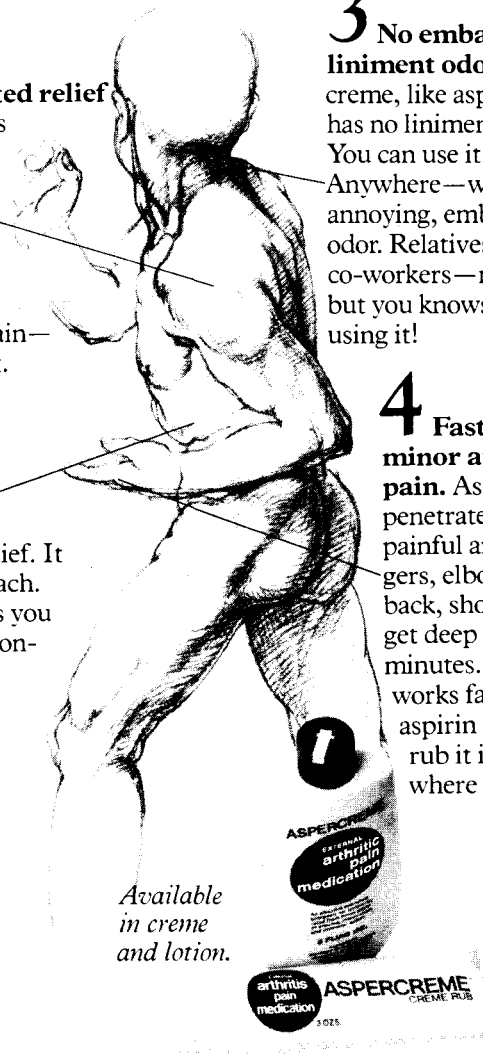

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to stop selling weapons to Israel, charging that Israel had violated the arms export control act by invading Lebanon last year.

"We withdrew our case," Richardson notes, "after Israel withdrew from Lebanon. We also had a part in Israel's being disciplined for the misuse of cluster bombs in Lebanon."

Some Americans of Arab descent aren't as enthusiastic about NAAA's thrust into foreign policy as they are for the organization to go after discrimination against Arab Americans. NAAA recently won an out-of-court settlement in a suit against Marriott Corporation for alleged discrimination against two Americans of Egyptian origin.

The most celebrated slander of an Arab American was that visited upon Ralph Nader, whom Paul Dixon, a member of the Federal Trade Commission, called "a dirty Arab." That canard not only prompted two Jewish-American congressmen to rise on the floor and denounce Dixon (perhaps they remembered being called "dirty Jews" when they were boys), it also fired up the Arab-American community across the country.

Nowadays, Arab Americans are sensitive to how Arabs are depicted on television and in the movies. The film, *Black Sunday*, wherein Palestinian terrorists are the maniacal villains, is considered particularly onerous. The NAAA also regards *Network* as "overtly anti-Arab."

Richardson criticizes the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights for deploring discrimination against almost every minority imaginable in the U.S., including Eskimos, but never mentioning Arabs. Yet, Arabs are TV's most popular villains, and are stereotyped as oil-rich shaykhs, terrorists, assassins, white-slave traders, and greedy merchants.

"Not only are Arabs stereotyped on the screen," says Richardson, "but they have been defamed for years in editorial cartoons. We have just concluded a study of the 25-year output of Herblock, and it's been 25 years of the worst racism against Arabs imaginable. One of our findings is that, in 25 years, Herblock has never done one cartoon critical of Israel. He is the only cartoonist with that kind of record."

While the Arabs are in a stronger position in Washington now, the so-called Jewish lobby hasn't lost ground. It drove Fulbright to cynicism, even bitterness, and helped move Abourezk to retire. "It's impossible to get any balance up here," Abourezk complains. "Arabs can't be successful with Congress because they have no constituency."

With this lone Arab senator gone, there will still be six Arab-American congresspeople, but they don't follow an Arab "line." Five of them voted for anti-boycott (pro-Israel) legislation, and also showed some support for aid to Israel. Only Congressman Abraham Kazen, Jr. (Democrat, Texas) consistently votes "pro-Arab."

Ethnic feelings rise slowly in Arab Americans. Most are Christian Lebanese, more likely to agonize than feel anger over the Middle East. "It will be our third generation which will really move," says Joseph Baroody, former president of the NAAA. "There will be a larger Arab presence in Washington as a result."

Arabs and Arab Americans are hardly the new power elite in Washington, but there is a creeping even-handedness which pleases them and disturbs Jews. In fact, this uncomfortable feeling among Jewish groups has broken out as tough criticism. The Anti-Defamation League at its annual convention in February called on President Carter to change his policy of "exerting pressure on Israel." In December, the A.D.L. had charged Carter with being "unfair and one-sided" for rebuking Israel on its rejection of Egyptian demands.

The "Near East Report" of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee has hammered away at the U.S. government for its "double standards" on Israel, for tilting "dangerously toward the Arab position," for weakening Israel diplomatically, and for raising Arab expectations.

Sadat's initiative certainly made the U.S. more open-minded about the Arab world, but underlying the new power equation in the capital is the American dependence on Arab oil and the billions being spent by Arab nations.

This is what causes Saudi Ambassador Alireza to fold his hands on his ample belly and proclaim: "As the U.S. interest in us increases, the American people are more and more receptive. There are good days ahead." ☒

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Janet Guthrie

continued from page 67

known as Gasoline Alley. Her professional cool has won over several doubting colleagues, although she admits, "There are a few who remain to be convinced." To critics who argue that a woman isn't strong enough to race at Indy, Janet the First replies: "I drive the car, I don't carry it." To those who believe she's just another feminist trying to further the cause, she explains: "I have a debt to repay the women's movement because ten years ago I wouldn't have been allowed in the garage area. It took the feminists to change that. I keep saying I really ought to go out and work for the Equal Rights Amendment, but I've never been political at all. So, it's something I've filed under good intentions at the moment."

Racing is her top priority these days, with all other activities vying for the small amount of time not spent at the track. Requests for personal appearances come in "bunches and hordes" according to Janet, but are never scheduled if they conflict with a race. Even those speaking engagements which she accepts must contain a cancellation clause in case she has an opportunity to race.

"To me, giving a speech is hard work. A lot of drivers take a lunch break, give a talk, and pick up a few hundred dollars. Then they'll do the same thing at dinner time. I don't like to do that because it might interfere with the main effort."

She believes concentration is vital, good equipment is essential, and a little luck never hurt anyone. The combination of all these factors just might result in a trip down victory lane at the lucrative Indy 500.

"You have to have it all together. You have to have the car, the equipment, the driver, the crew, the tire people. Everything has to be working perfectly. And then you have to have the luck that says the ten-cent piece doesn't break. I keep thinking about the astronaut—sitting on top of the rocket waiting to go to the moon—who remembers that every piece in his contraption was produced by the lowest bidder. We definitely don't have that problem in racing."

Whatever the verdict at Indy, Janet is planning a full season of competitive racing which will keep her in the driver's seat until November, when the pace finally slackens. Then she can turn her attention to mechanical problems of a more personal nature, her own car.

"I've got to have it repainted and have the body worked over," she laughs. "After all, it's the same car I've had for the last ten years. I never have time to drive it." ☒

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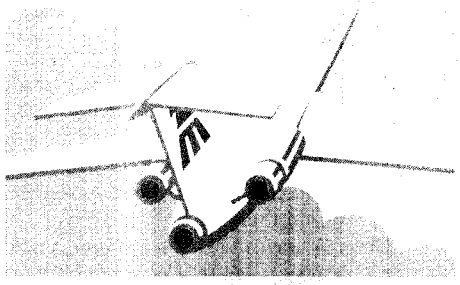

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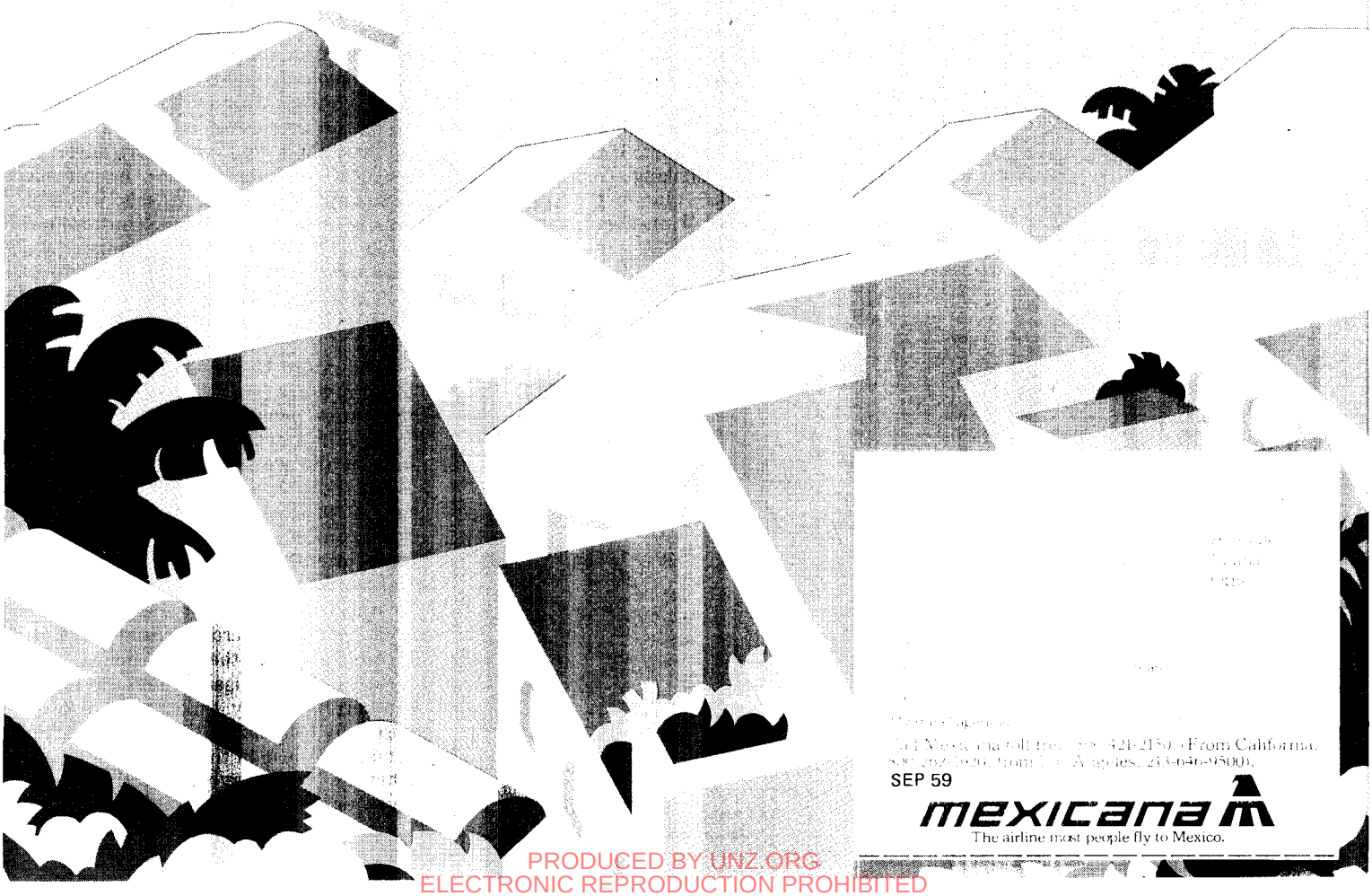

SEP 59

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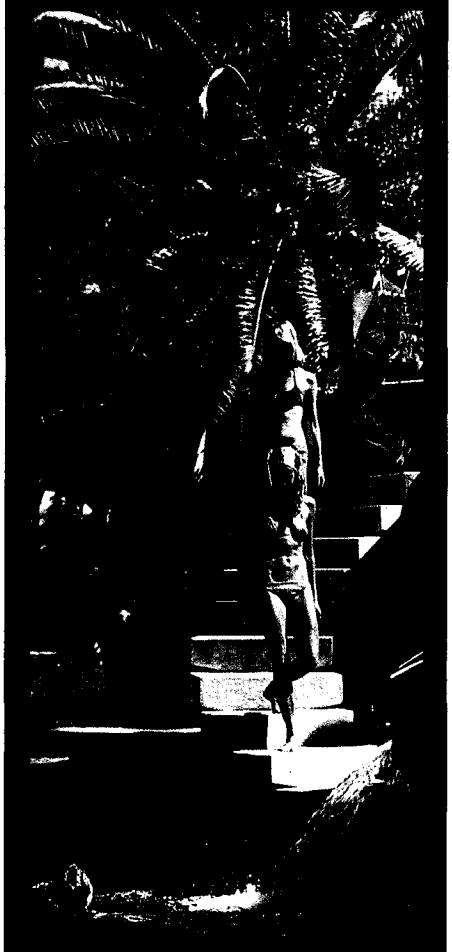

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SEP 8

Editorials

continued from page 89

Sears to have buckled under again; it never pays to make those glowering witchmen in Washington mad. The higher costs would have been passed on to us—one more step down that dreary road of inflation. Instead, Sears is bringing suit against the federal government, charging that the oppressive welter of federal regulations cannot be complied with simultaneously. That's a blow struck for the freedom of all of us. Bully for Sears.

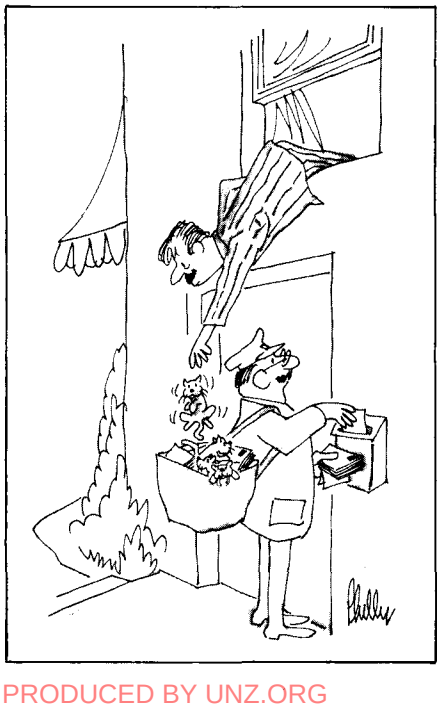
When There's a Wheel

continued from page 41

up. The final product can be spartan or special, depending on what you want to pay. And don't let the word "mini" fool you; these motor homes can be just as large and luxurious as the Class A specials. (Remember my dream?)

Class A motor homes are land yachts that started out as trucks at the factory. Heavy-duty all the way, their extra-sturdy frames and engines are real troupers that were especially built for tough road work. Prices run the gamut from around $20,000 all the way up to $300,000, depending on the make and number of options ordered. Some extras may seem extravagant, but others may make sense for your special needs. For instance, you can order a diesel-engine package from Foremost for an extra 20 grand; but that money will also be buying a good 200,000 miles of extra travel, not to mention lower fuel bills.

Right after the Arab oil embargo, the fledgling motor home industry suddenly found itself shaking from the roots. Many stocks plummeted (including front-running Winnebago), and lesser companies found themselves out of business. The reason? Big motor homes just don't get very good gas mileage. On the larger models you can't expect much more than ten miles per gallon, so don't run out and spend what you thought you could save on hotel bills.



The industry has since recovered from dark days, racking up record sales last year. Yet the nemesis of higher gas prices is ever present, so a new breed of motor homes is beginning to appear. Called "micro minis," these models start out overseas as little four-cylinder pick-up trucks which are then converted into clever campers once they reach Yankee shores. Micro minis may be the wave of the future, since they can rack up 20 mpg, are self-contained, can sleep three or four persons, and are handy to drive around town when the vacation is over. One micro mini, built by Sunrader, is made of dent-resistant fiberglass and comes equipped with a "marine stool," two batteries, and dual rear wheels.

But just suppose you've been dreaming of something more substantial. You can always buy, since long-term financing is readily available. Or you may decide to follow the sun permanently by selling your present house, avoiding the capital gains tax (if you're over 55), and going gypsy full time. Since modern motor homes are pretty good about insulation, many are now occupied year-round, even in colder climates. But what if this lifestyle isn't for you? After all, some novice campers may discover the best part about camping is *avoiding* full-course cookery and daily showers. So rent. There are plenty of motor home owners who are willing to share their debt, and many advertise in local newspapers. One nationwide company, World Wide Wheels, will rent you a mini motor home for around $480 a week during the summer (less gas) and you can pick it up at one location and leave it at another. Write them at 101 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

The motor home you may be driving tomorrow has roots that go back farther than most people know. At Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Michigan, take a look at the worn 1920 photographs of Henry Ford and Thomas Edison traveling in what is unmistakably a motor home prototype, if not the real thing. More recently a flock of self-styled entrepreneurs have laid claim to the title "Father of the Motor Home." It's a hotly contested crown—from Elkhart, Indiana, cradle of the trailer industry; to Brown City, Michigan, where the Frank brothers began by tinkering with used buses; to Columbus, Ohio, where Miles Elmers was also in the used-bus business when he wasn't trying to sell a brand-new detergent to automatic washer

Continued on page 142

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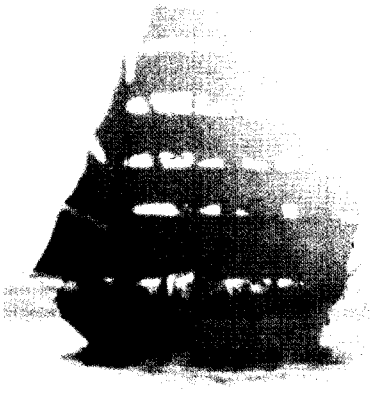

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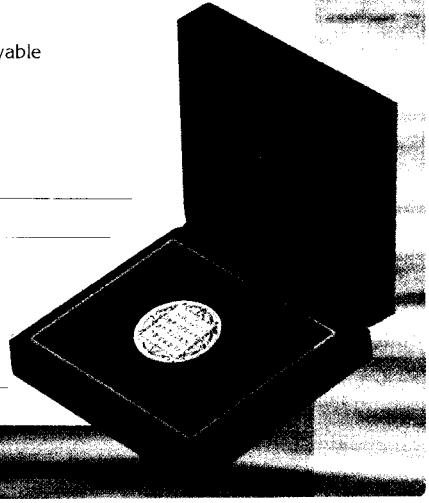

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The Saturday Evening Post Announces

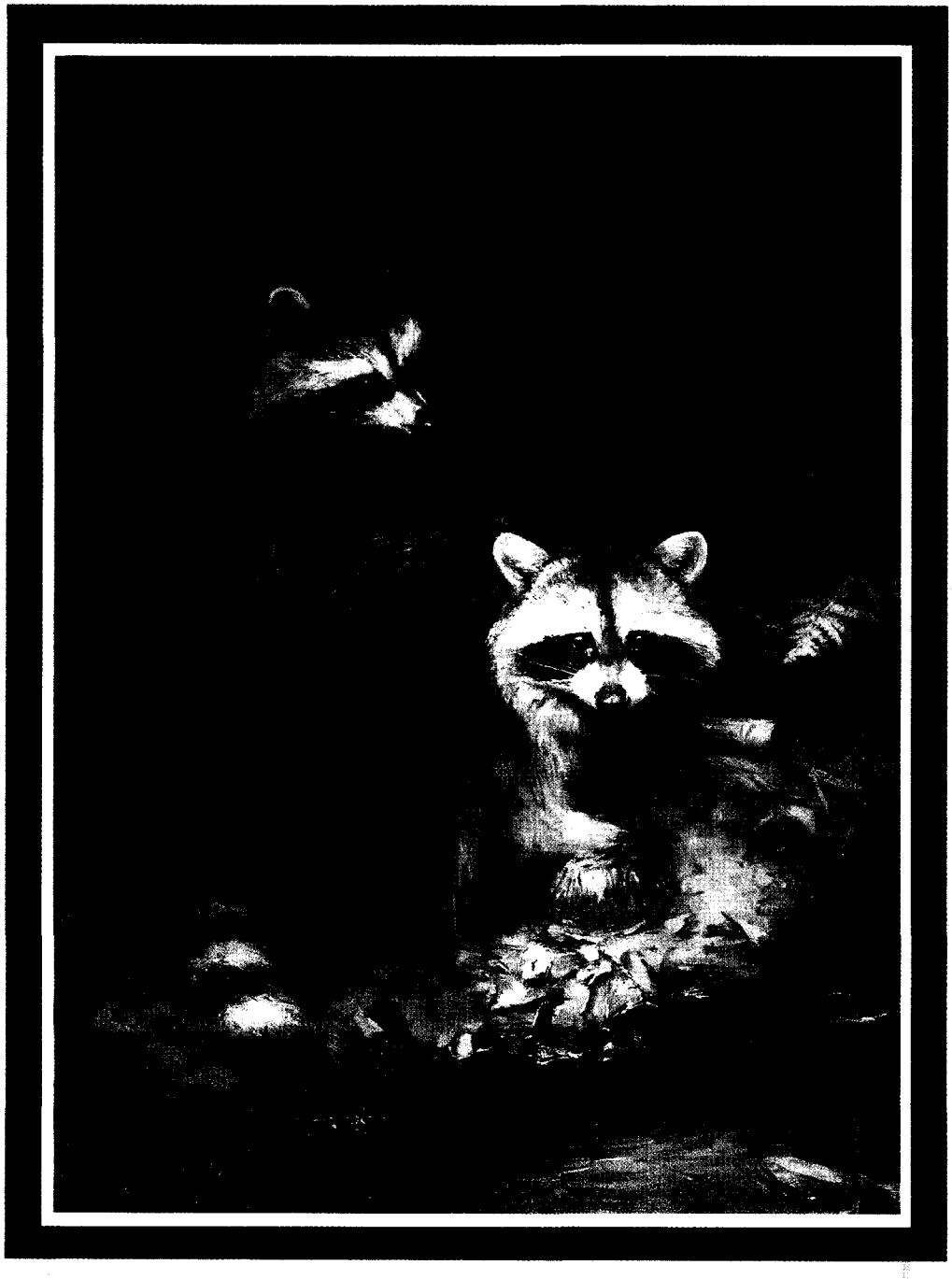
THE WINNERS

of the Sixth Annual Art Contest

Entries came from every state in the union, but when final judging was completed, Debora A. Davis of Pound Ridge, New York, claimed top honors in the sixth annual *Saturday Evening Post* art contest. The winning painting, rendered in oils, is called *Raccoons*.

Also using oil as his medium was Robert M. Lee of Belen, New Mexico, whose *And More Rain* earned this year's second-place award. *Barn Swallows*, an egg tempora submitted by Fred Swan of Barre, Vermont, placed third, with Honorable Mention citations going to Joseph J. Correale, Jr., of Woodbridge, Connecticut, for *The Wound*, and Tony Chikes of San Francisco, California, for *Hat-in-Ring Squadron.*

To all the winners and participants in the 1978 art contest we extend our congratulations and thanks for helping us at the *Post* continue the tradition of recognizing talented American artists and encouraging them in their work.



First Place
Raccoons
Debora A. Davis

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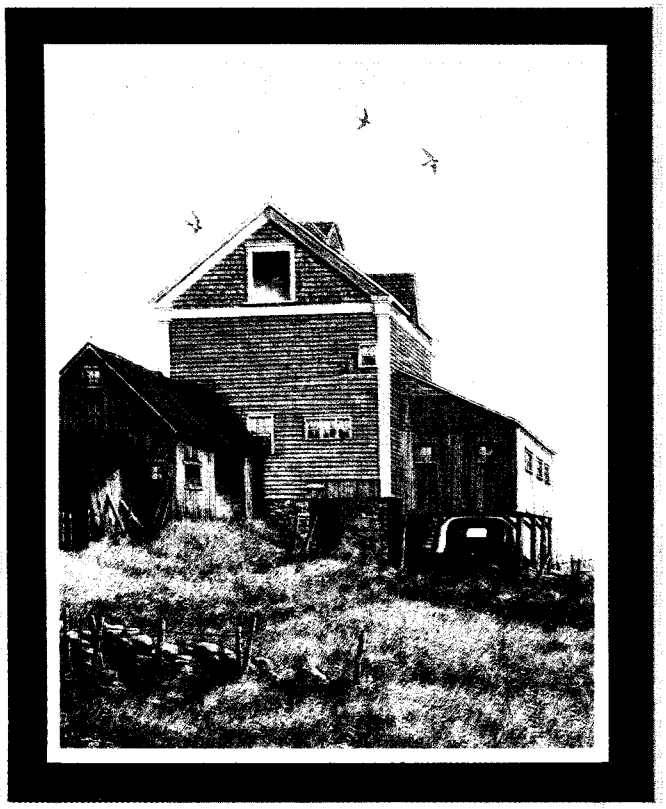
Second Place
And More Rain
Robert M. Lee

Honorable Mention
The Wound
Joseph J. Correale, Jr.



Third Place
Barn Swallows
Fred Swan

Honorable Mention
Hat-in-Ring Squadron
Tony Chikes

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When There's a Wheel

continued from page 138

manufacturers. But no matter who is responsible, there are now over 100 makers.

I found myself wondering how on earth an innocent, interested consumer could single out of that crowd the *one* he wanted to adopt. So I decided to ask some of the experts what they recommend at a recent RV show. Here are a few of their more inspirational suggestions:

(1) "Look for the Recreational Vehicle Institute seal," (says their publicity man, of course). This means that the vehicle has met the strict safety standards supported by RVI members. Safety is especially important when you consider the miles of electrical wiring and propane plumbing that go into every motor home.

(2) "Fit the vehicle to your needs. Don't buy a bigger, fancier unit than you really require. Most people do."

(3) "Check the conditions of the warranty and see that it adequately covers chassis, shell, and appliances. Also make sure that parts and service are readily available."

(4) "Be sure the engine is big enough and the vehicle has a correct rear-axle ratio" (this from a technical expert). "If you don't know about such things, take a real truck driver with you. He does."

(5) "For heaven's sake, park the vehicle in the dealer's lot until you learn how to use *everything* properly," (suggests a columnist who advises ignorant RV owners).

If the thought of motor homes still drives you right off the road, don't assume that they will have no bearing on your mode of living. Just as the spin-off from the space program has given us wonder materials of all kinds, the RV industry has already produced ecologically sound disposal units, new heavy-duty fabrics, compact generators, and—in the fun, fun future—RV cars! It's inevitable that people will begin to demand in their everyday transportation what they find in RV's.

But it's doubtful, money aside, that I'd trade my sensational motor home view from the top for any kind of station wagon-van amalgamation—even if it should have swivel and reclining chairs, complete carpeting, and a bar. The view from *that* top is too good. ☒

Dutch Reformed

continued from page 26

to whom English is a second language. Fifty-nine percent of the population lives in multiple dwellings. He feels one of the great challenges of the church is to create a sense of community for these people. "The church has not yet found the answer of how to reach the high-rise dweller," Mulder says, punctuating his sentence with a well-placed sigh.

For two years now, Mulder's congregation has opened a hospitality center called the Joyful Inn on the main shopping street of Hackensack during the weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas. It is a way to do good for people in the name of Christ, to remind them of what Christmas is all about. It is a place for weary shoppers to rest and enjoy a free cup of coffee. Balloons and shopping bags are given out, puppet shows presented. There is a literature table with Bibles and other materials presenting the Christian message. It provides a way to share the life-changing story of Jesus with hurting, lonely people. The street kids gather there, eager to help blow up balloons. Reverend Mulder smiles, "In the midst of the commercialism of modern-day Christmas, Christ is there."

"The flies are really much worse this year."

How does a church permeate an urban area? People are often intimidated by the Gothic church buildings. People need to see people. This concept seems to be one of the driving forces of the Reformed Church in America today.

As an indication of the importance placed on church growth within the denomination, individual congregations raised $6 million for that purpose in 1977-78—over and above the usual $5 million a year provided for community outreach, charities, and missionary work.

Foreign missionary work has always received an unusual amount of attention, although some has been curtailed due to political problems, especially in China and Africa and other countries of extreme political unrest. There are currently active missionaries in Mexico, Taiwan, Ethiopia, Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore, the Philippines, India, and the cluster of countries known as Arabia. A relatively new concept in missions is underway in Venezuela, where the R.C.A. is working hand-in-hand with an established Pentecostal church there. The new style of ministry overseas—developing in the R.C.A. as well as in other denominational and private groups—is that of being a supporter of and a co-laborer with churches already on the scene, of giving aid to existing congregations in terms of church growth.

What are the goals of the Reformed Church in America? They are mainly interested in programs relating to people. It is not so much a matter of forcing denominational doctrines as it is an act of loving people into a relationship with Jesus Christ that will become their main source for living. They want to present the Gospel in such a way that people will respond to it and accept God as their motivation for life. They feel the church has a responsibility to respond to things that are important to the quality of life in our world.

The R.C.A. emphasizes personal growth, stretching the mind and spirit, helping people to be able to deal with social issues on an individual level. They are interested in their sphere of influence. Can they influence each congregation and its community? They are concerned about the small church's ability to survive in an inflationary economy. They have a desire to share their belief that the Christian faith contains the answers to modern man's problems and questions. One of their main thrusts is to minister in a meaningful way to the city dwellers.

It is apparent that this historic denomination, born in an obscure grist mill surrounded by wilderness, is ever growing and changing, always struggling to maintain its identity and integrity in a fast-moving world. True to Reformed tradition, it is always reforming. ☒

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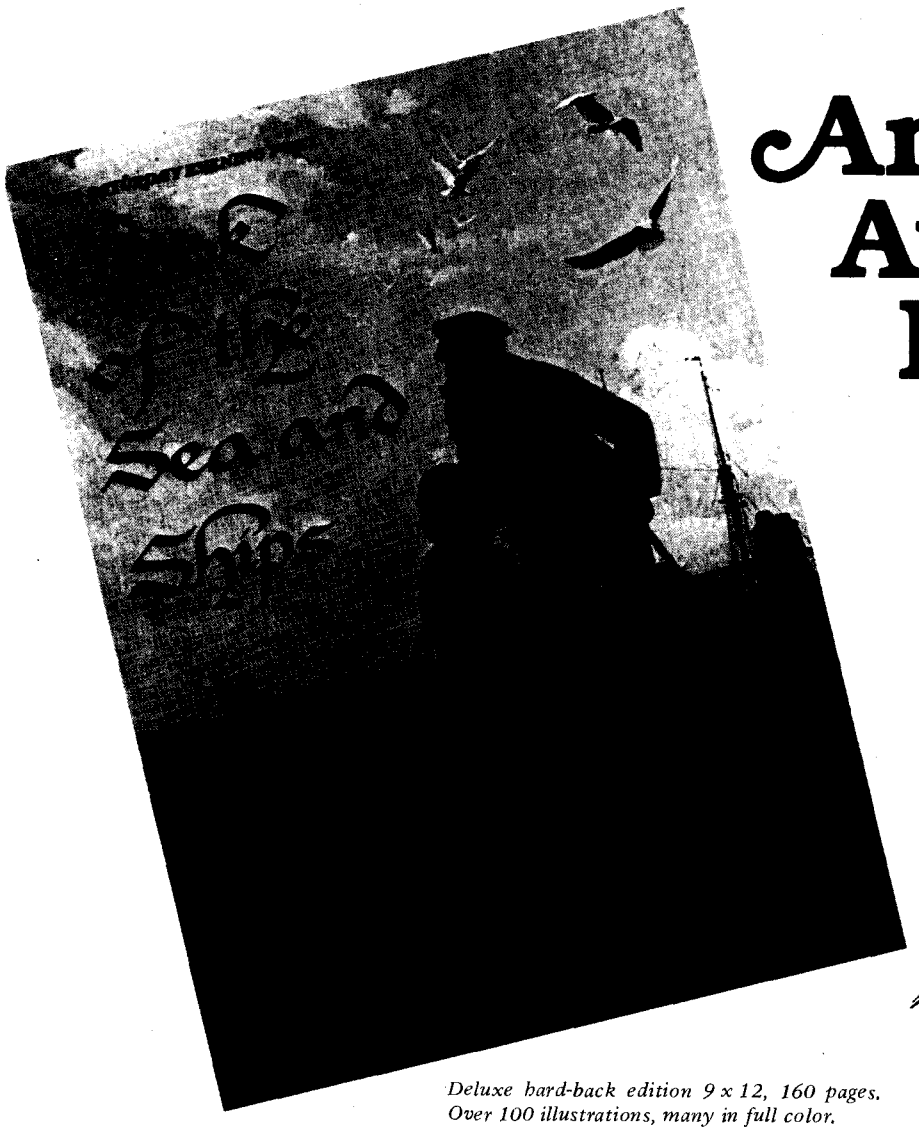
Anchors Aweigh, Matey!



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Rocky Mountains

continued from page 63

was responsible for this phenomenal growth. The vein, known as the Belmont Lode, yielded 1,000 ounces of silver for each ton of ore.

For 29 years, from 1864 until 1893, Georgetown reigned as the "Silver Queen." Prospectors and miners discovered more than 100 separate veins of silver that produced more than $100 million worth of this precious metal.

Although the city's prosperity collapsed when silver was devalued by repeal of the Sherman Act, a rich heritage survives in the form of more than 200 exquisite Victorian-style homes and buildings. (Georgetown was Colorado's only major mining town not ravaged by fire.)

Today, Georgetown, situated near six major ski basins, provides a base for numerous mountain drives that offer unrivaled scenery and lead to many fascinating ghost towns. Cold, crystal-clear lakes crowded with fighting trout fill many of the area's spectacular cirques.

Traveling southwest, ski-country visitors discover the historically rich town of Breckenridge, a year-round outdoor recreation retreat. In summer its tall mountains provide an alpinelike setting in which visitors enjoy riding, swimming, backpacking, exploring, tennis, climbing, RV touring, and fishing.

In its early days, beginning in 1859 with the discovery of gold, the city survived a series of events, both good and bad. Within two years after the gold was found, the population exceeded 10,000 and the settlement was named in honor of Vice-President John C. Breckinridge. But when the vice-president's sentiments leaned toward the Confederacy during the Civil War the residents changed the spelling to Breckenridge. The Civil War also split the town's populace: Many joined the Confederate army, some the Union, while others merely moved to new mining areas.

A scenic drive follows the Denver, South Park, and Pacific Narrow Gauge Railroad right of way over Boreas Pass from Breckenridge to Como. In 1939 the tracks were removed and a roadway constructed through some of Colorado's finest scenery, offering remarkable views of the Divide and the Blue River valley.

It requires only a short trip of 35 miles to travel from one of Colorado's oldest to one of its newest towns.

Vail, a picturesque Tyrolean-style village with a touch of the Old West, nestles at the feet of the Gore and Sawatch mountain ranges and is completely encircled by towering peaks.

This stunning mountain resort, a brainchild of Peter Seibert and other far-sighted individuals, began as a modest little village in 1962 and has emerged as one of the world's foremost resort communities.

Although Vail is internationally known as a ski resort, with the advent of summer enthusiasts can appease their thirst for outdoor activities by participating in riding, river rafting, hiking, fishing, swimming, four-wheel-drive mountain climbing, backpacking, bicycling, tennis, and golf. Nonactivists can just lean back and enjoy the clear, clean air, magnificent scenery, and gourmet meals from any of the 45 restaurants that dot the Vail Village/Lions Head complex. Outdoor sidewalk dining is a specialty and a supreme pleasure.

South of Vail about 50 miles on Route 24, travelers may pause to explore historic Leadville, America's highest incorporated city (10,188 feet).

During its heyday it hosted 40,000 residents (Colorado's second largest city) and 120 saloons. Minerals worth $700 million have been gouged from the surrounding hills. The Matchless Mine owned by H. A. W. Tabor produced a million dollars a year for 14 years until the 1893 silver panic.

A few miles south of Leadville, State Route 92 heads west, squirms its way up and down 12,000-foot-high Independence Pass, and follows beautiful Roaring Fork valley to artistic Aspen.

Known until 1879 as Ute City in deference to the citizenry of the time, Aspen produced the country's richest silver bonanza ($117 million). From the bowels of Smugglers Mine east of Aspen the world's largest piece of silver (1,840 pounds) was extracted.

The 1893 silver panic created havoc in Aspen as mines, stores, and banks closed and two-thirds of the 12,000 citizens moved out. By the late 1930s the population had dwindled to 500.

The town did not begin to stage a comeback until after World War II, when private investors (along with dedicated Aspen residents) developed the once dying town into a superb winter ski resort and summer cultural and vacation center.

Ouray, America's answer to Switzerland, is situated in a deep basin surrounded by craggy peaks of the San Juan Range. The road (Route 550) leading into town is called the "Million Dollar Highway." Mine tailings were used for the roadbed and it's estimated each mile contains a million dollars' worth of gold and silver.

Of particular interest is the Camp Bird Mine, which furnished industrialist Thomas Walsh with enough money to purchase the Hope diamond for his daughter. It is still Ouray's industrial mainstay.

Before returning to Denver, travelers can make one last relaxing stop at the Moore-Dale Village near Bailey, 45 miles southwest of Denver.

This delightful vacation spot is situated in the beautiful Platte River valley surrounded by pine-covered mountains. Streams and lakes teeming with scrappy rainbow and brown trout provide anglers with hours of pleasure while riders and hikers find the cool mountain forest ideal.

Then, it is only a brief 45-mile trip back to Denver and the end of an outstanding and memorable journey through Colorado's magnificent ski country in the summertime.

For additional information, write Convention & Visitors Bureau/Denver & Colorado, 225 West Colfax Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80202. Phone (303) 892-1112. (Request: "Colorado Year 'Round Vacation Guide.")

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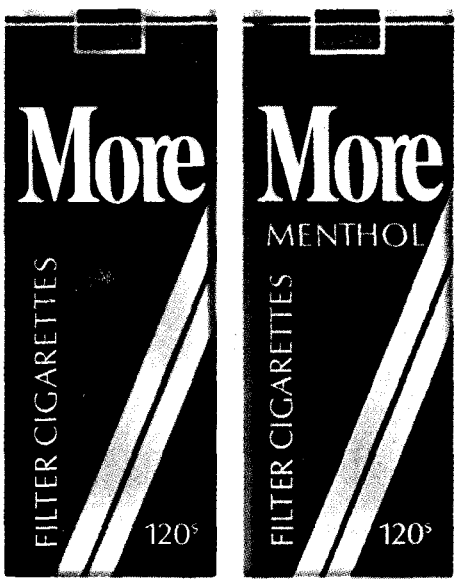

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